THE LEATHERNECK

February, 1938

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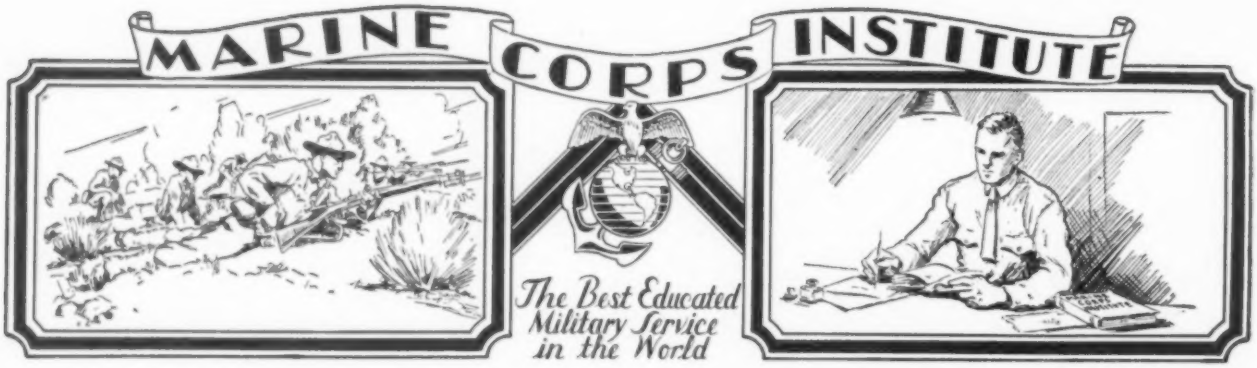
By John Patrick



Chemistrychemistrychemistrychemistrychemistrychemistrychemistrychemistrychemistrychemist

"What Does Chemistry Mean To Me?"

When Joe A. Marine awoke this morning, he put on his socks, bleached by a chemical process, and shoes, tanned by a chemical process, and proceeded to the washroom to wash with soap, made by a chemical process, and water, purified by a chemical process. He returned to his locker of steel, made by a chemical process, donned his uniform, dyed by a chemical process, and awaited chow bumps, which were sounded through a bugle, alloyed by a chemical process.

As Joe A. Marine stepped out upon the pavement, compounded by a chemical process, to join chow formation, he glanced through a window glass, made by a chemical process, and saw beans, produced by a chemical process of Nature.

This little article could easily grow into a large volume, but we wish to say that Joe A. Marine might apply his spare time to the study of some of these processes that interest him by getting a pencil, made by a chemical process, and checking one of the chemistry courses listed in the form below.

Industrial Chemistry. This course is of value to persons who wish to profit from new industrial conditions. It meets the requirements of those who wish to qualify for executive positions in manufacturing concerns where processes of a chemical nature must be understood, but ability to make chemical analyses is not necessary.

Short Chemistry. This course is also designed for those who need some general knowledge of chemistry but not so much as they could gain by studying the Industrial Chemistry Course.

Pharmacy. This course includes the fundamentals of inorganic and organic chemistry and will help students to make themselves proficient in the duties of a Pharmacist so that their services will be valuable in drug stores and pharmaceutical laboratories.

chemistrychemistrychemistrychemistrychemistrychemistrychemistrychemistrychemistrychemist

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Caution! Before requesting enrollment, investigate the course in which you are interested, and be sure that it meets your needs. Complete information regarding any course may be obtained from your company or detachment commander, or by writing direct to the Marine Corps Institute. Remember you can enroll in only one course at a time.

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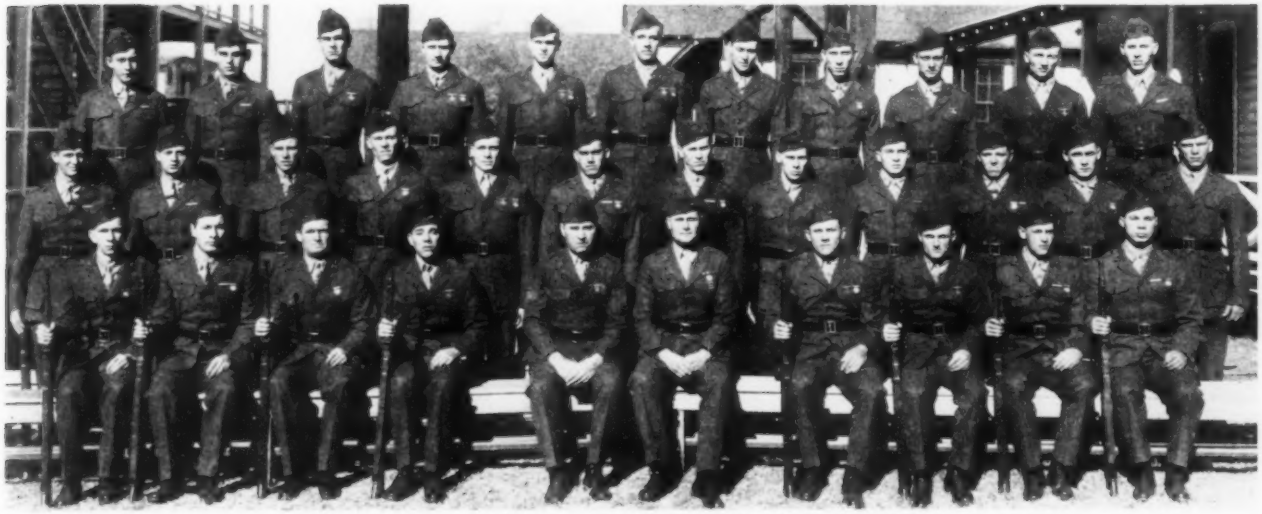
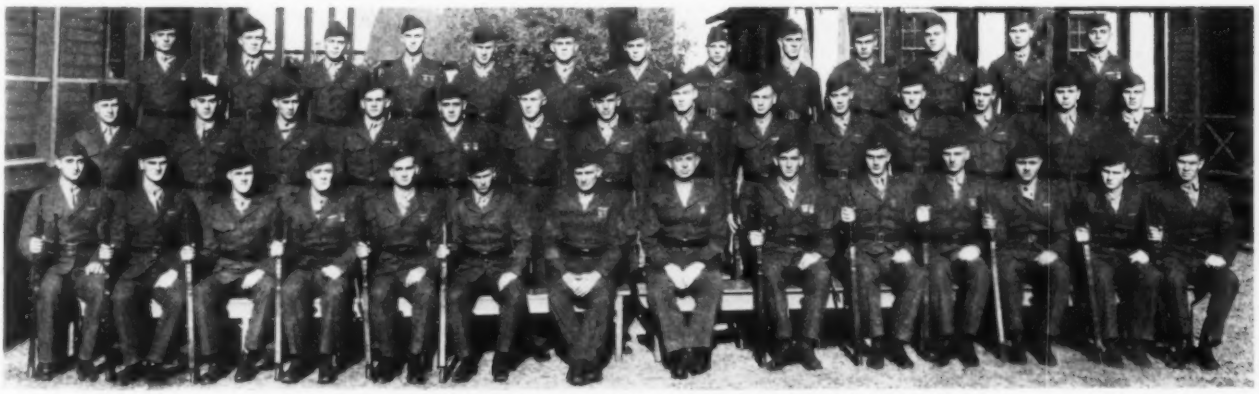
WELCOME TO THE RANKS OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES



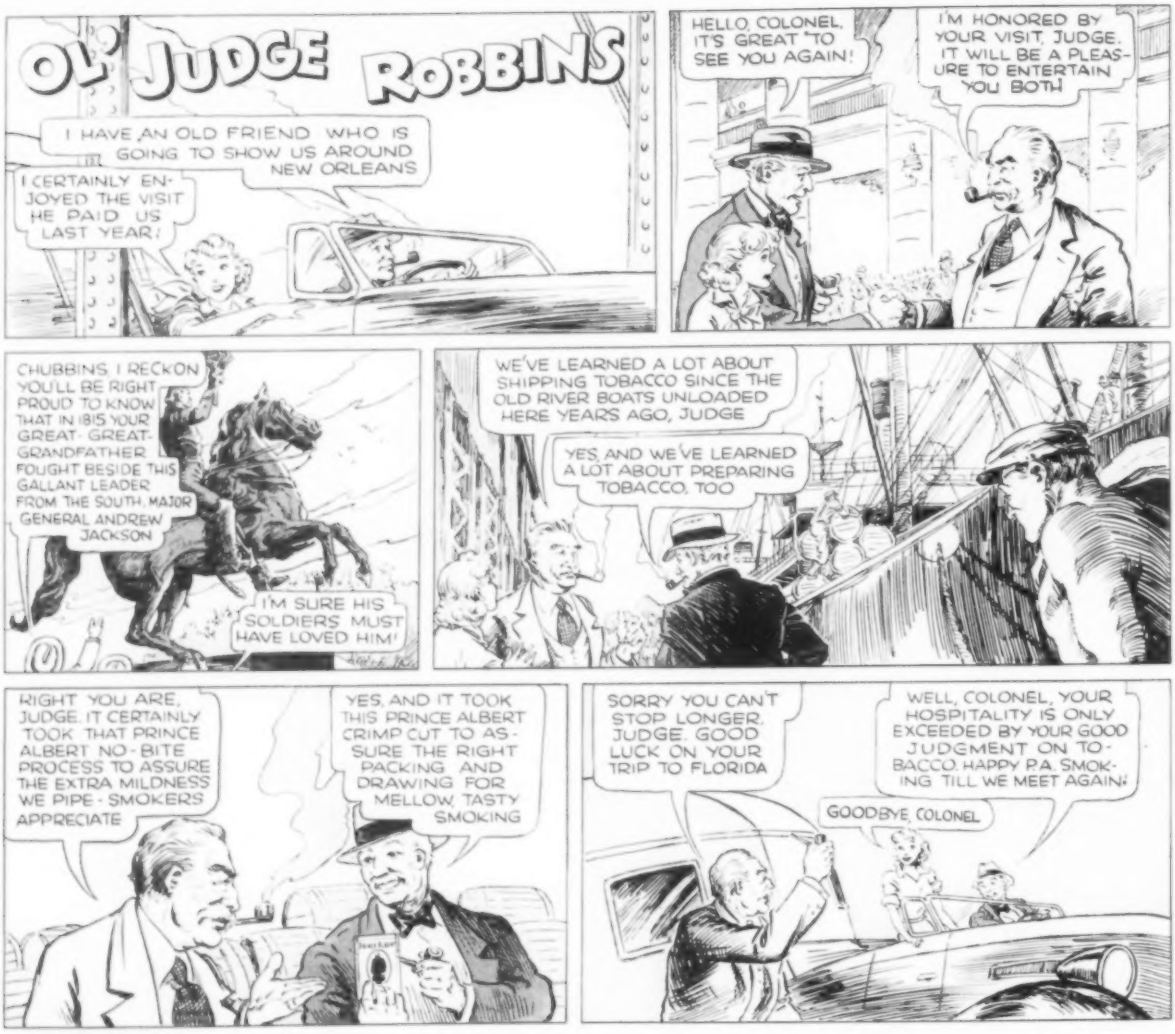
Platoon 28, Parris Island; instructed by Pl-Sgt. Nash and Sgt. Mallard

Platoon 31, Parris Island; instructed by Pl-Sgt. Nagazyna, Gy-Sgt. Martin and Sgt. Knott



Platoon 27, Parris Island; instructed by Gy-Sgt. Cole and Cpl. Markofsky

Photos by T. W. Henry



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70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

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PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

The LEATHERNECK

Published each month by The United States Marine Corps Institute, Washington, D. C., for the advancement of education. Copy closes on the 8th of month preceding date of issue.

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Sketched by D. L. Dickson

Cover Designed by D. L. Dickson

On Military Character

MORAL individuality is a good definition for character in general—but a military man has no place for individuality, so we must approach and discuss military character in another light.

To drop ego and become a cog, to maintain loyalty as a privilege as much as a duty, to temper emotional loyalty with fidelity to service aims is to have developed a high degree of military character.

The reputation that a man holds in most walks of life is what he is thought to be, and his character is what he really is—but in the military life the reputation will be so influenced by the character that they will go far towards establishing each other. This holds as true in the opinions of men for men both up and down the chain of command; and when, along this chain of command, there exists a degree of mutual respect, men in the service of arms will have unlimited opportunities to develop and display character.

Honor and fame are the highest pay a soldier may receive. Fame he strives for, and honor he should never lose; but character embodies both of these in that it is a component of each of them. It must be first obtained and then maintained.

Character is obtained in three ways—gained through nature, built by education, or formed from habits and environment. The only way to maintain it is to expect it of and respect it in others.

Character tempered with respect begets loyalty, and loyalty is not "characterized by blind and servile obedience" but by an intelligent, active, and zealous interpretation and application of orders. The decisions of the soldier of character will meet the heartiest of support—his objective or goal will remain unchanged, but his plans of procedure will never be, to him, infallible. This should never be considered as a lack of confidence in one's self, but as a consideration for both circumstances and subordinates. Loyalty on the part of all towards each is one of the shining virtues of characters developed in military men.

The German General Friedrich von Bernhardi, conceded by some to be the greatest cavalry strategist who ever lived, said that a horse soon will become a book from which one may read the character of the man who cares for and rides him. And so may we come to know much of the soldier today. We see his reflected character in the condition of his equipment, the wearing of his uniform, or the attitude of a command which he has often handled.

The British sent Bonaparte to Elba; but they did not reckon on his character and the man, so these brought him back to France for a last one hundred days. And then the seemingly indomitable Napoleon failed to respect the character, intellect, and experience of his colleagues; so it was inevitable that Britain have him once more—on Helena, to die this time. Napolean's admirable character was overshadowed by the nobleness of that of Lord Nelson; and this was demonstrated during the Admiral's pursuit of the General-Emperor into Egypt, where, at Aboukir, Nelson and Abercromby, greatly aided by the loyal and decisive characteristics of their subalterns, overwhelmingly crushed the French.

At another time, Nelson himself expressed his character when he said, "I am not come to find difficulties, but to remove them."

H. E. T.

Washington and Lincoln

THIS month marks another anniversary of the birthdays of two great men, Washington and Lincoln. From generation to generation their names have been handed down as the greatest of all Americans. Stories of their lives have been held up as examples of character in all its ramifications.

Both men served their country in the darkest and most discouraging times. It was only the courage and fortitude of Washington that kept together his ragged band of patriots. They were beaten, beaten badly, and Valley Forge seemed like the end. But some quality of dominating courage in their leader kept the men together, overcoming all obstacles to accomplish their freedom.

Lincoln's boyhood was one of hardship. His early political career was fraught with disappointments. Defeat after defeat met him. But he wouldn't quit.

Perseverance, dogged determination, was the thing that kept these men at their tasks. But behind it all they possessed one quality even more important to success. That was truthfulness and honesty. And perhaps if we could know now from their own lips each would consider this virtue of far greater importance than all their others.

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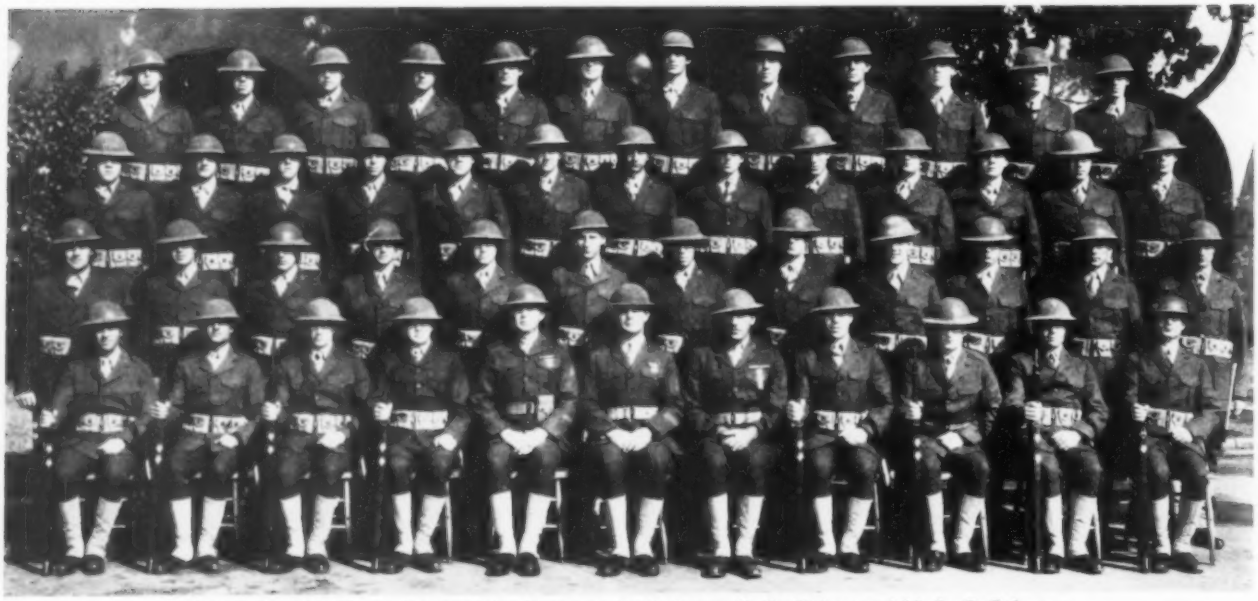

Platoon 37, San Diego; instructed by Sergeants G. R. Ingersoll, G. Bishop and N. B. Coffinbarger

Platoon 29, Parris Island; instructed by Pl-Sgt. Nagazyna, Sgt. Kliszes and Cpl. Scott

Photo by T. W. Henry

Platoon 32, Parris Island; instructed by Pl-Sgt. Walston and Sgt. Blosser

Photo by T. W. Henry

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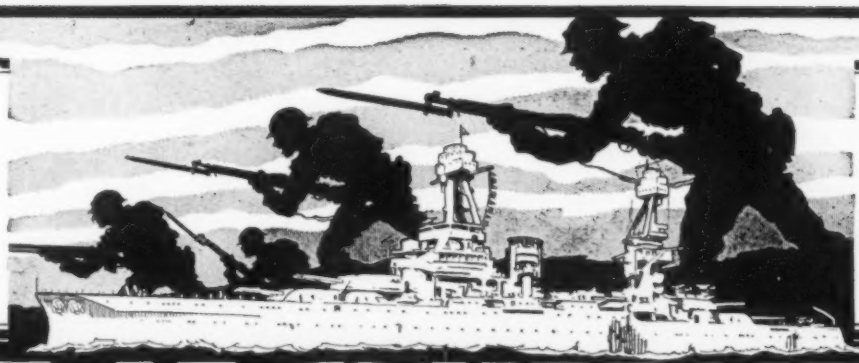

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THE LEATHERNECK

VOLUME 21 — WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY, 1938 — NUMBER 2

"REMEMBER THE MAINE!"

FORTY years ago, on the fifteenth of this month, a mysterious explosion ripped a fatal wound in the sides of the USS *Maine* and blasted the peace of two nations.

The sun sank to a golden rest that February 15, 1898, as the gulf waters of Havana's fair harbor lay serene and peaceful in its ruddy glow. The green water of the bay was tinged with gold about the dozens of ships riding peacefully at anchor or loading at the wharves. The golden tinge deepened to a blood red about the glistening whiteness of the massive hull of the USS *Maine* as she rocked peacefully with her bow securely fasted to her designated buoy. A Ward liner, the *City of Washington*, lay not more than a stone's throw astern of the *Maine* and the *Alfonso XII* and the *Legazpi* hovered a short distance from her starboard bow. Though the United States had shown a rare delicacy in keeping her warships away from Cuban waters, the two nations, being at peace, had a perfect right to send warships to each other's ports and the officers and men of the USS *Maine* were reveling in the peacefulness of their visit.

As the evening waned, the sky became overcast and the atmosphere became close. Passengers aboard the steamers in the harbor came on deck to watch the lights of the city and to listen to the strains of music on the distant shore. The harbor front was alive with the bustle of people and except for the uniformed men dotting the shore, there was no suggestion that the atmosphere was charged with war.

At 9:10, the taps of Bugler Newton aboard the *Maine* shattered the stillness of the night and the following thirty minutes passed with outside lights out and silence aboard, the only audible sound being the soft tread of the deck watch. Captain Sigsbee, of the *Maine*, and the crew of 328 men and all but four of the twenty-six officers were sleeping or quietly lounging about the ship. Presently a sharp report like an explosion under the water somewhere forward startled the atmosphere. A deafening roar followed and the huge bulk of the battleship lifted and shuddered then plunged heavily back into the water and slowly settled as her hold began to fill with water.

Passengers on the deck of the *City of Washington* were thrown from their chairs by the shock and then blasted with a rain of falling debris which had been thrown in the air by the explosion. Captain Sigsbee and all his crew were left in inky darkness, every light in the ship had gone out. He hurriedly groped his way toward the cabin entrance. Private William Anthony, USMC, orderly at the cabin door, stammered an apology and calmly reported:

"The *Maine* has blown up, sir, and we are sinking."

"What time is it, Anthony?" inquired the Captain.

"The explosion took place at 9:40, sir."

The two men then groped their way to the outer deck and looked about them in a dazed, uncertain manner. The awnings were bagged with debris, loose deck material was scattered about the ship, one of the smokestacks hung ironically over the side and a fire was raging forward in the ship.

Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, hearing voices, made his way to the Captain's side and other officers gathered about them. The most perfect discipline prevailed. The subordinates waited for orders, apparently as calmly as if the incident had been expected.

"Put that fire out at once," ordered the captain, and Wainwright took the matter in charge.

Another officer was ordered to flood the forward magazine, but it was found to be already flooded by the sinking of the forward portion of the ship. Lieutenant Hood and Cadets Boyd and Culverins, who made an inspection amidships to see what could be done toward subduing the fire, found the fire mains disabled and no men to obey the call to fire duty. Nothing could be done to save the ship and the lieutenant so reported. It had not yet dawned upon any of the officers that there had been such a terrible loss of life.

As their eyes became more accustomed to the darkness the officers discovered what appeared to be the forms of men struggling in the mass of debris in the water about the ship. Faint cries for help drifted over the water, some squelched before they were complete. Of the fifteen boats, only the barge, captain's gig and a whaleboat remained for rescue work. These were immedi- (*Continued on page* 52)

THE LONG GUESS

By WILLIAM BYRON MOWERY

(Illustrated by D. L. Dickson)

"BOOMER" Dane, who walked the wires through a vicious strip of Talkeetna Range, snowshoed slowly up the summit pass of Chugger Trail. Below him in Choco Valley were the Dorton Mines, but they were blotted out of sight by snow-spume which a ripping "woolie" flung down from the mad, cold heights of the northeast mountains. Seemingly suspended in the northern sky, above the spindrift which kept close to earth, he could see the high ice-pinnacles and snowy domes of Choco Major Glacier and his lesser mighty neighbors.

Cold and coppery-colored, the February sun, surrounded by a halo of sun-dogs, was low on the horizon. The weather stuck at forty below. Flying frost filled the air with a misty fog. The smoke from Dane's pipe fell rather lumpishly to the snow whenever the woolie quieted. Frequently he took a warm hand from his mitten and passed it over his rocky face. Forty below with a woolie is worse than sixty-five of still cold.

His lowly job of walking wires, and the name of Boomer with its aura of shiftlessness, seemed oddly assorted with Dane. He stood six feet of lean muscle. His forehead was high, his black eyes quick and intelligent, his fur clothes tasty, his features strong and unmarred by dissipation. He could write a degree from a proud university after his name. Beyond that, he had years of practical experience as mining engineer in the headwaters of Susitna and Tanana rivers. He had a rare set of brains and could use them. But his fault of booming from one place to the next had wrecked his chances for a good position, and—as he was beginning to realize—it had imperiled his chances for substantial happiness in life.

On his last job Dane had been assayer at the Dorton Mines, a big reworking concern. He had sworn to stick. Good salary and a chance to climb had helped him throttle his wanderlust for the first time in his thirty years. Then into his friendship came June Dorton; slender and pretty as the Arctic primula, brown-tressed, with eyes that seemed to look out of a blue heaven. The girl alone, slight as his chance of winning her, would have made him throw out an anchor to windward.

Yet, ironically, when he at last wanted to keep a job, the job did not want to keep him. At the start, old Dorton recognized his rare ability and took to him. But somehow things slipped. His reputation as a boomer came with him. In his zeal to do his work properly and refute the name, he encroached—or had been charged with encroaching—upon the work of Boss Carney, the manager. Somehow this charge started him tobogganing. Somehow on several occasions his sheets developed inaccuracies which were costly. Somehow old Dorton found out about his secret worship of June.

That was the last straw. Dorton, a slightly bent man of fifty-eight, was so mercurie of temper that on one occasion he was known to have swung a chair at one of his younger aides; missed; smashed the chair on the desk; and then, not a minute after, shaken hands with the fellow and called him "son." This fact is mentioned here only to indicate that old Dorton discharged Dane with two short, javelin-sharp words.

In dead winter the wire-walking job which Boss Carney let him have was better than nothing. Its chief merit was the chance it gave him to be alone and think things over. For loneliness the job had no equal.

Dane reached the summit and looked ahead at the three thin wires plunging down the slope toward the Mines. It was late afternoon. He started to return to his cabin which was on the summit ridge close to the trail running south, but as his eyes ran along the wires, he stopped.

"Cuss it, Skag!" he exclaimed to his big malemute companion. "One wire is down. Frost snapped it, likely. Good thing we stopped here after our day's work was done on the north and west lines."

Skag agreed, in his waggish dog-fashion; and followed in the path of his master's snowshoes.

To mend the wire took a few minutes. Dane tested it by calling Chugger, twenty miles away, and by calling the Dorton Mines. Both places answered. But when he tried the other two wires, he could get the mines, but not the little settlement to which the wires led.

All three wires were broken at once, and in different places! It was curious. He had walked them just the day before, cut away threatening branches, and put in extensions at taut points. The coincidence was something to think about.

Brows knit, Dane pulled down the wire he had mended, and examined its broken ends closely. It did not look exactly like the work of frost. The break was too smooth. It was almost like the work of a pair of pliers. The more he examined the ends, the more firmly he was convinced of this.

Hooking up again with the Mines, Dane asked the operator to call Boss Carney, from whom he took orders. Briefly he started to report, but Carney broke in on him before he got through talking.

"What are you doin' on them south wires?" Carney demanded. "Didn't I tell you to stick on the north an' west lines this week? They're the ones we need. We don't do any business through Chugger. Can't you do like you're told, an' nothin' more, once in a while?"

"But I tested the north and west lines today and found them up," Dane argued. "It looked to me as if these south lines—"

"Shut up!" Carney blazed. "Let the south lines go to hell. You hustle back on the north an' west, an' stay there where you're needed; or else come down here an' get your money."

The receiver clicked before Dane had a chance to say he thought the lines had been *cut*.

"We get a cussing out, Skag," he mused, tramping back to his cabin, "for doing more than our work. So we'll just take the boss at his word and shut up about those wires. If there's a hot time at the Mines tonight, that's Carney's lookout!"

Skagway agreed that it made no bones to him what happened down at the Dorton works.

"This booming life is positively out," Dane continued, picking his pipe with a walrus whisker. "Think of you and me getting an undeserved cussing out by an egg like this

Fur-swathed, carrying rucksacks, rifles in slings but belt-guns swinging open in their parka belts, two figures snowshoed past at a swift, wide-swinging run

Carney. Think of us being blamed for doing sloppy work, when it must have been some other bird's fault. And losing our good job when we know our work better than anybody else around town.

"What do you suppose June Dorton thinks of a wire-walker, Skag? Boss Carney knew what she'd think; that's why he let me have this job. No charity on his part. She won't look in my general direction. Her dad had no need to bundle her off to the Valdez auntie. I had no intention of courting her, Skag. No coin, job, or rep.

"Our trouble all started with our doing more than we were called on to do. Carney thought I was trying to get his place. The next job we land, we'll remember that. We won't stir a finger extra."

This last resolution Dane broke before the night was three hours old. The consequence was a raw-hide noose around his neck.

AS HE racqueted to his cabin, and later as he cooked supper, Dane kept thinking of the three broken wires running south. The chances were dead against a coincidence of all three breaking at once. Besides, that one wire looked as if it had been cut. If it had, the only purpose was isolation of the Dorton Mines. By whom? Why? Robbery, of course. A quarterly shipment of dust and a ten weeks' payroll were down there. A good sized fortune for any bush-loping bandit gang who had nerve and luck to get it.

Dane fought off his impulse to go down and report his suspicions. The wires might have broken naturally. It was not his business, anyway. His cold dark trip down and back would probably be rewarded by a cussing-out from Boss Carney and another explosion from old Dorton.

So after supper he kicked off his boots, lit a pipe, climbed into his bunk, and pulled a dog-eared classic out of a wall chink. Two hours slipped by. The woolie had worked itself into a terrific rage. Buried in his book, Dane was oblivious of blizzard and everything else, when Skag suddenly slipped out from under the bunk and stood on tiptoes, ears sharply erect, head cocked to one side, listening.

"What's your trouble, Skag?" Dane demanded.

The dog ran to the door and scratched. Dane followed him outside. Above the roar of the woolie he heard a distant crack down in Choco Valley. He listened intently; heard nothing more, and started back inside, blessing Skag. It probably was a tree snapping from frost, for the temperature was dropping rapidly. But then came another crack, then a scattering volley, then a solid long minute of firing that sounded like a little battle. He recognized a mingle of revolvers and heavy rifles. It was at the Mines.

"Our hunch was right, Skag," he observed coolly. "That wire was cut."

The smaller fire of revolvers gradually silenced, but several rifles kept on shooting for a minute.

"Sounds as if the strange rifles have got the upper hand," Dane interpreted. "There's thirty or forty thousand dollars changing pockets down there. It will be a night's work for the hijackers. Hope Boss Carney remembers what I told him about those south wires!"

Bareheaded and coatless in the fierce cold, Dane characteristically began to speculate about the place of the bandits. Evidently they had schemed carefully, mapped out every move, and timed their attack to a split second. They had a whole night to get away in; the woolie would blot out their tracks in half an hour or less. They would head south, because the wires had been cut and the Mines could not phone ahead.

That was the natural conclusion to arrive at—they had planned to head south. But Dane was not hasty at conclusions. Back in his cabin, he turned the thing over in his mind. As usual when his brain worked, he soliloquized to the dog.

"They were the birds that cut the south wires, Skag. Why so? Well, maybe to keep the Mines from phoning on ahead. But the Mines could use the north and west lines which weren't cut; and could get south in a round about way. Those birds surely were sharp enough to know that. Besides—and this is important Skag—cutting those wires was a dead giveaway, *if they planned to escape by the south trail.* They weren't so clumsy as all that. You can bet your boots I made you for ice-traveling, Skag, that they won't take the south trail, or the west or north either. The Mines posse will swallow the bait and go south, but those birds will beat it southeast into the Choco canyons, where there aren't any settlements or wires. Am I right?"

Expecting action after all that shooting, Skag was prancing the floor like a caged wolf. He grabbed Dane's jacket from a peg and brought it to him—an old trick.

"What's up your sleeve?" Dane demanded. "You want to chase those birds? That's not our affair, and we just swore off meddling. We'd have a deuced time trailing them with a woolie ripping. Besides, we have no gun except a little barndoor automatic. If we caught 'em we couldn't do anything but get shot."

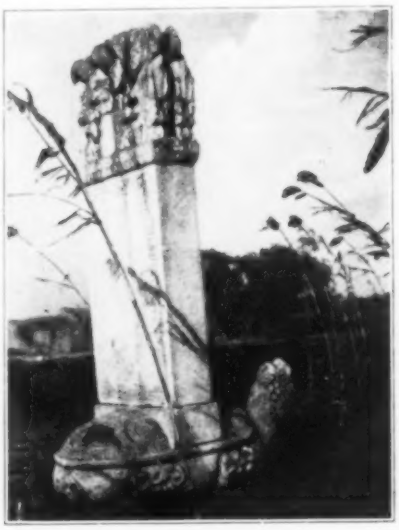
All the while he spoke, Dane was slipping into his parka with chimney-pot capote, putting (*Continued on page* 52)

PICTORIAL FLASHES

Clay Keene Bernard, 19 months' worth of mascot for the 5th Battalion, FMCR, Washington, D. C. This black-eyed, golden-haired marinette is the grand daughter of Lt-Col. H. L. Miller. She is usually called "The Butterwinkle," although some of the files tab her as "Little Colonel Big Shorty."

"Where peace and quiet once reigned"

Marine Artillery, Santo Domingo, 1916



A Chinese monument to the sacred turtle —a symbol of long life

Platoon 30, Parris Island; instructed by Pl-Sgt. Lee, Cpl. Floyd and Cpl. Lewis

Photo by T. W. Henry

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Even after "turning on a laugh" 100 times a day,
Myrna Loy*—MGM star—finds Luckies easy on her throat..
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A word about tobacco—
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Easy on your throat—"It's Toasted"
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CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST
It's Luckies 2 to 1
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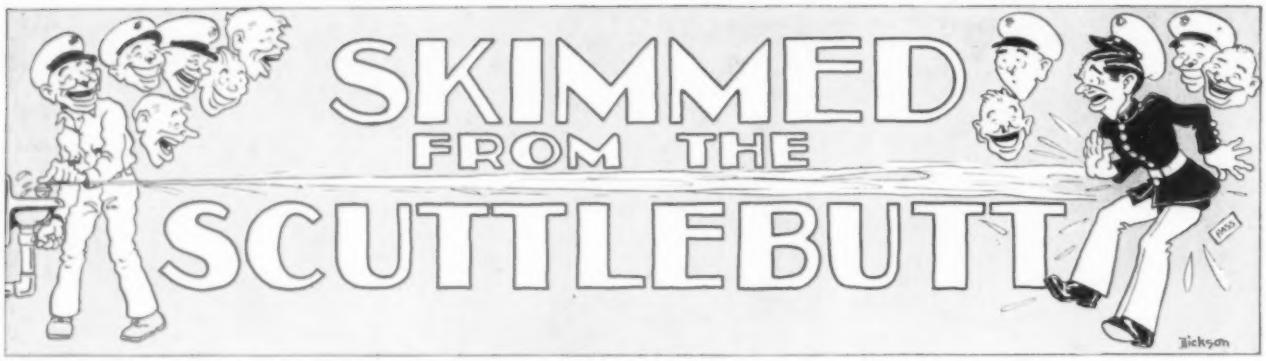

PRECAUTION

A Chief Machinist's Mate in a submarine secured to the dock neglected to disengage the clutch to one propeller before starting the engine for the purpose of charging batteries. The result was that the sub forged ahead, parted her mooring lines and stuck her nose in the mud about fifty yards forward of her berth. At the investigation afterward the seaman on gang-way watch was asked what action he took when he saw the ship moving. His answer was that he ran over to the hatch and yelled down, "Hey how about turning on the running lights."—*The Observer.*

Customer (to head waiter): "Here, sir, this clumsy fellow has spilled half of my cup of tea down my back."

Head Waiter (to waiter, sternly): "Bring this gentleman a full cup of tea instantly."

—*American Observer.*

"Wish we had a fifth for bridge.

"You don't need a fifth for bridge, you dope!"

"Well, make it a pint then."

—*Walla Walla.*

With a thoughtful frown on his face, he walked along, talking to himself in argumentative tones. Arriving at a corner, he stopped, stood for some time, and then a bored look came over his face. He cut himself short in the middle of a sentence and shook his own hand.

"Sorry, old boy," he apologized, "but I've got to be going."—*Lampoon.*

An old farmer who could usually find something to complain about was showing a young friend his bumper crops, which had been made possible by fine growing weather and superior skill in cultivation. His friend remarked, "Well you ought to be satisfied with such crops as these. There is certainly nothing lacking. You have nothing to kick about *this* year."

The old farmer was thoughtful for a minute, and then he replied, "Well, you know, son, such crops as these are pesky hard on the soil!"—*Tatler.*

"Jawbone" Davis was heard to be raving the other day about some of the plans for the landing force inspection held last Saturday. He remarked, "Did ya' hear the latest? The pioneers have gotta carry rifles. Who ever heard of pioneers carrying rifles?

To which Angle Iron coyly replied, "Daniel Boone carried a rifle, didn't he?"

—*Tennessee Tar.*

JUST CURIOUS

The village fire engine was careening toward a small hamlet. Suddenly a hefty housewife left a group of her cronies and, dashing into the middle of the street, waved her arms frantically in front of the oncoming engine. The driver pulled up with a jerk.

"Where's the fire?" he shouted.

"Well, that takes the cake," retorted the woman. "That's what we all want to know."—*Two Bells.*

"And what's more, I'm seeing spots before my eyes."

"Well, don't let it alarm you."

"Yeah, but these spots are on green elephants and pink lizards!"

A meek little man was walking home from the funeral of his masterful wife. Suddenly a roofing tile fell and struck him on the head.

"Gosh," he said, "Sarah's got to heaven already."—*The Keystone.*

J. T. Harahan, emir of the Illinois Central, was sitting in his office when a burly fellow entered without knocking. "Me name's Casey," he bellowed. "I want a pass to St. Louis. I wur-rk in the yards." Harahan objected: "That's no way to ask for a pass, you should introduce yourself politely. Come in an hour and try again."

At the end of an hour back came the caller. Doffing his hat, he inquired: "Are yez Mr. Harahan?"

"I am."

"Me name's Patrick Casey. I've been wur-rking in the yards."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Casey. What can I do for you?"

"Yez can go to hell, I've got a job on the Missouri Pacific!"—*U. S. Coast Guard.*

NO GUARDIAN ANGEL

Back in the days of the A.E.F. a befuddled soldier, trying to locate his company, sought the advice of a doughboy stationed at a cross-roads as a guide for the delayed section of a motor train. The latter begrudgingly directed the lost soldat with detailed instructions.

"Much obliged," said the latter as he turned to depart. "I hope I don't go wrong."

"I can only tell you which road to take," was the gruff reply. "I ain't got time to worry about your morals!"

—*Foreign Service (V.F.W.)*

History teacher: Now, what do we know about the Phoenicians?

Student: They invented those window blinds made out of wooden slats.—*Bedlam.*

First Soldier: "The chap who made this uniform didn't know much about putting on buttons."

Second Soldier: "Why so?"

First Soldier: "Because, this is the fifth time I've had to sew this bloomin' button on."—*Kablegram.*

Two small British boys were gazing at the shop windows decorated for Christmas. Presently they came to a butcher's shop, and one of them pointed to a number of hams hanging from a large holly branch. "Look, Tom," he said. "Look at them 'ams agrowing up there."

"Get away," said the other. " 'Ams don't grow."

"Well, that's all you know about it," said the first scornfully. "Ain't you ever 'eard of a 'ambush?"—*Kablegram.*

Four gamblers spent all their spare time playing poker. They were all the toughest of tough guys, and were used to playing for high stakes.

The four were in the middle of a game one evening when Joe whipped out a knife and pinned the hand of one of his opponents to the table.

"Gents," he said, "if Pete ain't got six cards in his hand, I'll apologize!"

—*Pastime.*

Mess Att:—"Some soup, sah?"

Guest:—"Is it compulsory?"

Mess Att:—"No sah; it's vegetable."

—*Tennessee Tar.*

Dick the Tramp says: "When you see a man standing in a bread line with an electric toaster under his arm it's a sure sign that times are picking up."

—*The Keystone.*

HARBOR NIGHTS. By Harvey Klemmer (Lippincott). A rough, rousing story of water front towns the world around, and the experiences of a young sailor. $2.50

THE LOST KING. By Rafael Sabatini (Houghton Mifflin). The name of Sabatini insures tops in historical romance. This novel is woven about the lost Dauphin. $2.50

COURTESY BOOK. By Gardner & Farren (Lippincott). A guide book to social niceties and rules of etiquette. $1.00

TAKE HER DOWN. By Commander T. B. Thompson (Sheridan House). Submarine service in the war zone. $2.50

GONE TO TEXAS. By Lt-Col. John W. Thomason, Jr. (Scribners). Adventure and romance come to a Yankee officer in the Lone Star State during the reconstruction period. $2.75

WEST POINT TODAY. By Kendall Banning (Funk & Wagnalls). Here we follow the destinies of "Mr. Duerot" through the Military Academy. An authentic account of academy life from the "Beast Barracks" to graduation. $2.50

PAINTED POST GUNPLAY. By Tom Gunn (Messner). Sheriff Blue Steele and his deputy run into rustling, murder and revolution all on the same trail. Gun-smoke and thrilling action fill the pages of this top-notch western. $2.00

IF WAR COMES. By R. Ernest Dupuy and George Fielding Eliot (Macmillan). Wars of the past, present—and future. An explanation of what must inevitably happen in the next war. $3.00

CANYON OF GOLDEN SKULLS. By Bliss Lomax (Macaulay). When Chalk Runyan swore vengeance for his brother's death against all sheriffs, he didn't know his own son would eventually wear the badge of office. $2.00

THE OTHER HALF. By John Worby (Lee Furman). A hard-boiled autobiography of a hobo whose travels carry him over England, Canada and the U. S. If you don't care for racy reading, try something else. $2.50

CONTACT. By Charles Codman (Little, Brown). Death stalks the war-time flying Squadron. Life in the air and in German prison camps. $2.00

THE U. S. ARMY IN WAR AND PEACE. By Oliver L. Spaulding, Colonel, USA (Putnam). A history of our army from its inception to the present day, detailing its activities in war and peace. $6.00

KHYBER CARAVAN. By Gordon Sinclair (Farrar & Rinehart). The smell of India's burning ghats, and the romance and thrills of the mountain feuds; the fighting in Khyber Pass, are all made real to us through the pen of traveler Sinclair. $3.00

COWBOY LINGO. By Ramon F. Adams (Houghton, Mifflin). An interesting study of the cowboy, his work and play. An explanation of brands and other details, written in an entertaining fashion. $2.50

MEN IN SUN HELMETS. By Vic Hurley (Dutton). Sketches of persons and events in the Philippines, from the jungles to the cities. $2.50

THE GREAT TREK

THE TURNING WHEELS. By Stuart Cloete (Houghton Mifflin). $2.50.

Moving northward to escape British despotism, real or fancied, rolled the great trek of the Dutch Boers. The *veldt* of Africa teemed with hostile warriors, the Kaffir and the Zulu. Tragedy and humor stalk side by side; and birth and death.

This is the background on which Mr. Cloete paints his vivid story. It concerns great, bearded giants of men; and girls flowering into womanhood. Its pages are peopled with characters of strange names, Hendrik van der Berg, Sannie van Reenen, Zwart Piete, and others.

Hendrik and his son, Herman, both desire Sannie—and well the girl knows it. But Hendrik, leader of the Boers, is too busy during the trek. He will wait until they have settled to colonize. Then the old widower will take Sannie and she will bear him many sons. But Herman, wounded by a Kaffir assagai and nursed by Sannie, becomes her lover. The frustrated father revenges himself, later to marry Sannie, with ironic results.

At last after months of travel the Boers reach a spot which Hendrik believes God selected for them. The land is divided and each family settles down to its own destiny, ending in disaster.

In the meantime, Zwart Piete, with his twin sister and de Kok, a half breed, becomes separated from the wagon train. They strike out on their own, encountering a wounded Kaffir, whom instead of killing, they nurse back to health. Rinkals was his name, a sort of humbug necromancer with a bag of successful tricks. His skill pays dividends and his art blackmails savage chieftains and Arab slave traders. A splendid character is Rinkals.

The narrative is so unified that to disclose any of the more exciting passages would destroy some of the surprising twists in this remarkable story. But there is plenty of action, and enough blood spilled to satisfy anyone.

Mr. Cloete, former officer of the Coldstream Guards, has spent fifteen years in South Africa, the locale of this, his first novel.

OREGON TRAIL

THE PIONEERS. By Courtney Ryley Cooper (Little, Brown). $2.00.

Mr. Cooper, one of the early editors of THE LEATHERNECK, has produced innumerable stories and books since his discharge from the Marine Corps. This, his latest, narrates the opening of the great Pacific Northwest, with Kit Carson guiding the train of travelers.

Senator Barton cheered the idea of this peaceful migration in opposition to establishing a chain of military posts. He not only cheered but volunteered to accompany the expedition. He even opened his own lands as a rendezvous. But in spite of all his pretending, success of this venture was the last thing he wanted; it would cut into his own fur trading enterprises.

By his own clever manipulations he was recalled to Washington just before the settlers began their long migration. He regretted the lost opportunity, protested the hypocrit, but his daughter, Judith, would carry the flag in his place. Then he saw to it that all unmarried women were ordered to remain behind.

Judith, believing the order came from her father's political enemies, circumvented it in what appeared to be a logical and possible manner. But the expedient was double-edged.

Spurred by news that the British were racing to settle the same territory, the wagon train sets out, captained by the treacherous Jim Davis, tool of Senator Barton.

To insure failure, Davis circulated stories of hardships and death to come, hoping the emigrants would turn back. But they were of sturdier stuff.

The hardships came, as did death. The rains torrented down to sweep wagons away. Indians struck. Still the caravan plodded onward, ignorant that their supposed benefactor was behind most of their troubles.

Interwoven among the other characters are five men condemned to hang. But fate and Kit Carson, in the interest of the expedition, cheat the gallows and snarl up a few smoothly running lives.

This yarn is made to order for Marines. If it isn't in your post library, ask the librarian to order it in the next purchase.

ORDER BLANK

..... 1938

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Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

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Please forward to the address below the books checked on this sheet.

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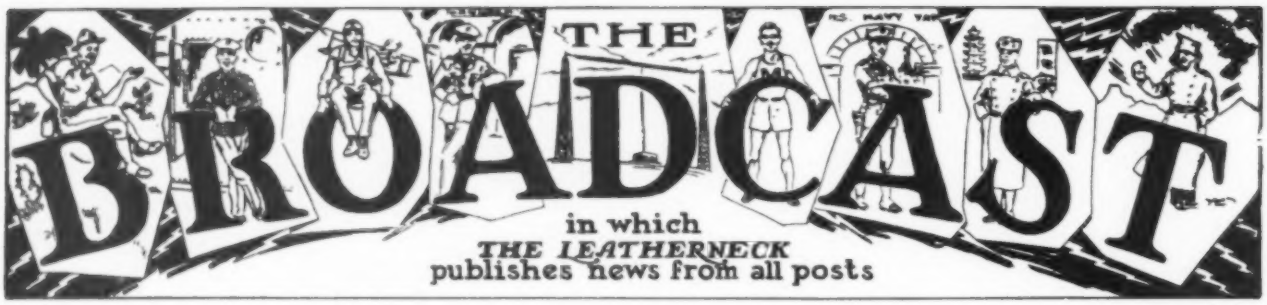


HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, FLEET MARINE FORCE

THE holiday season is over and all hands are back to normal routine again. This company enjoyed uninterrupted holidays both Xmas and New Years, having no guard duty to do. Everyone seemed to get through the holidays OK, no casualties having been reported.

Several men were discharged during December who did not reenlist, namely: Corporals Stanaland and Baird, and Private Hausman. These men all received excellent discharges.

Corporal Joe Crouch of football fame went home to Georgia on a 30-day furlough. Corporal Bulpin was also on furlough most of the month.

There has been little change in enlisted personnel since last month. Our old friend and old timer in Headquarters, FMF, Pete Petrillo, MT-Sgt. in charge of the Communications Platoon, was transferred to the 2nd Signal Company. There are rumors that Pete is thinking of going out on 20.

We had a major disaster drill during the month. All hands had to be present at the base during the drill. All units of the City of San Diego and the Navy also participated.

We will sign off for this month and if anything exciting happens in the meantime we will give it to you next month.

SECOND CHEMICAL COMPANY, FORCE SPECIAL TROOPS

By Jerry Green

The Second Chemical Company is not doing so well this month. Captain O'Neill is in Sick Officers' Quarters, U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, Calif. First Lieutenant John B. Hendry is Commanding the company. We are trying our best to carry on without the Captain.

Captain O'Neill's Christmas should have been most complete. Having his daughter, Mrs. W. I. Phipps, wife of Captain Phipps, of the USS *Philadelphia*, and granddaughter, Sandra, with him and for whom he could play Santa Claus, not to mention moving into his beautiful new home the day before Christmas.

The football players were given a thirty-day furlough and that doesn't leave many for training, but Gy-Sgt. Crocker and his assistants are doing their best.

The Company was well represented at the City Stadium Sunday, 19th, to see Santa and help give all the kids of San Diego a good Christmas. Three of our men made the newspaper with Santa.

There hasn't been much change in the company this month. Tpr. Cpl. Potts, Samuel J., was paid off and made his home in Los Angeles. Pfc. Foster, Arthur R., joined from Mare Island after reenlisting on 9 December, 1937. Asst. Ck. Hughes, "A" "R," Jr., joined from Bty. E, 10th Marines, Base. Field Music Hackney, Charles W., joined from Sea and Field Music School, RD, Base. Pfc. Green, Jerry L., made Corporal on 22 December, 1937, a good Christmas present, I'll say. Glad to have you newcomer, and hope you like the duty with the Gas House Gang.

Bob "man about town" Harlan is still in full bloom with that new suit of clothes he has been going to buy for three months. Sterling "women killer" Parker is now wearing service stripes, and is he proud of them. Changed company runners again, Pvt. Cree, William E., "the man with the golden hair," has taken it over. Good luck.

Pvts. Coleman and Tubbs, native sons of California, went home on furlough and found it was under water. They exchanged their shoes for a boat and made the best of it. Sgt. Munari, Herman J., said "there is a Santa Claus" for he got a new car for Xmas. Pvt. Durocher is back from thirty days' furlough and he sure was glad to see the boys again.

RECRUIT DEPOT, MARINE CORPS BASE

By GWL and JHM

This being the first article we have written for the Recruit Depot, do not be at all surprised as to how it may sound. But our old scribe having been transferred to Honolulu, someone must carry on.

The 37th, 38th, and 39th Platoons will all probably be transferred to Honolulu. The 43rd Platoon is now in its filling week. Two hundred and four men have joined us during November and we hit an all high record when we received 20 recruits in one day.

There were two promotions in this Detachment this month. Privates Lusk and Wells were promoted to Pfc. and were very generous in passing out packages of Bull Durham. We also had a few changes in enlisted personnel: Sgt. Tennant, Cpls. Brickle, Eusey, Ware, and Hill were transferred to Honolulu; Sgt. Coffinberger gave up drilling recruits to take over the job of Police Sergeant at the Base Service Battalion; Cpl. Inks replaced Cpl. Ware as our police sergeant, and Sgt. McReynolds joined our happy midst from the Casual Company. Welcome, Mac, we hope you like your new duty.

Sgt. Rollen and Cpl. Fleeman took furloughs and went way down south; now all Rollen can talk about is the new wife he brought back from Alabama. The whole outfit joins in wishing you a happy married life, Sergeant.

At last the permanent personnel has moved out of Tent City! We have moved into the new barracks. Sgt. Tyson was seen over in Tent City the night after we moved and when asked if he did not like the new barracks, he said that after living in tents for over three years he sorta hated to leave them.

Sea School has been educating a lot of men to go to sea during the month, over 100 men having been transferred to sea.

You will be hearing from us in future issues of THE LEATHERNECK.

TENTH MARINES

Headquarters and Service Battery, Second Battalion

By Fizzle

Our "Mighty-Muscle-Man" Clancy! is on furlough in Pasadena. We all wonder how his friends are taking that newly cultured "Hollywood Hash Mark" that he is wearing.

I am going to introduce for the first time our great Foo-Poo and Goo Mathematician, his name is Field Music, Homer Shreve. He claims: Foo Plus Goo Equals, Peachey Poo. A few more problems like that and methinks our Music will be changing his rate to inmate.

By the looks of our squad room, one would think that we were sea-going, what with all the paint and wax being splattered here and there, and mostly on our best pair of trousers. Nice work, Sergeant (When I was Sea-Going) Tinar, we all appreciate your saltiness.

MT-Sgt. Rhinesmith played Santa Claus at a Christmas Party Dec. 22, given for enlisted men's children at the Base Auditorium. We hoped that the kids would pull his whiskers off.

Our machinist, Pvt. Tomkevich, is quite a romancer. Seems that he was trying to put some of his potent romance to a drill press and it turned right around and smacked him on the beezer. We congratulate you on your success, Tommie.

Pfc. Haire has been making frequent trips to Los Angeles. Just when are you going to make that tri-city journey, you know, San Diego to El Centro to Yuma, Arizona? It has been said that all the Hollywood stars make the trip, and there is no doubt in our minds that you are escorting a star. How about it, Haire?

Chief Cook Tjaden claims that the chow is not so hot here, so he is taking a furlough transfer to Bremerton Navy Yard. We hope you'll enjoy your station as much as we'll enjoy some new cooking here.

Pvt. Thistlewood was transferred to MB, Quantico, Va. We hope you make as good a football player on the Quantico Team as you were here.

Well, my military friends, this will be all, and I'll be seeing you at the Chaplain's Office.

DUDS FROM BATTERY E

What ho! Me hearties. But that's neither here nor there. That seems to be the well known cry around this neck of the woods, only it has changed to "What Post." Any post is the correct answer, because of rumors flying about Navy Yards. The short timers are worrying about who is next. The old timers, as usual, are wishing that they were in China.

By the time this reaches the press, most of the boys will just turn their hats around and go on the next one. One what? you ask. Guard, we answer. Folks, this guard situation is well in hand as far as the well known "Dog" and Easy batteries are concerned. Even if we do say so, we are doing a pretty good job of guarding ourselves.

We are the sad losers of a first class Top Kick. By what I mean, the recent transfer of our first sergeant, Lee Moberly, to the MD, USS *Arizona* is keenly felt. The boys all got together and dug up an ole fountain pen and made the first soldier a present of it, just to let him know that we expect to hear from him some time in the next two years. Yeah, we mean you, Lee. On the level, Top, we wish you happy maneuvers and do hope that you will drop around and see us whenever you have the chance.

Until the Top Kick can be replaced, the office will be kept clean by Platoon Sergeant Yount. Old age crept upon him and laid him low with a broken "sompin" in his knee. So the "Doc" hied him off to the hospital for a major operation. He was replaced in the office by Sergeant W. F. Morris. His only comment is the type of desk he has to prop his feet on. He says he cannot see why he should not have a nice shiny desk that he can scratch instead of the field desk now in use. What is really bothering him is the fact that he cannot seem to get the whole outfit out and together at the same time. He seems to think that fourteen out of seventy-one is a low average.

We hope that our former buddies, Sgt. "Big Mike" Oss and Cpl. Hayes, enjoy their tour of duty at Pearl Harbor. Sgt. "Oregon Acres" Wells shipped over and went on thirty days' furlough, which he is now enjoying.

Everyone is screwy or going screwy picking the winners in these upset football games. Abbott is still looking for cinches in the football wagering campaign. We are all looking forward to, or rather hoping for, fewer guards and more liberty.

BATTERY D (75MM PK HOW.)

By M. Tschetter

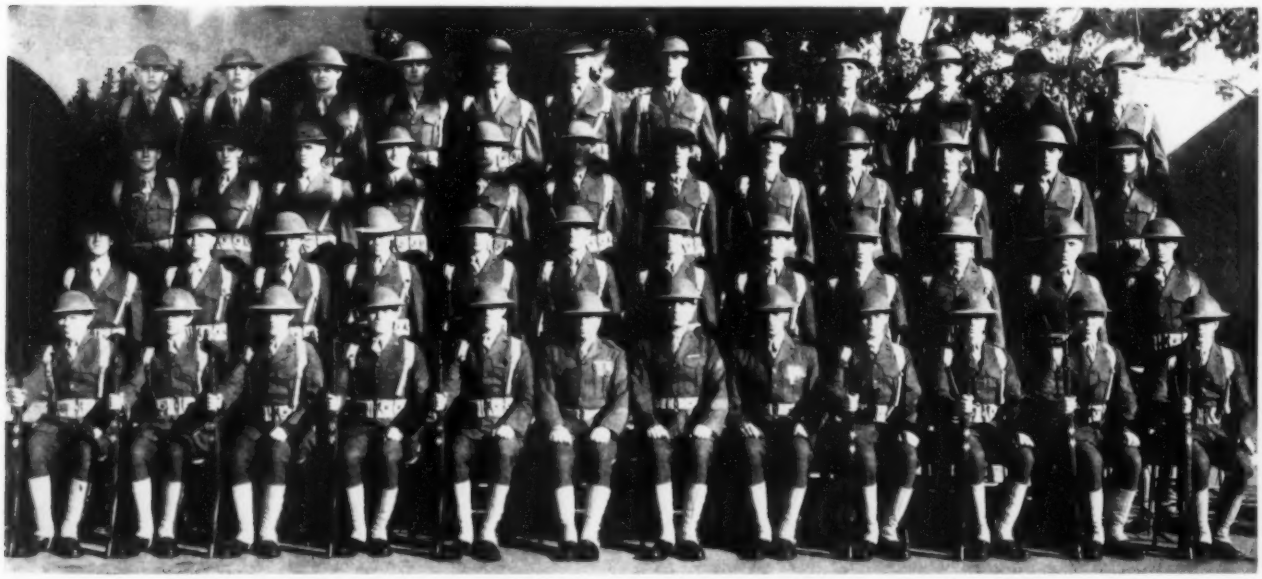
Monopoly was the craze of the battery about a year ago. In fact everybody was in the money; we had more real estate agents and brokers than Los Angeles and San Diego combined. But now some of the boys are taking up courses in frog farming and I really believe that that is the last straw. How about it, Corporal Pearson? We hope you make a success of it, as there is very little dope any of us in the battery can give you with the exception of Sergeant Wunderly (he likes frog legs and we do believe he knows something about them).

Fifteen years in one place is a long time, and especially so being a key man. We wonder if anything should go wrong at the Base whether there is anyone here who knows his way around as well as Sergeant Frost, the Constructing Engineer? The Interior Decorator and Electrical Wizard finally got transferred. We hated to see you go, Sgt. Frost—the battery was all for you, but you know even the best of friends must part. We hope you like your new surroundings (at Mare Island) and that Pvt. Sina helps you make your stay there a pleasant one.

Sgt. Floyd, or shall we say "Little Herb" Floyd, formerly of the Artillery of the Legation Guard, Peking, has accepted the job left vacant by Sgt. Frost. Sgt. Floyd is a holder of several Honor Medals, also a member of the "Famous Disgusting Order of the Specialist," which was presented to Little Herb with all due honors and ceremony—this was his latest award. He was born in the Blue Grass country in '98. He was just an ordinary boy, believing in Santa Claus. During the war he joined the Army. In 1922 he joined the Marines, going from place to place, stopping revolutions and coconut wars. Was President Hoover's bodyguard on his southern cruise, and finally landed in Peiping with the Legation Guard, where he took all the fair maids from the sheiks after so many bottles. He arrived in San Diego where he has his awards on display any hour of the day at the gun shed. Any one wishing to hear any more details of exciting events of Herby's life may do so free of charge by looking him up.

Taking a stroll through the lower squadroom we find some famous men among the battery. A careful survey of the battery on troop and inspection sometimes produces more hayseeds, card sharks, beer drinkers and professional soldiers which would surprise the average man. I won't mention any names as we who live in glass houses should not throw rocks.

We wish to announce to the reading public and also to those interested (the ones who make a mark instead of signing their names) that we consider our guard duties in addition to our regular artillery drill highly successful. We didn't get to go to Shanghai to help win the war, and our bill to lower the price of beer to five cents a



Platoon 38, San Diego; instructed by Sgt. H. C. Borth, Cpl. R. W. Mann and Cpl. R. D. Keig

Platoon 39, San Diego; instructed by Sgt. R. L. Tyson

glass failed to get by Congress; BUT, we did get to stay home, and if that is not a success neither are revolving doors.

Having reached the Danger Zone the orders are: Cease Firing—End of Problem.

THROUGH BATTERY E's KEYHOLE

It's raining! and has been for the past two days, but we love it, Yowsah!

It reminds one of the old days on the farm; everything smells so fresh, looks so green, and seems so cleansed. No! I'm not a farmer, but I've been there. Hello Beckman!—Ouch!—By the way, you former Battery E Gyrenes, "Our Becky" is now Corporal Beckman. We know you all join us in our "congrats." Perhaps that is the reason for the sudden unnatural interest Mr. Pounders and Mr. Pace have shown, laying out clothing inspections, and rolling "heavies." . . .

Have any of you radio wizards been bothered lately by speeches, etc.? If so, we forward our apologies, and extend our deepest sympathy, for the persons more than likely responsible are none other than "Marconie" Hobbs, and "Buck Rogers" Stapleton. They are still trying to gain contact with the Third Dimension, on "Marconie's" Super extra special stratiscope. Wonder when that thing is going to explode?

We have recently lost Pvt. Dunnuck and Cpl. Crisp through transfer. Dunnuck to Mare Island, we miss him; Crisp to the USS *Outside*. He will be back, I'll betcha!

NUFF SAID

Bremerton Receivers

Well, at last the Marine Detachment, Receiving Station, P.S.N.Y. at Bremerton has a news-hawk in its midst that sees all, hears all and tells everything.

Capt. C. Pritchard commands the detachment and everybody thinks he's a darn swell guy. All those who disagree will be cheerfully strangled.

Ably holding down the teakwood in the outer office is 1st Sgt. Stone, who is also a darn good egg.

Believe it or not we've got a police sergeant everybody likes. Regardless of the aforementioned fact Sgt. McClendon was an avid kibitzer to this sheet. Don't worry, Mac, I won't spill the beans this time.

Sgt. Berletta has been busier than a rooster on a hot stove lately trying to direct traffic at the movies. Should have longer legs, Tony.

Latest news from the ball and chain gang is slightly muddled. However one item is important. Our diminutive but not final friend, Pvt. Zorn, was presented just a short time ago with a bouncing baby girl. Zorn's only lament is those terribly long twelve to fours on his off duty days. Pvt. Bramann has seemed to be in a daze for the last week, since the better half took a thirty-day furlough.

BROADCAST COPY FOR THE MARCH LEATHERNECK MUST REACH THE EDITORS BEFORE FEBRUARY 8

Pvt. Chew, a newcomer to the M.C. and the station as well, has already graduated to the ranks of the oldtimers. Quotes Chew, "This heah silent manual is gettin' my nanny. In my Marine Corps there won't be any rifles."

Pvts. Oyer, Sorrell, and Pfc. Whitford bemoan the distressing lack of caulking off mats and bigger and better meals. Such outlandish yowls having been heard in the messhall, Co. greaseball No. 1, Pvt. "Pop" Pixler, is very much concerned.

But the payoff comes via "Boondocks Telegraph." Pvt. Madison was lately elected to the presidency of the G.B.U. of the U.S.M.C. (Gum Beaters Union of the U.S. M.C.). All applications for membership must be accompanied by adequate proof of applicants' abilities.

Cpl. Sussman recently completed his course in broken English and now aspires to the post-graduate course in warped English. So far he's got as far as, "De gink in de doity poiple shoit" but from there on our hero modestly admits defeat.

Cpl. Blagden was recently put in the spotlight. The ship's service department decided it would be easier to put Blagden in a Santa Claus suit than anyone else. They wouldn't have to buy *any* padding. Final decision is pending.

Pvt. Boles, the immaculate ship's service steward was recently heard campaigning for higher beer sales. Ever try giving out samples, Boles?

Seen and Heard

Pfc. Jacobson was recently promoted to the rank of captain. Do I need to say it? What's making Cpl. Buchanan's eyes so bloodshot lately? Overheard at dinner. "Opened the window last night and worked until four in the morning shoveling out the salmon that flopped in." We all wonder what called Pvt. Lear to Goat Island? Pfc. Lehman was moved to tears the other day when it was discovered that no regulation gas mask would fit.

BASE SERVICE BATTALION

By Charles E. Brown

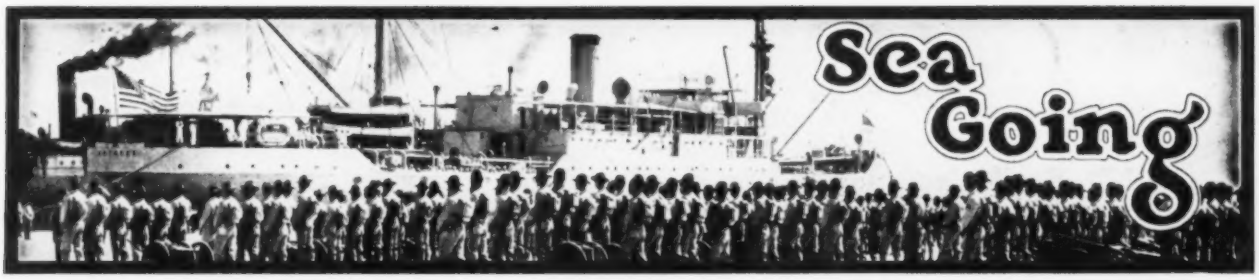
Captain John C. Donehoo joined the Base Service Battalion during the month and is now Commanding Officer of the Base Headquarters Company and the Base Service Company.

The following men were discharged and reenlisted in the Battalion during the month of November: Sergeant Frank A. Weeks, Sergeant Clifton L. See, Sergeant George Davison, Corporal Sterling McKay and Pfc. Francis F. Bihm. We wish them all a happy cruise.

Sergeant Major Loyd B. Rice was transferred to Class II, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, having finished over twenty years of active service. He is in the restaurant business in San Diego. We wish him all kinds of good luck.

Jonnie Dean, our Battalion fighter, returned from a thirty-day furlough. He was visiting his folks in the East.

This is about all the news I can collect for the month. Will try to do better next month.



BRODIE MEN FROM THE BROOKLYN

USS *Brooklyn*

By The Wolf

Well, friend Marines, 1938 is here to stay for a while at least. About eleven months I think and I hope this year brings more joys, less sorrows and greater prosperity to all.

Remember a while ago when we so often heard the question, "Is everybody happy?" Well, I only hope you can answer yes, as I do.

Perhaps we may be in warmer waters when you read this article and if so, we will give a thought to those in the good old North.

Well, readers, I believe I shall close now. Just remember, keep smiling.

OKLAHOMA RENEGADES

USS *Oklahoma*

By Spence D. Gartz

Now that the Christmas rush is over and the top blown off New Year's, everyone is looking forward to settling down to the normal routine.

Those running watches really put a dizzy touch on the boys.

Pfc. L. T. Williams and Wee Willie Winkie Wilson are still on leave—sojourning in "them thar Arkansas hills."

Privates Kodakek, Denbo, Patterson, and Clairday have been added to the detachment coming from the Recruit Depot, San Diego. We wish them a happy cruise. Private Patterson coming back in the service after an absence of three years.

Cpl. T. H. Levin was granted a 30-day furlough transfer to the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and Pfc. Law and Fld. Mus. Chisolm were granted same for Bremerton Navy Yard.

The ratings on the guard roster have been changed to read Sgt. Callaghan, Cpl. C. H. Harris, Cpl. Ehlen, Field Cook Kee, Pfc. Wright, and Assistant Cook Cassady. We offer our heartiest congratulations and thanks for the smokes—what smokes!

It is with deep regret that we announce the tragic and untimely passing of Pvt. T. E. Williams, which occurred at his home while on leave. Tommy was scheduled for the Naval Academy in the spring along with his brother "J. E." also of this detachment.

The whaleboat crew placed third in the annual regatta held December 10th, after a hard pull which was hampered by a heavy fog. The *Tennessee* and *Arizona* finishing in that order nosed us out of the big "places."

We still think third was good under the conditions, and will take every opportunity to celebrate the same. The crew was composed of Pfcs. Crain, Markel, and Sharrow, and Pvts. Hicklin, Tellier, Lafond, Gartz, Hansen, Shreves and Chesley. We were coached by Cpl. Boucher and Sgt. McClure, the latter also acting the part of Simon Legree, or Coxswain. Our deepest regret was the fact that we failed to earn the right to toss Mac over the side.

Add mysteries of the Guard; Why "Gigolo" Nall turns a deep red every time anyone asks him to look at his Christmas wrist watch and give the time. Who is the guy that had his nails manicured and hair shampooed in his "femme's" Beauty Parlor while on leave. Or are his initials H.C.W. Jr.

This detachment wants to take this opportunity to wish the Marines the world over a Happy and prosperous New Year.

Chaifin and Kowskie of the *Texas* Detachment, snapping in for a future domestic life, in the Flower Garden Park, Halifax, N. S.

WAHOO MARINES

USS *Texas*

By Kid Scramble

Just a few more rumbles from the old kettle-drum. During the Christmas and New Year holidays there was so much leave and liberty that the Marine compartment looked like Grand Central Station.

Hayes, the webb-footed boy from Indian Bayou, La., just returned from leave and states that they are now selling shoes at the general store. Must be expecting a cold winter. Kowskie, our palpitating paragon of plutocratic perfection, has all the girls' hearts on Main Street going patty-pat when he wears that tailor-made uniform of his. And speaking of Main Street—from all outward appearances someone dropped a handful of southern hospitality on Sgt. Smith—there is more than a smile on his face—a few cuts and a bruise or so.

Even with the new stove in the haunted sentry box at the foot of the brow I don't think Bolo will like it. Well, we warned you about so many dances with the same lady at these ship's dances.

That "ten cent beer buyer," Dutch, was seen spending the large sum of fifteen cents for that much-loved beverage. Tsk, tsk! Such extravagance!!

Thomas Lehe just reported aboard from the sea school at Portsmouth and promises to be a good little boy and a good sea soldier. We wish him a good cruise aboard the *Texas*.

Speed is the latest word in mess cooks with "two-gun" Crowley and "Dapper Dan" Lofton on the job. We wonder what the next meal will bring—spuds or hash!

The "white angel," who usually stays ashore three or four hours only, has overdone himself. New Year's eve he stayed over all night, drank two coca colas, and came back at ten in the morning. Come, come, now! We can't let that happen again.

We are all waiting for the "Parson" and "Orville" to return from the big city. If they don't get lost in a subway they should come back with a good story.

P. S.—Do you think a he man like a Marine should send out Valentines?

TENNESSEE HAPPENINGS

USS *Tennessee*

By Gusler

After a long period of quiet the *Tennessee* Marines again step into the limelight with the Whaleboat races as our selected subject.

The race took place on November 6, and turned out to be one of the most lop-sided races ever pulled here in Pedro harbor. Second place was bitterly contested for by the *Oklahoma* and *Colorado* and at the height of this thrilling duel, the *Tennessee* Marines crossed the finish line just twenty lengths ahead. We still wonder whether or not the other boats were dragging anchor. Such raw humor!

This race was ruled a foul because the *West Virginia* locked oars at the beginning and is now scheduled to be pulled again on December 10. The Marine race was cancelled because of inclement weather, but to keep in shape, we won the Selected Whaleboat Race on the 11th. After the race Corporal Lloyd again settled down to a series of stiff workouts for the Marine Race scheduled to take place December 18.

We Marines of the *Tennessee* are justly proud of our whaleboat crew and the fighting spirit that has enabled them to come out on top in every race. Corporal Lloyd, in his first try at being a coxwain, has been very successful and to him goes the credit for building one of the finest crews in Fleet history. Our mighty stroke was Pfc. Clifford Landry, our offstroke was Pfc. Clarron Miller and he performed to perfection.

In celebration of these races we had a rafter lifting, wall-shaking beer party in Long Beach. When the headaches and groans

were over the general opinion was that all had a swell time.

With "Gumbeater Jandzik" on leave and a restful period of thirty days before us, we will sign off but you will hear from us again soon.

CRESCENT CITY CHRONICLE

USS *New Orleans*
By Bailey

As this article goes to press, the good ship *New Orleans* is standing out of the Golden Gate headed for the good old stamping grounds of Long Beach and San Clemente Island. I'm afraid many a feminine heart is breaking as we leave the New York of the west.

The gun crews have already had a taste of what is in store for them by way of general quarters while at the dock. Anti-aircraft is next on the books and the rest of the gunnery will follow in short order. Maneuvers loom early this year.

We leave behind us temporarily, Corporal Lawlor and Private Carlson who are at the Naval Hospital recovering from the mumps. The writer visited them quite recently and wishes to assure everyone that they are enjoying the utmost in comfort, especially the good-looking nurses. Now watch the sick-list grow.

Stand by! Majestic, Grindatti has become our exponent of the "Big Apple." The girls better break out their shin guards. Christmas cards were received by the detachment from former Sergeant LeRoy Craig and Sergeant Finch USMCR. Both seem to be doing very well on the outside. Nice work fellows, we're all for you.

Rumors are flying thick and fast as to this ship's employment. Due to the recent unrest in the far East, we have been next to go everywhere but Zamboango and will probably wind up in berth Cast 9, Long Beach. Corporal Ptaszek has already informed the P & E that he wishes to renew his season pass on the Pasadena Special. It has also been noticed that he has started a "short-timers" calendar. They tell me the winters are long and cold around Chicago, Joe!

THE QUINCY LANCERS

By "Wake"

Recently this ship's commanding officer, Captain William F. Amsden, turned over command to Captain Paul H. Bastedo. Our old skipper, whom we all hold in highest esteem and think the best captain in the Navy, has been transferred to the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H. There he will assume the duties of Captain of the Yard. Captain Bastedo, the new skipper, has just finished a tour of duty as naval aide to the President. It is felt that the same loyalty will be accorded him as was given Captain Amsden. Upon his relief, Captain and Mrs. Amsden were presented a beautiful silver service towards which all hands contributed.

The fleet gunnery season being practically over, a lot of the *Quincy* plank-owners are looking over their greens, and wondering how it will feel to lie in a bunk that doesn't roll from side to side with every swell of the sea. As a matter of fact, by the time this is printed, at least seven men will have been transferred, some to San Diego, others to Bremerton, Mare Island, Norfolk, or wherever the Marine Corps chooses to send them. No matter to what posts these men, and others of the detachment soon to follow after them, are sent, they will never forget the *Quincy* and how they helped make her a unit of the fleet. The first detail to leave will be composed of Corporal Russo (Santa Claus to many kids of Long Beach), Pfc. Chiha, who is Chicago bound, Pfc. Bartuck, our No. 1 Gun polisher, Pvt. Heim, who wonders if they need a good drum major or bass drummer at San Diego, Pfc. "Squeeze" Ferguson, who wonders what he lost in Bremerton, and Private "Bones" Walton, enough said. It is hoped that the people who replace these men will do so half as well. So long, Mates.

This will probably be the last contribution of this writer because he, too, is becoming what is known as a "short-timer." So, Goodbye.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thanks for the cooperation, "Wake," and when you leave, how's to secure another broadcast writer to take your place? Can do?

NEW MEXICO SALVOS

USS *New Mexico*
By "The Toad"

Well, as this is being written near the end of December I can readily say we came through it in fine fashion. Drill competition, painting, whaleboat race, transfers, leaves and innumerable other incidents took place. It was one of the most active months we've seen in many a moon.

Privates Barbie, Duke, Roberts, Stidham and Smith took two weeks' course of training in the .50 caliber machine gun at the Fleet Training Base on San Clements Island.

Corporals Holland, Bozoski, Wolcott and Quillan received their regular warrants on 14 December. Daughtry, Sipes, Wolger, Taylor and Pence shook the "salt" of their rate on 14 December, and now hold regular Private First Class warrants.

We relinquished the Vanderbilt Drill Trophy which we won last year, to the Marine Detachment from the USS *Pennsylvania*. Though we failed to repeat we finished high in the ratings. Lieutenant Starr led us through our paces in the competition.

With seventeen men due to be transferred in December and January, sixteen of whom are rated, many men were seen studying their manuals. Fld. Ck. Goode, Pfc's. Hagedorn, White and Sipes were transferred to San Diego late in December. Corporals Edrington and Wolcott were granted thirty-day furlough-transfers to Bremerton Marine Barracks.

We competed in the whaleboat race which the crack Marine crew of the *Tennessee* won. We finished eighth in the race. The members of our crew were Hancock, Lunn, Marshall, Wolcott, Hagedorn, Ferris, Wolger, Wooley, Ukmar, Hankins and Osborne.

Sgt. Woods and Pvts. King and Weiske are our representatives on the ship's basketball squad.

Pvts. Ritchey and Hendershot were promoted to Private First Class on December 21. An appropriate advancement they well deserved.

Those that were aboard on December 26 had the privilege of helping to show the Alabama football team and followers around the ship. They were a congenial group of men and won themselves many supporters with their visit.

Both New Year's and Christmas leaves were taken by many. From all appearances a good time was had by all.

Hops and Jumps—Plat. Sgt. Haynes, Sgt. Alford, Cpl. Lunn and a few others scrubbed hammocks while we practiced for the drill competition one day. Police Sergeant Alford said they were the cleanest in history. Hammock sleepers heartily agreed. "Little Caesar" while showing Hurd his snappy "Suzie Q," landed in a perfect sitting position on the Majestic floor. Though Caesar took a tumble his girl friend didn't mind as after all she did have the privilege of dancing with our "Fred Astaire." Messcooks may come and messcooks may go but Gruber says it takes messcook Hicks to re-

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BATTLESHIP CHAMPIONS

The *Tennessee* Marine Whaleboat Crew, recognized as the best crew that has been seen in the Fleet for many years. This crew not only won the Marine Challenge Cup this year but, representing the *Tennessee* as a ship, defeated all Navy Crews to take the annual Selected Race. Standing, left to right: 1st-Lt. Ellsworth N. Murray, Pfc. Clarron "T" Miller (offstroke), Pfc. Ralph Oliver, Pfc. Rolla A. Fifield, Captain W. R. Hughes (Commanding Detachment), Tpr. Kelse Meade, Pvt. Henry Knippelmeyer, Pfc. Allen A. Dreyer. Kneeling, left to right: Cpl. Edward J. Lloyd (Coxswain), Pfc. Clifford X. Landry (Stroke), Pfc. Henry M. Foster, Pvt. James "B" Bauer, Pvt. Egbert O. Sappington. Members of the crew but not included in picture were Pfc. Clifford LeR. Cool and Pvt. Arnie A. Hickman.

RANGER ROUTINE

By "The Duke"

On the first day of this new year we are writing for the *Ranger* Detachment while listening to the Rose Bowl game broadcast. So if our attempt at dishing out the dope appears somewhat garbled, we have an invincible alibi.

We of the famous *Ranger* Marine Detachment have engaged in various and sundry activities during the past month. During December an eighteen man detail fired the range at Camp Wesley Harris, with all making good scores considering the conditions under which we fired. Old Jupe Pluvius frowned upon us record day, and ice, snow, and hail were plentiful in addition to mud. Parking one's body in a mud puddle is not exactly conducive to good marksmanship.

Anyone who believes that Marines are so tough that they live on a diet of sulphuric acid and razor blades should have seen the Detachment after passing through the Navy Yard gas chamber. Lachrymal glands worked and tears flowed freely, giving the whole gang an appearance of melancholy and sadness.

With two extra watches and a lot of the men on leave, those remaining are catching watches thick and heavy. Especially is this a bit hard to endure during the holiday season.

Cigars were passed out recently signifying new rates for the following: Kirkman to Sergeant, Engleman to Corporal, Watwood, Jefcoat, and Sullivan to Private First Class. Congratulations, fellows. Hano, Martin, Jones, all Privates First Class, were transferred to San Diego and Sergeant Curry to Navy Yard, Puget Sound, for shore duty.

Rambling at Random

Pfc. Woods, the "Texas Longhorn," is more determined than ever to ship over, although he wouldn't admit it. . . . . Pfc. Lilley says Opal was still there when he reached Mississippi on a 30-day leave. . . . . Pvt. Hill is very ambitious. He had a 004-008 watch one night, but awoke while the 000-004 was going on and, thinking he had failed to do his duty, prepared and went to relieve the watch when he found he was just four hours too early. Better early than late. . . . Some of the fellows usually on orderly watches have been walking the gangway post recently. Pfc. Carlton was pounding his beat in a drizzling, cold rain when some friendly Marine yelled from a porthole, "Are you shipping over, Carlton?" Carlton's answer is censored. . . . . About the only thing missing from our fine Christmas dinner was egg nog. Several made up for that deficiency after getting ashore. . . . A superabundance of cakes, candies, gifts, etc., were in evidence in the compartment during the holidays . . . .

Washington snow or California sunshine; which do we like? The latter if you don't object. These 85c ferry fares to Seattle call for some criticism, while the 5c "nickle snatcher" fare from North Island to Broadway Pier in Diego is much more to be appreciated. . . . Pvt. Casey took an unauthorized dive into the drink while at work scraping the side, unauthorized because he fell in. A little cold for swimming wasn't it, Casey? . . . Pfc. Justis very much in evidence at the last *Ranger* dance. Was it love or just another brunette? . . . Cpl. "Pistol Grip" Wahrer received a mash note from Pfc. Pat McCreery's girl friend in Redondo Beach. "Slug" seems to be losing that delicate touch so essential in dealing with members of the fair feminine sex. . . . Cpl. Huddle just shipped over and stood a watch on his shipping over day, when he was officially a civilian. That is patriotism, or devotion to duty in the nth degree. . . . These meandering musings are scarce as the none too numerous hen's teeth this month, so we'll see you next month in San Diego, we hope.

Privates Bagley and Crunk, of the USS. *Texas*, seeing the sights of Guantanamo Bay

COLUMBO CLEAVINGS

USS *Colorado*

By C. R. Weppener

After spending the holidays training the old blunderbus on a fast moving quail instead of trying to drop the old sight on a battered old target, we are on board again to keep the rest of the Marine world informed of our activities.

Just before the boys left to spend their time here and about the coast side for the holidays, we had to pull the Marine race over again and much to the amazement of the onlookers the *Tennessee* crew failed to win with such ease as they claimed in the first race which was later called a no-contest because of the alleged start the lads had over the line.

Despite the fog and two other postponements, the event was finally held and true to the cause the "Columbo" showed the new boats of the fleet they still could cause a lot of trouble. The *Colorado* Lumber scow, misnamed a whaleboat by some wiser head, finished first among the old boats and fifth in line among all boats. But that is history and despite the claim of "Simon LegRee" Joe Beckett that he would never touch another whaleboat tiller, it is a safe bet that if he is in the vicinity when the roll is called next year, and has a new boat under him, there will be some *Colorado* listing first instead of fifth and sixth. Mark our word.

But a little of the latest on some of the boys: Pfc. Fred, "Red" to the boys, Shisler, showed the lads just how good a man can be and stayed aboard over the holidays. Seems as though Red is planning a little sojourn back home to see the folks after the "Columbo" hits the navy yard and he figures that he will need a little cash. Good Boy, Red!

"Man Musk-alls" McDonald finally got up to see the little woman. He told her he was sending her a registered letter and then dashed up via the streamlined Chief to spend the holidays with her. Good old Mac, always on hand to keep the little woman happy. By the looks of his face and that far-away look in his eye when he came back he must have had a corking good time. Cheer up, me lad, it won't be but a matter of weeks till you will be back up there for three months.

"Pistol" Slaughter reckons as to how Santa might have been a might more generous with his shoot-'em-up stories. Pistol says, that he only got three or four and after all the faith he has placed in this Santa Claus story, he should have gotten a leetle more outa the deal. "Tex" Crawford said it would be a better idea to bank on the Easter rabbit because you can at least have a rabbit stew if you don't like the way he treats you. Couple of nice boys though, really!

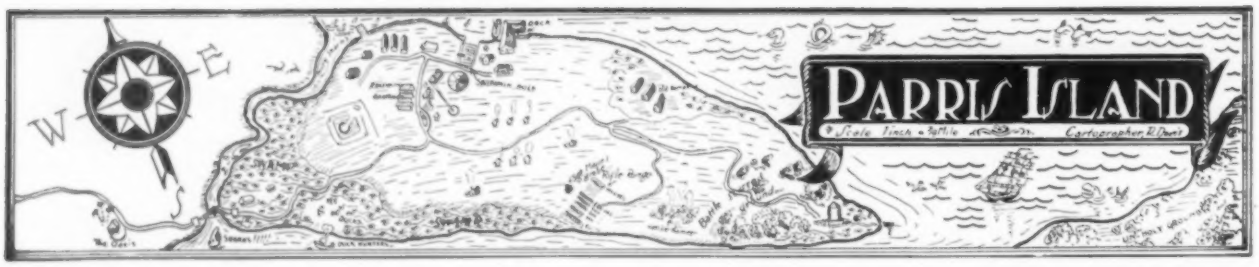
Corporals Ed Kron and "Pop" Riley Ogden declared a truce over the holidays and all hostilities have ceased on both sides for the time being. Ed is a bit afraid that the "Old Fox" is trumping up a powerful campaign that will break down Ed's first line defense. Since that last ski jump of Kron's, made in Minnesota back in '24 when he strained himself to jump 387 feet 13 inches, he can't stand up under strenuous exercise.

Trumpeter First Class Jack Lee Bell, a recent promotion in the guard, had a grand time acting as the chaplain's yoeman while the real McCoy was laid up in the sick bay with a bad fever. Jack says it's a lot more fun than waking up the lads at 0530 on a cold and frosty Washington morning.

Drummer Pete Bedetti has a cap that has aroused a lot of interest among some of the gals on the beach. They can't figure out why Pete shows such utter disdain for the flying foul of the district when all the rest of the lads run to cover. Pete says a damp cloth and a little elbow grease rubbed over the special preparation that he has on his cap cover will repair all damages. What we want to know is just what is the preparation.

While we were competing for the Vanderbilt trophy recently, Pfc. Rex Gonsaullus had a very difficult time keeping his eyes on the head of the column instead of "eyes right" when the platoon passed the grand stand. It has been said

(Continued on page 45)



A NEW YEAR'S Dance was held at the Post Lyceum on New Year's Eve, and the non-commissioned and petty officers held a party for Club members and their families at the Club on the following afternoon.

The Second Anti-Aircraft Battalion, Fleet Marine Force, under command of Major Jesse L. Perkins, USMC, joined this post from Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., on December 18. The battalion came down from Quantico on the *Antares*, and is now quartered in the old East Wing barracks. Sergeant Major Melvin Mosier is the Battalion Sergeant Major.

Lieutenant Richard Hayward, Post Maintenance Officer, with Master Technical Sergeant Ernest E. Feltwell and several other enlisted Marines, spent several days on Hilton Head Island, South Carolina, preparing a camp for the battalion to occupy while they are conducting gunnery practice there this coming spring. "Rebel" Easterling has been told that he will be on Hilton Head from January 18th to May 15th, so he is drinking up enough beer to tide him over that period.

Master Technical Sergeant Levis E. Griffin and Corporal Oren Austin spent a short furlough on the West Coast during the holidays.

Platoon Sergeant George Nash and Corporal Rogers R. Quinn were promoted to the ranks of First Sergeant and Supply Sergeant, respectively, during December.

Sergeant William R. Yingling made a trip in charge of a detail of recruits transferred to Quantico just before Christmas. From Quantico, he went to Akron, Ohio, where he was married, and returned to Parris Island with his bride.

Corporal Howard N. Payne, who left this post last summer for surgical treatment at the Naval Hospital at Washington, D. C., has rejoined the post by staff returns and is now on furlough. When he reports for duty, he will find his old job as Admiral of the Mosquito Fleet being held by Corporal Abe Marcofsky, erstwhile drill instructor.

Platoon Sergeant Joe Pifel is spending a furlough in the hills of West Virginia.

Corporal Hubert Winders completed eight years' service in the Marine Corps on Christmas day. He did not reenlist. Mrs. Winders will be remembered by many as Maxine Glover, former Hostess of Post Inn.

First Sergeant Robert Hartel was transferred to New London, Connecticut, on December 15th.

The favorite number at the Parris Island dances is "Veni-Veni." Eddie Masters can certainly go to town on this number. He recently returned from a short furlough and is now in the Naval Hospital recuperating after a tonsilectomy.

As news is scarce this month, I will have to fill space with a copy of a letter received by the Purchasing Section of this post several months ago. The letter came as a reply to an advertisement for the purchase of a lawn mower to be used on the Golf Course. The specifications were identical with the ones used in the purchase of a mower then in use at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia. The letter is as follows:

"Dear Sir: We have had quite a few 'Crack' perpetual motion inventors, corner garage mechanics and office boys bring in inventions to us, but we have never had one much wilder than the specifications on the lawn mower for this bid. We note that the bidders are requested to furnish a complete cut and description of the unit—we would certainly like to see it, too. We are just wondering if we are not going to be able to find a replica of this in the Smithsonian Institute.

"A lawn mower frame with unlimited flexibility should go in operator's album of 'when a feller needs a friend,' and the idea of a cutter bar with a yielding pressure is the equivalent of the Passamaquoddy dream, and the theory of the smooth cut under all conditions far surpasses Mr. Einstein.

"A two horse power engine combined with a standard Ford differential gear is engineering on a par with heating a 100 horse-power boiler by the heat from the sun through a six inch reading glass. We note that your engine is to run from 1800 to 2600 revolutions per minute, and that you are to obtain three miles per hour with the engine running at 1800 RPM but you are going to get six miles per hour at 2600 RPM. There is something funny about this way of figuring, but this may run into the realms of higher calculus with which we are not familiar.

"We note that the tractor drive is to be equipped with low pressure balloon tires. The peculiar thing about it is that the cutting unit is to have demountable steel rims with some kind of wheel calks to give the cutting unit perfect traction under all conditions, we are sure that both the automobile and tractor factories would be glad to have information on it.

"We have been wondering, since reading this just what a 'chain of Gears' is, and we are wondering how you get a splash system lubrication to ball bearings, and also we wonder what a 'fly knife reel' is—whether you cut the grass on the fly—or maybe you cut the flies on the grass—maybe it cuts grass flies—or is it fly grass.

"We note also that you are going to have a spring to keep the cutter bar in 'firm but yielding pressure against irregular ground surface,' and in another place you are going to adjust it with the fingers.

"We admit there is no reason for writing this letter, but we would like to have you give us the name of the factory or the salesman who sold you on this particular unit. We are sure if you could get this man and General Hagood together, he would soon have the General convinced that WPA was the most efficient working adjunct that the Army has ever had. In all seriousness, we would like some information on a mower that would meet these specifications. Yours very truly. . . ."

It seems as though the writer of the letter did not make the right kind of mower.

The following named men were enlisted in the Marine Corps, and assigned to Recruit Depot, Marine Barracks, Parris Is-

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POST ORCHESTRA, PARRIS ISLAND, AT N.C.O. CLUB

First row sitting: Altschuler, Rabe, Adams, Hays and Hibbard. Second row: Brackbill, Burch, Masters, Rankin, Proft and Master Technical Sergeant Levis E. Giffin, Bandmaster. Third row: Evans and Holt.

PARRIS ISLAND FIRE DEPT.

The last of the Model T's. On November 1st, Wild Bill was recommended for retirement by the survey route, after more than twenty years of active service.

Wild Bill was formerly a dump truck in the old Marine Corps, and after many years of faithful service, it was promoted and converted into a chemical truck of the Fire Department.

As a fire truck it saw service with the Receiving Barracks, later being taken to the Rifle Range, then finally to the Fire Department. It never missed a grass fire, and was always delighted to see the rabbits run.

Like all Marines after so many years in the service, it turned out to be a Bolshevik. One day it mutinied, and when it was cranked up it forgot to wait for the driver. As its wheels were not set for the door, it backed "Red" Garrison up against the wall where it delivered three short blows to the ribs before "Red's" seconds threw in the towel.

In the picture: Left to right, lower row: PFC Garrison, Cpl. "Slim" Morris and Cpl. John Coulter, Fire Chief. In the seat: PFC. Moore and Corporal "Shanghai Polo" Schroeder.

"Wild Bill," old fire truck of Parris Island, slated for survey

FIRST MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE

Brigadier General Richard P. Williams, U. S. Marine Corps, Commanding

BRIGADE SPECIAL TROOPS

Major Benjamin W. Gally, U. S. Marine Corps, Commanding

BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

By Operations

IT SEEMS that our eminent and distinguished, but infamous clinging vine, William C. Wall, Shanghai outcast, was very quiet and very thoroughly extinguished after a brief encounter with an unidentified assailant New Year's Eve. The time of the wholesale slaughter and public execution was witnessed by a none too surprised audience of about six, at approximately one o'clock A. M. The killing took place on the third deck of Barracks D. Through a reliable source it has been learned that Mr. Wall, after inhaling too deeply from the cork of a bottle of Scotch, proceeded to deliberately, maliciously, and with intent to insult, pry his beak into a private argument. Immediately after, a loud and thunderous drumming, much in contrast to a tattoo being beat on a drum, was heard by innocent bystanders. A prostrate form grovelling and groaning on the deck greeted the hurriedly gathered congregation. The pitiful body rolled over, twitched slightly, and lay still. Upon "Tails" Wall someone had lowered the well-known boom. As his Company reknown bunky, "Empty Nut" Greene, lugged the limp form to a nearby bunk, "Tails" feebly mumbled, "For God's sake, get the license number of that truck!" As was expected the next morning found Wall with another one of his stories, after discovering the various scars and bruises on his map. Too bad this incident had to happen before our very eyes, cause were sure you'd have stuck to your old "six on top of one" story.

Our own handsome, but timid, Watson threw it rather heavy while relating his experiences of a (according to him) very successful furlough. We, however, have reason to believe otherwise. You sort of slipped in telling of your last night at home, Watson, and we are inclined to believe the lady didn't think so much of your leave. Say, I wonder whether she has received permission from her folks to accept that monkey you're going to bring back from the West Indies?

We wonder why Laser becomes so uneasy whenever the word "maneuvers" is mentioned. Could it be that a certain little incident that took place on last winter's cruise has turned Henry away from the fair sex. Especially in tropical ports. And really, Henry, I insist that you're quite mistaken when you say that I was the one who gave you a "knock-down" to her.

It seems that our homesick Company Clown just couldn't wait until he barged in from New Year's Leave, and break out with the usual story. "Gee, whatta time, and she still loves me." But weren't you just a little bold when you mention the fact that you stopped that blonde in that certain Nite Spot, and called her "honey." And especially while the girl-friend sat alongside you. And after you left the girl-friend to dance with Blondie, that seemed going just a little too far. Let's blame it on New Year Cheer, cause it's not like you, Joe.

Congratulations to Bobby Reese who has very recently added one notch in his ladder of success. No, Reese, we won't fall for

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FIRST CHEMICAL COMPANY

Well, gentle readers, here we are in print again and with Best Wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year. The Company survived the month of December and the attending holiday festivities in great shape. With fifty per cent of the command on furlough over Christmas and the other fifty per cent over the New Year holiday the squad rooms (and the entire Post for that matter) have been rather quiet. The Christmas and New Year dances on the Post were a huge success; and the Christmas dinner was, so we are told, the best in the history of the Post. The lads that stayed aboard for the momentous occasion still speak of that meal in an awed voice, so it must have been good.

Since we are in the throes of packing company personnel and property for the forthcoming Fleet Landing Exercise No. 4, Corporal Thomas E. (Babe to us) Reaves, our one and only property sergeant, and his personal stooge, Pfc. Wampler, have been laboring long and earnestly (so they say). But Babe managed to find time enough to take nine-day furlough over Christmas, so he really can't be working himself into an early grave. Pvts. Wampler and Tatum made the first stripe on the fifteenth of December and we want to extend our congratulations.

Now to impart some of the dirt that has been accumulating since our last venture into print. Leo the Wolfe managed to talk himself into a twenty-day furlough and spent it all in Miami. You know, Leo, it was so nice and quiet while you were gone that it was possible to be in the barracks and rest. Gus Melville had a lot of trouble staying in his bunk a while back, much to his amazement. We wonder what there is about Fredericksburg that is so potent. Can you enlighten us, Gus? Pvt. Leland A. Cochran, Jr., the little lad that was so gaily laying odds that he'd be in a double harness before the 10th of January isn't so happy now as he was. It might be that he is wondering what his dear family may say. Or isn't the gal willing, Lee? Anyway it might be the fact that he is bound to lose any way the cat jumps is worrying him; who knows?

Well, as the Spanish say, "*Poco a poco se va lejos,*" little by little one goes far; the next tale of woe will be coming from the sunny south and with all maneuvers in full swing we'll be sending word from Puerto Rico, so *Hasta luego, amigos.*

FIRST ENGINEER COMPANY

By the Earl

Flash—The fighting Engineers are in the print again. Led by our efficient and well liked CO, 1st Lt. N. K. Brown, and ably assisted by 2nd Lt. H. A. Schmitz and J. J. Nilan, Jr., the latter recently joined from NAS, Pensacola, Fla., all graduates of Engineering Schools and with their experience and leadership, the company is moving forward with a very high standard.

At the present, all departments are making a check and double check of all equipment, with Gy-Sgt. Christner as our outside overseer. This work will soon be completed, and then to the Old Reliable, the USS *Antares*, for our winter cruise to Culebra. Of course we still have time for our sessions in MCO No. 113, company drills and etc.

"Hang Fire" Gloekler with his topography section are in hopes of having the miniature landscape range completed soon after our return from maneuvers. "Hang Fire" is anxious to get it completed so the topographers won't have any more alibies.

We have some newcomers in the outfit and

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5th MARINES

Colonel Samuel M. Harrington, U. S. Marine Corps, Commanding

FIRST BATTALION, 5th MARINES

Lieutenant Colonel Allen H. Turnage, U. S. Marine Corps, Commanding

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

By Lefty Smith

HERE we are breaking into print again just full of the Yuletide spirit and all that goes with it. Especially those things that go with it. This is one outfit in the good old Marine Corps that doesn't do things half way. When we work we all pitch in and can't be seen for the smoke, but when we play, the Devil can't keep up with us. So, play being the order of the day these last two weeks, everyone present had a roaring good time, good food and good company. Among other methods of amusement through the holidays, playing football in the briar patch was found to have its *points* by Sgt. Hyland and Cpl. Johns. Rather detrimental to the appearance though. Thanks to the stalwart efforts of 1st Sgt. Borak and Pl-Sgt. Goldmeyer and the whole-hearted support of our Battalion Commander our barracks presented an appearance that fairly shouted to the rest of the world that, in this building at least, the Marines were in the spirit of the times. We hope to cop the prize again this year for the most beautifully decorated barracks in the post. Luck was with them if all our friends throughout the Corps had as merry a Christmas as we did.

It is rumored our radio expert, model Marine, model husband and company inspiration (who, but Sgt. Stoner?) is expecting an addition to the family. I hope it is a boy 'cause then I'll get a 10c cigar for the first time in my life!

Allan M. Otis, the pride of Marlboro, Mass. (to whom we offer congratulations upon making corporal) used to be markedly absent-minded but now, after making a trip to see the Greek Goddess of Massachusetts, he is in worse condition than ever. Ain't Love grand??? Other promotions this month include: Eugene F. Zacharias to corporal; William F. Kerr to private first class. Your humble correspondent was gratified to receive a specialist rating, which of course necessitated a visit to that most entertaining of cities, Chicago. What a place! What a time! What a girl! Love *is* grand!

After what was a hilarious exodus for the past year, Fleet Landing Exercise No. 4 looms large upon the horizon. Most of us are looking forward to the maneuvers with pleasure. Penetrating sunshine and hard exercise puts one in good shape, and combined with good liberty that is to be had in the nearby ports, makes a pleasant way to spend what would be dreary months here in Quantico.

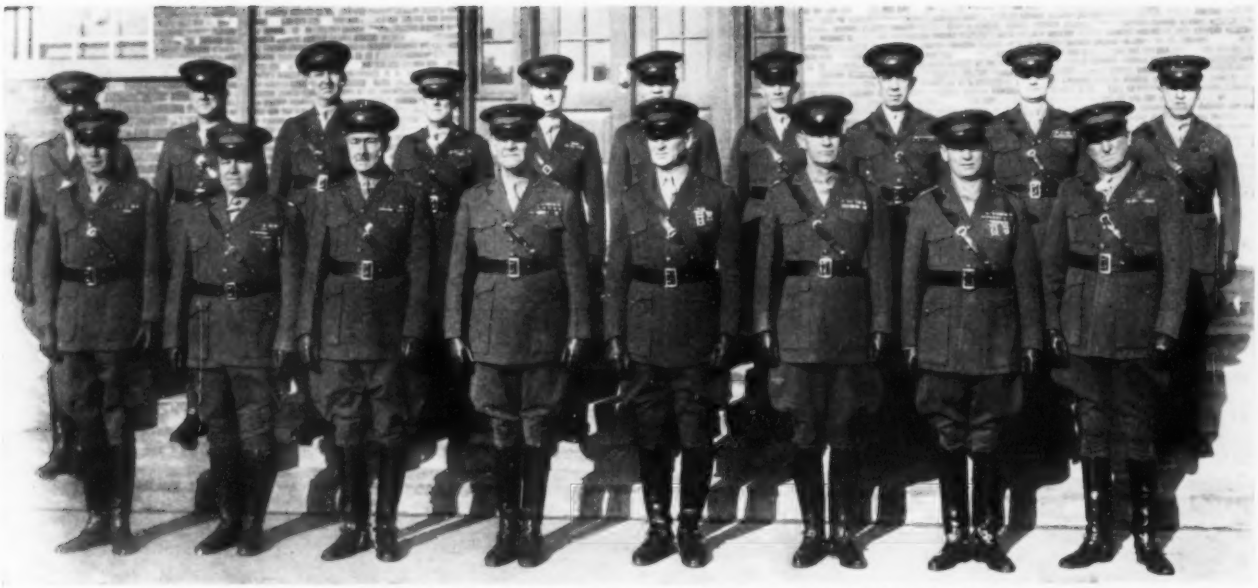
You'll hear from us from there if the canned ale doesn't keep me from seeing these keys. S'long.

COMPANY A NEWS

By Bench Mark

Yo! Ho! Ho! And a bottle of Doctor Pepper. Just brushing up on my sea going lingo in preparation for the annual winter cruise, known more familiarly as "the maneuvers." The next two weeks will undoubtedly be filled with the feverish activity that

THE COMMANDING GENERAL AND STAFF OF THE FIRST MARINE BRIGADE
Left to right, front row: Major Charles N. Muldrow (AAQM); Colonel Charles J. Miller; Brigadier General Richard P. Williams; Lt. Comdr. John B. O'Neill (MC), USN; Major Benjamin W. Gally. Rear row: Major Lee H. Brown; Major Gale T. Cummings; Captain George J. O'Shea; Captain William R. Williams (APM); First Lieutenant Lehman H. Kleppinger.



THE COMMANDING GENERAL AND FIELD OFFICERS OF THE FIRST MARINE BRIGADE

Left to right, front row: Lieutenant Colonel Thomas E. Bourke; Lt. Col. Henry L. Larsen; Colonel Samuel L. Harrington; Brigadier General Richard P. Williams; Colonel Charles J. Miller; Lt. Colonel Allen H. Turnage; Lt. Col. Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr.; Lt. Col. Francis P. Mulcahy. Rear row: Lt. Comdr. John B. O'Neill (MC), USN; Major Lewie G. Merritt; Major Charles N. Muldrow (AAQM); Major Benjamin W. Gally; Major Eugene F. C. Collier; Major William J. Wallace; Major Lee H. Brown; Major Moses J. Gould (AAQM); Major Daniel R. Fox; and Major Gale T. Cummings.

always takes place before leaving Quantico. I don't know how the others feel about it but with "Finger Wave" Osborne bellowing like a brontosaurus, and the company stooge Sutherland not knowing whether a man is in the mess hall or not, and several of us running around Christmas tree dizzy, these holidays will drive me to drink yet.

This being the last day of the good year 1937, I think that it would be appropriate if I should set down here the things that Bench Mark would like various members of this command to have during the coming year.

Captain Straub—A gold leaf.

Lt. Dowsett—The quick arrival of July.

Lt. Hamilton—Ditto.

1st Sgt. Borek—Bigger and better telephone numbers.

Gy Sgt. Karpinski—A bowling ball that makes a strike always.

Gy Sgt. Strong—Expansion of the New Way Lunch.

Gy Sgt. Wolfgang—An addition to the family.

Plat. Sgt. Snyder—A new pair of dogs.

Sgt. Babcock—More holidays.

Sgt. Rogers—Less noise in the NCO room.

Cpls. Morash, Rudolph, Kemp, Oliver and Long—An introduction to all the girls at the dances.

Cpl. Sutherland—The arrival of Jinks so that he can do away with that calf-like look.

Space prevents naming the other men in the company but I think it would be nice for them all to have breakfast in bed and a five-hour week.

Things I would like to know: Why "Footsie" Snyder is making payments on a table in the Grill? Which was the best decorated barracks in the Post? Why "Bolt Closed" Babcock doesn't get a different jaloppy? Why "Finger Wave" Osborne sleeps so much? When a certain young lady in the Hostess House is going to give Spencer a break? Why Cox asks so many questions? Why Oliver wants to deposit his money? Why "Runt" Borek always wants

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THE SECOND BATTALION, FIFTH MARINES

Lieutenant Colonel Lemuel C. Shepherd, USMC, Commanding

By Al. Cronk

CHRISTMAS furloughs have come and gone to mark the inevitable passing of another year. In most cases we feel that all went well during the year 1937. Its passing brings to light many pleasant memories of sights and travels never to be forgotten. In looking back over the last twelve months of activity we find that we have been a good deal more active than we had supposed. It is always the "summing up" of our doings that shows us how we have actually fared in the past. The first three months of 1937 found our organization well under way to a good start with the annual Fleet Marine Force Maneuvers in full swing. As we turn the pages of our "log" of travels we find stories and scenes of life aboard the ever faithful USS *Wyoming*, visits to Panama, San Diego, Long Beach and the pleasures and hardships that went hand in hand while ashore at San Clemente Island, where the maneuvers were carried out. The return trip gives us still another page in our log, with a two-day visit in Port au Prince, Haiti. Having arrived back at our home port in Quantico, preparations were soon made for a week's visit to the little city of Petersburg, Virginia, where we aided in the reenactment of the Battle of The Crater, which turned out to be a very spectacular event, drawing many thousands of people back to the old battleground. Our trip to Petersburg also proved to be a very interesting one, with sight seeing tours of the little city and viewing many of the old homesteads of our forefathers. Back to Quantico once more to prepare for our summer training program. Combat problems, beach landings, rifle practice and qualifications, and schooling in MCO 113 occupied our time until late in August, at which time it was over the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia and into Camp Perry, Ohio, for duty as scorers in the annual National Matches. Our trip to this famous part of Ohio gave many of us an opportunity to witness two nationally known events of that time of year, the Cleveland Air Races and the Cleveland Exposition. After a month's stay in Camp Perry, we once more returned to Quantico, only to stay for a week and then on to Camp Williams in Brentsville, Virginia, where we carried out many types of field maneuvers. A week of mud splashing in Brentsville and then back to Quantico again, this time to stay and finish out the year. A Battalion Center of Resistance has since been built in Quantico's Remount Area and will soon prove to be a familiar stamping ground after the completion of our next maneuver. Two field meets have been held, one in October and the other in November, and we are quite proud to mention that our battalion came out on top in both events, thus climaxing a year filled with travel, adventure, and sports.

The sad part of each year as it comes and goes is the leaving of many of our old friends, and it has been decidedly true in our battalion. Many of our old hands have either shoved off for other ports or have "shipped over" for the USS "Outside." On the other hand we have added many new names and faces to our rosters with many men joining us from the recruit depot at Parris Island or from other posts.

And so it is all for the best that we look forward to another year and may it be even better in all respects than the one we have just left behind. There is nothing left to

do now but bring our column to a close and let you read on into the doings of the various companies of the Second Battalion.

COMPANY E NEWS

By Joe

A new year has begun and of course that always means another maneuvers will be here soon. We are scheduled to leave on the 14th of this month for the suns and sands of Culebra and the adjoining islands. Preparations are being made now and it is known that we embark on the USS *Wyoming*. The men who have made previous training cruises such as this are already having their fun "snowing" the boys who are wondering just what the whole thing is all about.

During the last month of the year there was much activity. Everyone who desired to go home during the holidays was afforded the opportunity to spend a week there, either Christmas or New Year. Those who stayed through the holidays were also grateful for a somewhat curtailed training schedule during the periods. C. A. Wright, W. W. Harp, and this writer were handed a Christmas present from the Marine Corps in the form of an advance to the rank of Private First Class, and by this time they have been securely wet down. I should know!

The basketball team, representing the battalion, has made an impressive record to date. In ten games played, the Company E team has emerged victorious in every encounter. The highlights of the season are the 22-20 defeat of the Army team representing Fort Belvoir; the 62-22 win over the 1st Battalion; and the best game of the season when the team representing the 1st Battalion, 10th Marines was nosed out in a close finish by the score of 21-19. With only three more games and every game a hard one it cannot be predicted that this organization will be Post Champions by this time next week, but I hope to be able to make a prize paragraph out of it if the very much desired championship comes this way. I am exhausted trying to think of anything else to write about, so I'll just stop abruptly after, of course, wishing you a "Happy New Year."

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Again we come in the limelight with our old pal Lou Diamond returning from his reenlistment furlough and giving us the lowdown on the cruel cold outside, and he should know as he has had three months of it. He says "Glad to get back—nothing like the Marine Corps and the gang." Glad to have you back, Lou.

By this time this goes to press we will be long gone from Quantico on our winter maneuvers. We are now marking time, with everything in readiness, for the date of departure.

Congratulations are in order to our new Company Commander and Adjutant, Captain J. R. Lanigan, for the increase of the family in the form of a seven and one-half pound baby boy—"Michael Anthony Lanigan."

Corporal Boblits, our Chief Intelligence Clerk, has been transferred to the Clerical School, Phila., Pa.; Pfc. Sherman has gone to Hq. Co., 5th Marines, and Pfc. Hamilton to Service Sqdn., Air One, Post. Joining us are Corporal Gill from First Signal Co., and Pvt. Bourget from Co. F.

The boys are back from their holiday furloughs and are now working over their make-up box so as to be ready to meet the Senoritas when they go on liberty at Culebra. Pfc. Byers has made a New Year's

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Pack Howitzer Battery, 1st Battalion, 10th Marines

FIRST BATTALION, 10th MARINES

Lieutenant Colonel Thomas E. Bourke, U. S. Marine Corps, Commanding

HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY

Since the entire personnel of this battery has returned from their Christmas furloughs, they have had quite a time getting their clothes and equipment arranged in their lockers, and are now looking forward to the arrival of the *Antares*, which will leave here on or about the eleventh of January for Culebra with a two-day stopover at Hampton Roads, Va.

Most of the furloughs were enjoyed by those who took advantage of them. Roberts "ain't a sayin'" but he must have busted up with the one and only who was waiting for him back in Florida, for all he has been doing since his return is read love stories. Corporal Sullivan has been transferred to the First Signal Co.; we wish you much success in your new station, "Sully." It is rumored that Assistant Cook Story has been talking in his sleep too much, for Chief Cook Smith has been telling a number of tales on him. FM Corporal Koeneman has rejoined the battery after spending the last nine months annoying B Battery with his incessant noise on the drums. "Man Mountain" Smith and "Tiger Head" Carlton have been working out on the wrestling mat each night for the past two months and they are now bragging about being able to last for three minutes (when they take it easy for the first two). Peroni has found a good running mate, Patsy Postiglione. Peroni says, "The only trouble with Patsy is: He is too hard to find because he is constantly hiding behind his noise." First Sergeant Larsen, Peroni, and Maxwell are now taking lessons in "the art of barbering." Although their first hair cut on Simmons did not turn out so well, this one mistake has not deterred them from their high ambitions. Since Grato has taken on the other half, it is rather hard to find him around the barracks, with the exception of five minutes before and after chow time. What's the matter; can't she cook, Tony? McLalan has been looking kind of broken hearted for the last two weeks because of having to leave that sweet young thing behind for a period of two months. Boeyen, Jr., alias Cyrus "W" Keith, has stated that he is going to change his home state since the defeat of Alabama in the Rose Bowl game.

Well, until we get to Culebra, "Adieu."

BATTERY A

By "Wincy"

Greetings, friends. Again it is Wincy that is bringing you the news from the Battery A Cannoneers, the ones with the hairy ears!

The time is drawing near when they shall again board the good ship *Antares*, and sail away on Fleet Landing Exercise No. 4 for their winter maneuvers. Yes, folks, I said the *Antares*. They are not going to scrap her until the dog "Bruno" leaves the Service. Better watch your diet, "Bruno." It would be safer for you if you would eat at some other mess hall till after they leave.

The formation of the new battery is postponed until after the maneuvers. Nevertheless, that is what the rumors would lead one to believe. "Scrawny" says that they are slower in forming this battery than a post exchange clerk is in waiting on a private, but we feel sure if he would acquire a pair of stilts so they could see him he would save much time. Time is money, you know, but on the other hand, time also kills you.

To keep to the original subject, which is the doings of the Cannoneers with the hairy ears, most of them are doing either one of two things: Returning from the Christmas leaves or taking off via their New Year ditto's. Many happy times are being had, we hope, and everyone should return ready to shove off for our training period.

Summer has passed, and fall, too; but still many are finding romance. Sgt. O'Connor is receiving letters so exotically perfumed that when the windows are opened to get fresh air in the barracks the bushes out in front start budding. They think spring is here; and if there are any birds in the vicinity that got a late start in going south, they turn around and go north. Could it be the "belle of Baltimore," "Oky"?

Machinery proved to be a very competent substitute for cupid in the case of those two great lovers, Sugalski and Lattimer. They are tractor drivers in the outfit, and when they found that the Duke and Duchess had a car it was impossible for them not to be interested a little.

The activities of Pvt. Matthews are causing some conjecture as to the meaning of it all. He puts "none" after his name on the pay sheet, and takes off for Richmond, Va. On his return he put 15 down instead

and goes back to Richmond. On his return this time he erases the "15" and puts "all." Guess he is making payments on the fur lined bath tub.

The bulletin board is holding quite a few cards wishing us all a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year. Let's see, there's one from our ex-"top", William White; and one from the three "indescribable ultra's", Cotthaus, Scott, and Abernathy. There is also one signed by Cpl. Pat Kernan. Are we amazed! Cotthaus wrote to Cpl. Jackson and said that he was pretty high, but that he knew the score. He never said what it was, though, so we doubt it.

The cigars this month came from Cpl. Jackson. The three new Pfes. defied the old tradition. They are Pfes. Castle, Robbins and Haverlack. Bet they would—like Plat. Sgt. Korongy—accept an ice cream cone, if you offered it to them. Well, as they don't say in the Marine Corps Handbook, "Hooray for me, and so are you"; your Winey is glad the old tradition is broken. If he should get to be Pfc. when they make the new battery, the enormous increase in salary may be used to increase his donations to the "Twice a Month Pinochle Club"—of which Pvt. Matthews is treasurer—instead of cigars to the non-playing cannoneer. The non-playing cannoneer always aggravates the one who donates with the superior way in which he says "I told you so." Any one who has an answer to this that will sufficiently squelch him has our permission to cut the pot at the next meeting.

In closing, on behalf of the entire personnel of Battery A, "The Merriest of Christmases and the Happiest of New Years to you and you—and you!"

BATTERY B

By "The Top"

During the month of December this organization had very few changes in personnel, for which the Battery Clerk is thankful indeed. Corporal Keith, our instrument corporal for several months, is now attached to the good old Headquarters and Service Battery where his services are in great demand by the Instrument Section. We hope to see you get that third stripe soon, Keith. Field Music, Corporal Koeneman, was also transferred to H&S where he could be with the balance of the married men. Private Glen D. Frederick left us for the Barracks Detachment Post. Private Arthur W. Fisher, who reenlisted from the Army at Baltimore, Maryland, on 1 December, and joined this Battery the same date, was transferred to Sea School at Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., on the 15th. Privates Emerson M. Macklen and Edwin I. Ellis joined from Recruit Depot, Parris Island, S. C., and are being rapidly indoctrinated into the whys and wherefores of Pack Howitzers. The above changes are the fewest in several months as the method of shifting one-third of personnel each year has begun to show its real value.

"Baldy Joe" Newland certainly lived up to his reputation as a Mess Sergeant during the Holiday period. His Christmas dinner could not have been excelled anywhere in the service and it compared very favorably with the best of hotel restaurants. Chief Cook Smith, Field Cooks Mauchamer, Moser, Storey, and Williams are all to be complimented upon their ability to properly prepare and serve such excellent meals.

The following named were rewarded with well earned promotions during month of December: Corporal Nick E. Evanochko from

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MARINE BARRACKS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BARRACKS DETACHMENT

By Leo J. Werner

ONCE again the Mess force came through with a regal spread. Turkey an' all the trimmings. Both Christmas and New Year and fortunate is the man who stayed for both. The guard company was so depleted by holiday leave that the Institute boys came to the rescue, and transfers to the Naval Submarine Base at Juneau will soon be in order.

The canteen has some new merchandise for sale and the usual smiling crew are on hand to serve you: Waugh, Brown and McLeod. The Government Printing Office has on hand several copies of the booklet "The United States Navy" and it is the best buy for ten cents this side of the Eastern Branch. M. C. O. No. 113—"Did you know" "Battleships are named after states, cruisers after cities, destroyers after deceased naval officers and enlisted men, Transports after Presidents and Generals, Minesweepers after birds, Aircraft carriers after historical battles, submarines after fish and colliers after planets and stars?"

Photo by Tager

Picture of the U. S. Marine Band immediately after Major General Holcomb invited them in for eggnog

Your correspondent has a booklet and photos on swords if any person is in the collecting business. That is what Cook is going to do after he leaves here this month. Jack Sherry will have his name in lights on Broadway soon if present indications mean?

Flash! "But in the mountainous frontier country, Haitians and Dominicans continued killing each other with crude weapons—" Will the Marines land and have the situation well in hand? One side is French and the other side Spanish. Which have *you* learned? The maneuvers have started and will it be Culebra or ? ? ?

The Drummers and Trumpeters had their rates changed and they are now officially known as "Field Music." The bowling team is in first place but time will tell. The discharges are: Mayfield, Misiak, Thompson, Chop and Jones. Those joining are: Gable, R. E., Warfield, H. G., Miller, A. J., Shipley, L. E., York, A. L., Owens, O. P., Willour, W. T., and Wheeler, H. M. Others joined but too late for this edition. Mess Sgt. Brooks reenlisted and Cpl. Slack is in the Naval Hospital. Visit him if you find time, you B. D. men. Those transferred are: Jantz to HQMC, Gray to Quantico, Miller, R. E., to Portsmouth, N. H., Coletta, J., to Lakehurst, Powers, L. W., to St. Thomas, Easterling to the navy yard in Washington and last but not least, Raymond, G. E., to the AA Bn., Parris Island, S. C.

Emmons, Loesch, Doolen, Peyton and Patterson have been examined by the Doctor and will soon be ready for the next class for those aspiring to be Second Lieutenants. Lots of luck, boys.

Hade has had a resting spell as we have not been to Arlington in some time but standby for the riding hall detail. Does Barnes remember Semenoff in Siberia? The small bore team is in first place and Orr, MacMahill and others are keeping it there. Basketball is in full stride but what about a volley ball court? Adios.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

Memories of the guard duty over the holidays. Best performance of the year the day your correspondent was on duty. Will someone suggest that the Post Exchange sell egg-nog ice cream?

Those discharged are: Taylor, P. G., Ruth, L. M., Quirk, H. D., Middleton, A. M., and I hope Barr. Those joining are: Pettus, F. C., Pvt. from Quantico, and Wells, R. W., Pfc. from San Diego. Transfers: Williamson, J. C., to HQMC. Promotions: To Sergeant: Vaiden, William S. To Corporal: Muney, Vienneau, Howard, Boyer, McCarthy and Pulliam. To Private First Class: Miller, Goodspeed, Littrell.

The bowling teams continue to see-saw up and down the ladder but the 2nd Platoon is in second place and going strong. One guess as to the name of the anchor man. Small bore shooting and basketball take up a good deal of time and some of the men have gone back to the stage. They will be seen in Secret Service, coming in Feb. Remember them in The Moving Finger? Too early to tell you about the dance on January 15th, but like the others, it is worth attending.

Your correspondent returned from New York and has some info. about their Police

Photo by Tager

Following a long established custom, the U. S. Marine Band serenades the Major General Commandant on New Year's Day

Dept. exam. $3,000 a year, etc., 5 points for ex-service. The little black cat is missing. How come, George? Cpl. Ruth is now with the National Training School for Boys as an instructor. Cpl. Quirk is in a Dramatic School in New York. Sgt. Andy Middleton is with a large firm in North Carolina. I don't know where Barr is going? In this column I will keep you informed from time to time of events of world interest that do not come through the regular press channels. The February term of schools starts on January 31st at Hine High School in Southeast Washington and they have requested this notice for all men who have the time to spare, to attend the Dramatic, Public Speaking and Journalism classes. A certain member of the MCI has an idea for an invention but needs the assistance of a partner who is mechanically inclined. Also, the ICS has a textbook called "How to market an invention." Until next time, adios.

UNITED STATES MARINE BAND

The long bleak winter is upon us. The Marine Band is all set for the popular concert series on Wednesday evenings, and on February 14th the Band will assemble in the riding hall at Fort Myer, Virginia, to play at the ceremony in honor of the brave men who died when the battleship *Maine* was blown up in Havana harbor 40 years ago.

Members of the Band who have hobbies, find them interesting and sometimes profitable. Does anyone save odd musical instruments? Who has a "Koto" or a "Samisen?" Also, original compositions. A young Greek-American flutist is now in New York. He is "Lambros Demetrios Callimahos." He knows several bandsmen. Suggestions for a concert: Dukelsky's "The End of St. Petersburg" and Delius's "The Mass of Life."

We go from concert to the cacophony of "swing." A word or two about the dance orchestras provided by the Marine Band for the various affairs each month in the Auditorium. From the common idiom "jazz" to the sweet symphony of swing, music has thrown off its inferiority complex. Hear Douse and Kemp and a host of others play real jazz. Real jazz is an intensely creative thing. It is full of improvisations, of life bubbling up in music from musicians who feel it. When they make their astounding appearance, the impact is unforgettable.

Now for the more personal items: The bowling team is in its stride again and is neither high up or low down. Douse won the cigarettes again and how Miller does it is beyond explanation, considering the fact that he has just started to play the experts. Anyway I am glad to see Miller win. Life begins at forty.

Mus. 2cl. Koch returned from the Hospital to be discharged and reenlisted. He is hale and hearty once more. Congrats. Mus. 3cl. Grasser and Mus. 3cl. Voitel have reenlisted. Mus. 2cl. Gworek left town for a few days but is back with us.

The strength of the Band on 6 January, 1938, was seventy-five. If any friends of the Band have some old photos, please send them to Cpl. Leo J. Werner at the Marine Corps Institute, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., and they will be put into a permanent exhibit at the Band Auditorium. In closing, just a word about "Ravel" who died recently. Remember his "Ondine." Until next time, adios!

"DOVER DEVILDOGS"

By Morgan

HAPPY NEW YEAR, fellow Marines. We resolve not to miss a single edition of THE LEATHERNECK in this year of nineteen hundred and thirty-eight.

What Marine just bought another flag for dear old old *Dover;* how about it, Wop? We see our corporal in charge of the garage is going ashore again, all must have been forgiven; right, Abe? Who has poems on his mind, and what girl reads them? We wonder could our John Albrecht know. Could we induce Pvt. Worman to buy more than one package of cigarettes on pay day? We see Bing Pryzby made a fast liberty to the city of brotherly love, home after two years. We've been given to understand a certain corporal has said "I do." Lots of luck, Steve. Our Pvts. Sam Stoos and Al Bastain are running a race to see who makes the most liberties to Philadelphia. Must be a nice place. Where does our Bugler Haines and Pvt. Abernathy go every other evening? Our holiday routine has come to an end. We bet Sgt. McNeil is happy—our police Sgt. Who will assume the position of number one man at the chow line if Pfc. Burkhardt ever got transferred?

Our friends Tpr. 1st class and Pfc. Carpenter have decided to try a cruise on the USS "Outside." Luck to you both. Pvt. Smutko, Stelmack and E. H. Smith will join them in the near future. We're getting lots of empty bunks, boys. How is Cpl. John Hopkins making out at Lakehurst? Sgt. Cermack was lost, too. He is now at Iona Island and our mutual friend, Spike Boldt went to Brooklyn. Pvt. Syfrett will soon join the air-minded boys at Pensacola, Florida. Our skivie—I mean Williams—spent Christmas at home. Now he can't go about his work as he used to.

Our Pfc. Burns gave his old pal Tippy a race the other night, and woe is me, Burns landed under the table first; nice going, Kane. Why won't Pfc. Leonard go home? Rebel Lineberger doesn't go ashore any more; the gin mills must have run out of corn.

Well, boys, it is time to feed the mess Sgt. so we'll say "adios," so long, and good sledding.

RECEIVING SHIP

Destroyer Base, San Diego

We can't give you much news this time, inasmuch as we haven't been here very long ourselves. Still, we promise to give you all the lowdown from now on and keep you posted as to the shortcomings and longgoings of this Detachment.

During the month of December the following named men did the following things: 1st Sgt. Frederick M. Bissinger was paid off and reenlisted on the eleventh. Sgt. Charley Stearmer reenlisted on the ninth and was transferred to Mare Island. Cpl. Arno G. Casper transferred to the Great Lakes. Pfc. Jurgen Goldenstien extended and went to the Marine Detachment, USS *Pennsylvania.* Pfc. Lenwood D. Rottier went to Reeves Field. Raymond B. Weinberg, Jr., to Mare Island. Sgt. Alien F. Stockdale, and Cpl. Joseph N. Snider reenlisted. Cpl. Ira J. Carr, Pfcs. James Edwards, August W. Lee, and Oral Wear were paid off. Privates Eugene G. Bowen, Lester Dunham, Robert L. Sharp, Thomas J. Shaw, Ralph E. Tucker, and Robert P. Watson joined the detachment during the month.

Random Shots:—While 1st Sgt. Bissinger was away on furlough, Sgt. Kurner held down the job of headman. . . . Pfc. Tracy claims to have put 4,000 miles on his Ford roadster during the two months he's had it. . . . Fld. Ck. Edward Umlauf keeps looking west and muttering of chopsticks, etc. . . . Gy-Sgt. Thomas Dexter, examining the Detachment on range estimation, steps off the distance between the barracks and bleachers to prove his point.

In winding up for this time, we might say that our favorite job is escorting trucks around the Base. Sometimes we get a bag of potato chips or something, en route. So, we'll hang a bucket under the scuttlebutt and try to catch enough drippings to make this an interesting article for next month.

HINGHAM SALVOS

By George W. Islip

Here it is a New Year so we start making resolutions. The first is to put something new in this column instead of the same old gab.

We had a fire here in an old vacant house adjoining the reservation. Fire call was sounded at 5:30 in the morning and the men had the fire well under hand before the Hingham Fire Department arrived. It took the Town Department 3 hours to put out the blaze. The house was completely demolished, if it had been left to the Marines probably the house would have been saved.

"Johnny Weismuller" Bazell drew the inside of the paper because the fire took the headlines. Bazell was nicknamed thus, because of the incident that happened down at the docks while he was on watch. He was taking soundings when he rounded a corner, sidestepped a coil of rope and stiff-armed a mess of soap powder that spilled on the deck. His calls were heard by Pvt. Tammare and he was pulled to safety half frozen to death. He lost his pistol while in the water.

Pvt. "Louie" Martin has been transferred to Sea School, many a day he will wish he were back in good old Hingham. Private "Stubby" Sullivan has been transferred to Quantico, you better stay away from those Quantico Indians, or I will tell "Mac" on you. Private "Don Juan" Leroy has been paid off and left for his home. Before he left, he treated the boys to one pack of Golden Grain pinned to the bulletin board. He also left a certain little girl broken-hearted.

Some of the boys were asked to go to Boston to wrap up presents for the needy, just before Christmas, and got their pictures in the paper.

Pfc. Nick James is building a little five-room house and he said it will be ready in about 2 years when he gets paid off.

Our Mascot, (Mrs.) "Teeny Mush" has been presented with 13 husky pups, she should have had 59 so everyone who asks for one can get it. Mush, Admiral Byrd's dog, was the proud father.

Well a little bit about sports here in Hingham, we have started a basket ball team and the players on the team go down to the Armory to practice. The first game is scheduled with the strong Hingham High school quintet. The Marine team depends on their two ace forwards, Ausman and Lawson for most of the scoring. The center position is taken by "Ace" Lampereli who specializes in long shots. The guard positions are a toss between Shaull, Elliot, and Islip. The team has good reserve power in Trobasse and Daniels.

I have just received news that Pvt. Shaull has been made P.F.C. Good luck, Don, and may many more stripes cross your arm.

TID-BITS:

Creech said that there were a lot of Movie stars who would like to have his hair, he was probably thinking of Rin-Tin-Tin.

We wonder if June will ever stop going over to Weymouth, and why does he keep looking at the rings?

If Kocen will ever find another excuse for being over leave, besides of having flat tires, we wonder.

It is said that Elliott loves his horse so much, he hugs him around the neck while riding! My, My, what affections.

(Continued on page 45)

NAVAL ORDNANCE PLANT

South Charleston, West Virginia

By Ridenour

The New Year was started off in great style in South Charleston by having a Big Dance in the Administration Building on New Year's. Everyone had a fine time, especially Wilson and Hurley. They should have told us they knew how to do the big apple.

We took this opportunity to bid good-bye to Lieutenant Commander D. K. Day, U. S. N., who has been ordered to the Asiatic Station and to welcome Lieutenant Commander Theodore G. Haff, who is the new Inspector of Ordnance in Charge.

The dance which was given on the Marine Corps' birthday was also enjoyed by all those who attended. Captain Beatty, our commanding officer led the gang in singing the Marine Corps Hymn.

A play was given in the Armour Park school house for the benefit of the Navy Relief Society and it was a big success. Captain Beatty and Chief Pay Clerk E. M. Joyce were in charge of the play and they certainly made a fine job of it.

A Basketball team has been organized and they seem to be pretty good. They expect to start playing games in the near future. The team consists of the following named men: Gardner, Keller, Dickey, Stamates, Oczypok, Jarko, Nehls, Tagmyer, Bennett, Lawson, and Smith.

Swain was transferred to Washington, D. C., and is now doing duty with the Navy Building Guard. Sammy Newburn was sent to the Naval Hospital and Holdren to Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, Virginia. We were sorry to see them go and we wish them lots of luck.

The following named men have joined this detachment since our last writing: Sgt. Hutcheroft, Private First Class Wooddell and Privates Freeman, Kanotz, and Ditchey.

Hutcheroft is our new Police Sergeant and Oczypok has been made Canteen Steward.

Snag Edwards is going to open a barber shop in Hurricane, West Virginia, when he gets paid off. I guess that's the only place he could open one for that's the only place people would wear the kind of hair cuts that he puts out. The Deacon was heard reciting poetry to some girl in the B & B Tavern the other night, dad gum it. Jarko has been going to too many wrestling matches and it's finally getting him, he tried to demonstrate a crotch slam at the school house the other night but he seems to have gotten the worst of the deal. Oczypok shot a rabbit the other day, it was about time, he used three boxes of shells before he finally got one.

You can watch out for our small bore team in THE LEATHERNECK Trophy Match. Private Keller is getting the team into fine shape and they should make a pretty good showing.

RECEIVING SHIP

Navy Yard—New York

By "Von Hindy"

We hate to start our first column of 1938 by saying "So long" to our Company Clerk, Pfc. Ward, "Tex" Fowler and Barborka. This detachment wishes them the best of luck on the out-side.

Now that Marcell has met his true love out in Bay Ridge, he wears nothing but civies, "Best of luck, kid." I've noticed our up and coming Company Clown, Styers, has resigned from the basketball team.

Congratulations to "Fireman" Braunstein, he passed the test with flying colors. (Flash), the only guy that can leave his towel and soap in the washroom and find same when he returned is none other than that "Model" living Marine Pvt. Weir.

"Butch" (the mad Russian) has this detachment a little worried about those fast dates he's been keeping lately. We wonder who his new love is. Our only advice is, please keep "her" out of that gay and expensive rendezvous the "Happy Hour."

Thanks to Pl. Sgt. Hast for the use of his radio. Our tube-and-a-half set is getting repaired. "Got a dime" Sgt. Grossman seems to be having a little trouble in getting his dimes. He starts out at 7 A.M. asking for four bits, then gives up at liberty call. If your reporter had any

Photo by M. V. Young

Marines and their guests enjoying Christmas dinner at the Brooklyn Navy Yard

extra dimes he would be the first to get it—"Yeah."

Our fighting basketball team lost another game to the USS *Brooklyn*. If they only had put in our "Fleet-footed" Cpl. Wendolovski, there would have been a change, "And what a change." Not saying that Cpl. Rudd, Pfc. Walker, Kerdock, Labyack and Pvt. Baker haven't done their best all season.

Pvt. Savander can't understand why he's adding that extra "tonnage." If he would leave a little chow for the guard he might be able to wear that cut down vest—in case you care, we mean that civilian suit. Pvt. Gonzalez (Benny to his friends) is getting short—but his clothing allowance is shorter. My bunkie Pvt. Clarke to "youse guys," wins all his bets and arguments with Pfc. Abbott. Abbott claims he can holler loudest.

Things your reporter thinks are funny: Martin sticking up for his Dewey. Kerdock building more muscles. "Beer and a-half" Webber without his radio tube. Kay trying not to act like a Jeep. Last but not least, your reporter's rewrite man, Pfc. Zorn trying to rearrange this column.

Cpl. Finnigan is our only new arrival this month, he snapped in by catching a "72."

P.S. We are glad to hear that Pvt. Keough is doing so well on East Main St.

Things we have noticed lately: Pvts. Robinson and Cure sure are trying to take Sands St. by storm. After spending ten cents for two foams since they could spare it, have come to the conclusion that all the celebrities go to "Tony's," thanks for the tip, big shots.

YOWLS FROM YORKTOWN, VA.

By Foipoi

We are back for a return engagement in THE LEATHERNECK.

Everyone here in common with other places took the usual seasonal (Christmas and New Year) dive and are coming up by degrees in order to avoid the "bends" so dreaded by divers and persons who just go in and get their "feet wet" in the mad whirl we know as holiday festivities.

Mainly, we celebrated with two dances, the first was a Marine affair but as guests the local talent was greatly in evidence. The second was sponsored by civilians of the station who in the approved "Gaston and Alphonse" manner returned the compliment, in all, those present (the list) read like the vital statistics of the Virginia Peninsula.

Now that the fiestas are over we look back to business as usual, the order of the day, for while fox trots, shuffles and the big apple are a sort of "kick formation" still we are engaged in formation such as drills, troop, etc.

This may sound like a time table, but will conclude with the routine stuff, for as they say, Time Marches On. Speaking of time, Pvt. O'Quinn shipped over, while Pfc. Rogers and M. M. Smith were paid off. New arrivals were, Cpl. Chastine, Pfc. Tamme, Brinkley, Rovira and Starlin. Our Police Sgt. Burnett is causing much consternation here, while reading the paper he saw where Ford and the Gen. Motors advocated the stagger system as a more efficient means of extracting work from the personnel, several of the boys who are links in Burnett's "chain gang" assert there is no need to stagger them as they are reeling already from work.

Cpl. Oakes is threatening to go into exile at Guam, if he can get it. Pvt. Stolz, our chronic critic is berating the climate, after four hours of calculating on a watch, he concludes that in time the Gulf Stream will penetrate and warm the Peninsula, unfortunately it will take 50,000 years to reach a tropic temperature, which as we said before, Time is marching on.

Pfc. True was unfortunate in losing his Pappy during the holidays. Platoon Sgt. Beardsley snuck off on leave for a few days, while Sgt. Johnson sported his figure and fancy overcoat up in the hills of Virginia. Our Mess Cpl. (Ala Baba) Kubick, is still up to his old tricks, going to town, and coming back with part of the groceries missing, but I dare say he never misses the ABC of Va.

Next month we expect to write greater things, so until then we hold down the Naval Mine while time marches on.

Gladstone Photo

Muggs, attached to the Marine Detachment at Portsmouth, Virginia

RECEIVING STATION MARINES

Philadelphia Navy Yard
By J. P. Gale

This Detachment is sorry that it did not make the December issue, and thereby miss the opportunity of wishing all their friends here and there a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Without a doubt they are a little belated, but that does not deter from the meaning and spirit in which they are given and the hope that there will be many more.

During the month of November this Detachment lost three men via the discharge route. They were Pvts. James V. Cerone, Thomas W. Horinka, and Robert E. Sturm. It seems that this practice was carried over into December, as six more of our brave defenders of the brig left our midst. Corporals James F. Coady and Milton L. Burleson have gone out hoping that they will generate the spark that will give them the opportunity to set the world afire. Pfc. Othel Hudson was paid off and reenlisted. He will start the spark in a .30 and hope that it is a five. Private Aldrich J. Hagins cruised out at the end of his cruise and headed for his home in the sunny south. Pvt. Rudolph W. Popischil and Pvt. Robert J. Schwister were the remaining two who terminated their stay with a B. C. D. Due to these losses and three more coming up this month and quite a few more in the lowly seventh pay grade we are sorely in need of said replacements. Pfc. John J. Salata, Jr., was transferred here from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the 31st of December by staff returns and will appear in person within a few days. Our Basketball team started off with a bang, but seems to have hit a now what would you call that politically speaking, Oh Yes, a recession (My, my how quaint.) It seems that our little sparrow, Pvt. Ulmer, has fallen under Cupid's bow and succumbed to that grand thing, love. Seeing as this is the beginning of the year with much to do I'll say Adieu, Adieu, hoping to see some new faces in the near future.

FIRE BARN, NAVY YARD

Philadelphia
By Pvt. Travis

We welcome Pvt. Nicholson into our midst who has come over to join us "Fire Fighters" from the brig Detachment and had that "Old Feeling" to be a big bad Fireman.

It seems that Privates Baer and Holland have become very interested in matters across the river, meaning Camden. As a helper they have Pvt. Wingate. The funny part of the matter is that they all seem to share the same parlor.

Pvt. Rice has been seen recently in a very deep study—not books either.

Pvt. Hagins bid us farewell on December 19th and journeyed home for a try on the outside. Good luck, "Butch."

The writer has been informed that Cpl. and Mrs. Edney are expecting a newcomer to their home.

Pvt. Harris says he cannot figure out which he likes best, his bunk at the fire house or his bed at home. We think the bunk at the fire house suits him best as it seems he is always telling his wife that he is either on duty or restricted most of the time.

tWe have had quite a few ex-Marines visiting us lately. They even visit us from the west coast. From that I gather that this fire fighting business is not so bad after all.

See you soon. In the meantime take another look at our picture and let us know if we look smart (one way) enough to save your child's life.

NORFOLK NAVY YARD MARINES

By Walter Winchelski, Jr.

FLASH:—Look, mama! The Marines from Norfolk Navy Yard are here again.

Having given you the low down on the higher ups at this Post in the last LEATHERNECK, I will visit the working classes with you. First, it is fitting that we mention the Post Police Sergeant, Sgt. "Horse" Reynolds; sorry we can't give you his first name, and I wouldn't dare ask him for fear he may put me to work. Hanging on the gates at the entrance to the Navy Yard you may find Sergeants Bracewell, Clements, Nunn, McLeod, Spragg, McBee, Ewton (the man who has not had a furlough since 1926, so he says), and Murray. The corporals who tell you the time by tooting the bell in front of the barracks are Corporals "Poop deck Pappy" Hoffman, Spread Eagle Cramer, Morris, Whittinghill, Touchback Jachne, Orcutt, Clements, Young, Gurney, Brandley, Wilson and acting corporal Sallick. The privates are numerous, so will just name a few outstanding ones. Guiseppe (Joe to the girls) Guilano, Jr., is the best football player in this area, so he says. He keeps a diary of his cruise in the Marine Corps and of all the girls he meets, and he has more telephone numbers than the phone book. Guilano just returned from a well earned furlough, and upon his return to Portsmouth he was met at the Ferry by a bevy of beautiful(?) girls, and the Chief of Police presented him with the key to the County jail. His running mate, Tony (Beans) Fraiola, another native son of Dublin, is going to Hollywood after he

Fire Department, Receiving Station, Philadelphia

completes his cruise in the Marine Corps; he is at present working in the movie booth. Archie V. Anderson, who almost became a sea going Marine, was transferred ashore because the captain of the *Wyoming* wouldn't let him keep his mule aboard. Another ex-*Wyoming* Marine is, Expert Rifleman and Pistol Shot Bankston, he was transferred ashore because he shot up all the targets aboard (trying to qualify), and the Navy couldn't get any more until the next fiscal year. Now that you have the low down on a few of our outstanding marines, we'll get back to the happenings on the post.

On the 23rd of November, 72 enlisted men joined this post from the West Coast and other way stations via the *Nitro*, and all the watch-standers greeted them with "Glad to see you all and hope you stay awhile." But before you could get to the first sergeant's office and ask for a furlough those 72 men plus 10 per cent were transferred to other posts on the East Coast.

Staff Sergeant K. F. Curtis was discharged on 28 December by reason of expiration of enlistment, and on the following day said "I do" for another four years; he is at present on furlough.

Furloughs were granted to quite a number of men during the holidays, and to look at some of them now you would think they got married or took upon themselves the task of celebrating their and everyone else's New Year.

Not to be outdone by Quantico, this post also has a mascot, and his name is Muggs. It is our opinion that Muggs is heavier and uglier than Jiggs III. Also, Muggs is very intelligent; whenever he sees a first sergeant or the police sergeant, he growls. He is so smart that he was promoted from private to sergeant major in less than ten days after he joined the Marine Corps. It is also rumored that his ancestors came over on the Mayflower. Sergeant Larry Killens is the caretaker of Sergeant Major Muggs.

Lieutenant George F. Britt, our Athletic Officer, has been gathering material for our post basket ball team, and it looks like a winner. A schedule is being arranged for several games with the Army, Navy and several civilian teams.

The news of the departure from this post of Major James M. Bain, our executive officer, has caused no little feeling of regret by all hands. During the several

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BOSTON BULL

By H. F. Gable

Although it has been some time since news of this Post has appeared in the columns of THE LEATHERNECK, we beg to resume our broadcasting through the medium of Station W-PUN.

After a year of inactivity along that line we again have a Small Bore Rifle Team of which the Marine Corps can well be proud. The team, augmented by such shots as Sgts. V. F. Brown, Phinney and Ulrich, of Marine Corps Rifle Team fame, not to forget Cpls. W. A. Rawlings and R. Williams, and Pfc. R. C. Green, of local representation, gave a good account of themselves by recently defeating the highly touted Lynn Rifle and Revolver Club team by a score of 911 to 892. Our team is enrolled in Class A competition in the American Legion Association of Rifle and Revolver Clubs, in and near greater Boston, and is under the able management of 2nd Lt. Everett W. Smith, Marine Corps. We wish them every success in the coming competition which we know, after scanning a schedule too detailed to give here, will be plenty keen.

Another one of our (in) active organizations is the Post Basketball Team, which finished last year's season schedule with only three defeats in thirty-eight starts, losing twice to the top-ranking quintet representing the USS *Quincy*, in the local Service League competition, and finishing in second place in the League standing.

Under the management of 2nd Lt. John E. Willey, Marine Corps, and the coaching of Sgt. W. A. "Horse Collar" Pierce, the team soared to new heights in splitting a home and home billing with the crack outfit from the USS *Vincennes*, only to be badly beaten during the Christmas holidays by a much superior team at the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The New Year's Service League competition is now open and we have high hopes after the team's performance on 5 January, of walking off with the first place billet in that competition. They defeated by a score of 73 to 24 the team from the USCG Cutter *Chelan*.

Civilian teams seem to have caught the weak spot in the local team's morale, by placing a rah-rah group of pretty High School girls on the sidelines. If you need confirmation of my observation just ask "Ike" Eichelberger or "Tex" Atkins, two of the mainstays of the team. Did these women wow 'em or what was the reason they lost those two games with the Boys' Clubs?

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NAVAL POWDER FACTORY

Indian Head, Maryland

Nineteen hundred and thirty eight is here and thirty seven has gone with the wind, but a few interesting events that occurred during the past twelve months revives pleasant memories for those who were doing duty here at that time.

First on the list would be the Marine Dance held at Lackey High Auditorium. It was a gala event from what my scouts tell me.

The next in line would be the outcome of the Soft Ball League. The Marines won the cup and it occupies a prominent place in the Recreation Room. Other teams competing in the league represented various departments down the Powder Line. The "Clam Diggers" gave their best, which in this case wasn't quite good enough.

Perhaps the most outstanding event of the year was the picnic held at Chapel Point, Md., on Sept. 6. The day was spent swimming, dancing, eating, and drinking beer, and no one complained of a dull moment.

The fireplace was completed in the Recreation Room during the month of November. It was immediately put to use. Everyone that would happen into the Recreation at anytime could see four or five Marines sitting in front of the blazing logs dreaming of Sweet Marie or sumpin'.

It seemed to take a long enough time to arrive, but it finally did. Am speaking of Christmas Day. A few of the boys who lived nearby took advantage of the situation and spent the day at home. The rest of us did the duty, indulged in a grand chow, and I guess spent a quiet holiday.

Jimmy Gore (who is doing duty at Dahlgren) will never forget December 25, 1937. He was united in marriage to Bert Sullivan, a local girl. Congratulations, Jimmy.

Now that thirty seven has been taken care of, let's see what is happening in thirty-eight.

We are having such lovely weather, one might mistake January for April. Due to this fact, Cpl. Clark, Cpl. Henry, and Pvt. Worrill can be seen on the golf course daily improving their style of golfing.

The more hearty athletes have their daily game of football. There usually is a lot of bruises and bumps but they seem to enjoy them as they keep playing day after day.

Pfc. Campbell, one of the truck drivers, started taking exercises to build up his body. At the present time, he has a dozen followers. Seeing the enthusiasm that was created

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WARDENIGS

Marine Detachment, U. S. Naval Prison, Portsmouth, N. H.

The U. S. Naval Prison was the scene of a very interesting and comical play on Thursday evening, December 16th. Attended by more than 200 service people and civilians, the play was put on entirely by prisoners and proved a great success. Credit should be given the entire cast, which was made up of strictly amateur performers who gave their "all" before the large audience.

The play was presented through the courtesy of the Commanding Officer, Colonel Robert L. Denig, and was called *You'll Rue the Day* (A Comedy in Several Errors).

Following is the programme:

PROLOGUE

Meet me 'round the corner ..... Comedy Skit
Nize Bebby ett opp hull de ottmill
"Sleight" of Hand
A Story with a Moral
A Try, Try Again Episode
CoHutta Slim ..... Harmonica Rendition
Slip'n Hit It ..... Impersonation
A Bagpipe Solo ..... A bit of Bonnie Scotland
Why I ditched my By Friend ..... Recitation

FINALE

A Yukon Nightmare

A large Xmas tree, 25 feet high, was put on top of the square tower at the Naval Prison. Brilliantly lighted, the tree stands 200 feet above the Piscataqua rim and can be seen for miles in all directions, as this point is the highest in the Portsmouth vicinity.

Another tree was placed in the Prison Mess Hall for the enjoyment of the prisoners. This tree was lighted and decorated to provide the proper holiday atmosphere.

The Works Progress Administration presented an interesting vaudeville program at the Naval Prison Auditorium on Thursday evening, December 30th, at 8:00 p. m.

Presenting nine acts accompanied by a nine-piece orchestra, the players kept the audience well entertained. The three outstanding acts were probably given by the Quartette of Al, Jack, Pierre, and Henry, assisted by Virginia; Two Banjos with John and Ted; and the Dance Team of Haskell and Manos. However, all acts were well presented and well received.

The programme was as follows:

OVERTURE

Two Old Timers ..... Singing Dance Team
Flo Finnegan ..... Diminutive Singer
Gladstone and Stuber ..... Fashion Pleats
Two Martinis ..... Hand Balancing
Quartette ..... Al, Jack, Pierre, and Henry
Assisted by Virginia.
Two Banjos ..... John and Ted
Nativity ..... Pantomime
Haskell and Manos ..... Dance Team
Merle Willis ..... Card Manipulator
Hill Billy ..... Hill Billy—Grand Finale

We are now standing a real winter watch in this part of the country. Ice skating began on the local ponds on December 12th, and New Year's eve brought three feet of snow and zero weather. However, we have our warm fires and comfortable quarters to offset the climatic conditions.

The following men joined the Marine Detachment at the Naval Prison during the month of December: Sergeants Ernest G. Griffin, Charley M. Oliver; Corporals Alfred J. Brooks, Harold B. Williams; Privates First Class James C. Chance, Leonard C. Julien; Field Music Ronald B. Miller, and Privates Clifford R. Bowman, Raymond Davis, William M. McPhail, Raymond H. Morelli, Thomas Posavae, John Sartindky, Erval J. Smith, and Henry B. Wingate.

The following men were transferred to

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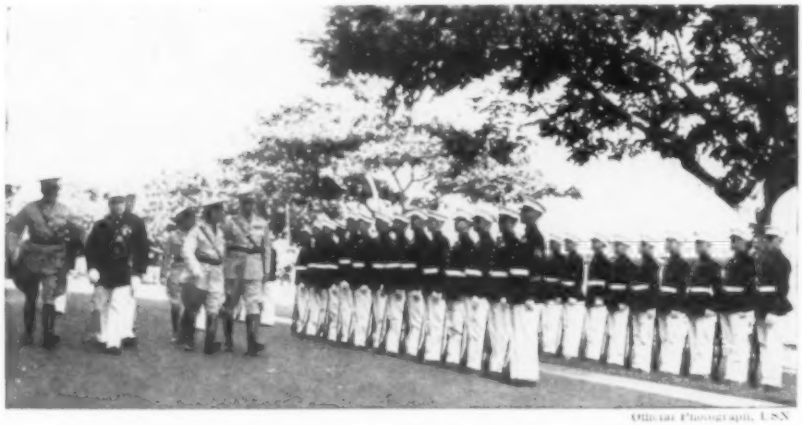
Tropical Topics



Official Photograph, USN

General Moses, U. S. A., inspects his guard of honor at Pearl Harbor

VMS-3 "BULKHEAD" NEWS

Virgin Islands

By Dickson

The squadron's way to a new exercise was inaugurated on the sixth of this month with a touch football game between teams 1 and 2. Though team 1 was the victor, they didn't have an easy time gaining the victory. Speaking of football, Sammy Baugh attributes his success as a passer to the fact that he consumes a hearty breakfast of cereal each morning. Wonder what Herman "Joe Crouch" Brazke eats!

The ninth of this month, Fenton, Lauderdale, Greene and Swain left this typical tropical paradise to do battle with the icy winds of the cold north city of New York. Soon they will be shielding their heads from the wintry blast while we have only the sultry sun to worry our noble craniums.

The Governor General of the Leeward Islands and Governor Blanton Winship paid us a visit in the middle of the month. They were well pleased at the reception they received.

We received a three-day holiday for Christmas this year and though we were disappointed in not having a white Christmas, we did have the consolation of getting a wet one. That can be taken two ways too. We have been getting a mite short on the "aqua" here and we hope that we caught enough to get an extra shave once in a while.

Steve Morawiec is taking lessons from MacManus on how to become a gob in six easy months. Steve is now assistant to the assistant on the boats. He will strive to attain the position now held by Stinson before he gets away from here.

A certain Pfc got the jolt of his life the other evening when a townsman asked, pleaded, begged, implored and threatened him to come to a party he was giving at his home. After a dozen emphatic no's the Pfc gave in and said he would attend. Sitting down to a drink to seal the bargain the Pfc was told that it would cost only $1.50 for him to attend. Was it the water that caused him to choke?

The men of the squadron showed their appreciation of the new mess sergeant Lamusga by giving him a Christmas gift that anyone would be glad to get.

Horton and Coots are now in the ranks of the Pfc's. Jonasson is the new corporal. Will that "duck crew" catch heck now! The office has a steady stream of visitors these days due to the new calendar that your scribe has tacked on the wall in front of his desk. What a calendar!

A new secret society is haunting Sergeant Bracci these days. It seems that they are called the "3X's." He feels that his suspicions are correct but has as yet to prove them.

MARINE BARRACKS, U. S. N. S.

Guantanamo Bay, Cuba

Well, here we are again, after three long months, with a few lines to let you know that Guantanamo Bay is still on the map. Last week we had to send home for our long red flannels; the thermometer dropped to 86°. Incidentally quite a few of our command will be kicking the snow off their shoes when you read this. They can have it. We will take the good ole tropics during the winter.

Since you last heard from us, quite a few things have happened. We have finished the sailing races which have been under way for about three months. Sgt. Wehrly took first place in "A" group with 350 points and the first prize of six dollars Sgt. Smulski, now in the States, took first place in "B" group with 400 points and the first prize of five dollars. Pvt. Olivier won the "C" group prize of four dollars with 350 points. We don't know whether to give the booby prize to Pvt. "Slum" Burke or to Pvt. Alley. It seems that Pvt. Alley had a total of 75 points, but Burke took so many fourth places (in the four man race) that he at least deserves honorable mention. The only trouble is, the prize, a stucco bath tub rigged with barbed wire sails, has to be sailed back to the U. S. The winner of this prize is now at the Marine Barracks in Washington, D. C., so I guess that "Slum" has it. America's Cup entries take notice; Sgt. Wehrly won the long course with an aver-

age speed of better than seven miles per hour.

Volley ball is now in full swing here. Cpl. Hanner's team and Pop Shelton's team are battling it out for first place. We are sorry to mention here that Col. Cotton Patch Crow Barr of the 13th Volunteer Mississippi Cavalry C.S.A., and World's Champion cotton picker is not on one of these teams, much to his surprise. The Officers' team, assisted by volunteers Firth, Kaminkow and Lowell seemed to have gained permanent possession of the anchor position, but are still battling with the N.C.O. team just one notch above them.

About the middle of December our mighty nimrods, Sgts. Rippy, Griffin, Danmeyer and Robison, Cpls. Hanner and Manning, Pvt. Brown and C.P.O. Yoke went to the Yateras River. Luck seemed to be in their favor for they brought back eighty-six and one-half ducks. Sgt. Rippy is credited with the half duck. We're afraid you'll have to ask him how a man can shoot a half duck.

Since August there have been three promotions. Pfc. Caron and Pvt. Elliott to corporal, regular warrant, and Pfc. Brosche to corporal for Aviation duty in connection with the Aerological Station here. We wish them luck and continued success.

Christmas has come and gone but there is going to be a field meet and barbecue here on New Year's day so look for us again next month and we'll tell you all about it.

MARINE BARRACKS, PEARL HARBOR, T. H.

We have just had the honor and the pleasure of a visit and inspection by the Commanding General of the Department of the Pacific, Major General Lyman. General Lyman, with Mrs. Lyman and Chief Quartermaster Clerk Barde, arrived at 0800, Saturday, 20 November, on the Army Transport *Republic* and departed on the same ship on Friday, 26 November.

The Commanding General made an official call upon the Commandant of the District on Monday morning, 22 November. Honors were rendered by a battalion of Marines in white blue white, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Roger W. Peard, the Executive Officer. Later the same morning the Commanding General received Major General Moses of the Army, Commanding General of the Hawaiian Department, a battalion of Marines in white blue white rendering the honors. General Lyman returned the call of General Moses the same morning at Fort Shafter.

The afternoon of Monday, 22 November, was devoted to an inspection of the men and their clothing. Tuesday morning there was a battalion parade and Tuesday afternoon, an inspection of the buildings and grounds. On Wednesday, General Lyman made an inspection of the outlying stations at the Fleet Air Base, West Loch Old Wood Station, and at Lualualei.

Everyone, and everything, was ready for the General and we feel that we stood a good inspection. We were particularly proud of our battalion parade, especially when it is considered that a large number of the men attending were recruits and had been to only one parade before and several had never attended any. The showing these new men made was more than we expected and it is a good indication of the type of man we are getting in the Marine Corps today.

Following his inspection, General Lyman made an interesting and instructive talk, directing most of his remarks to the new men. General Lyman advised taking care of health and record and this advice could not have come from a man more qualified to give it. General Lyman has reached the top in his chosen profession, and certainly no service ever produced a finer looking general officer. It is a pleasure and a privilege to receive such advice from one whom we all know has followed that advice himself, and is a living example of what it will do.

Just thirty years ago Captain Charles H. Lyman was the Commanding Officer of the Marine Detachment of the USS *Vermont*. The second lieutenant of that detachment was Second Lieutenant Andrew B. Drum. Today he is Colonel Andrew B. Drum, Commanding Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor, T. H. Major General Charles H. Lyman, Commanding General, Department of the Pacific, has just completed an inspection of the command of his former second lieutenant. Who says the military profession is not worth while? Could anything be more satisfying than such a situation must have been to the Commanding General? We think it must have been just as much if not more satisfying to Colonel Drum.

COMPANY A SCANDAL

By L. M. Mimmack

I was sitting in the Navy "Y" of an afternoon, one Sunday, with a couple of my buddies. They tell me previously that if I will have one more cup of coffee (of course, I paid for it), we will go home and write my column for The Leatherneck. So we have the other cup of coffee and here we are, and what are we doing? Are they writing my column? One is very intense over the weekly funnies and the other is sleeping peacefully on my punee. It all goes to show you that one can never trust a bunkie, when he says he'll do something after "just one more drink." So there's nothing to do but pull my thoughts together and remind myself of the things that have been going on around and about Company A.

Among the many new arrivals for this month were: Sgts. Disney and Tennant; Cpls. Arnold, of rifle team fame, Brickle, Chambers, Eusey, Hayes, C.B., Hayes, J.C., and McDiarmid, all from San Diego. They arrived with very little ballyhoo and hope they like our rock, because if they don't, it is just too, too bad.

There have been many smelly similes and figures of speech heard every day, at the Main Gate, due to the tight clamp put down by our efficient gatetenders on suspicious cars passing through.

Since Corporal Patrick H. Mucciaccio received his diploma from MCI, for the course in Good English, he admits he threw away a very good chance to make Gunnery Sergeant.

Sergeant "Peepsight" Harris threatened to make the first platoon the best on the field, and if it were not for the second platoon, he would.

Lieutenant George S. Bowman, Jr., our football hero, has been kicking up plenty of dust lately with the Town Team. It certainly is no fault of his if they lose.

Sergeant Tennant, of the Ohio Tennants, took over the Old Naval Station Detachment recently, and fell right in with the boys. All declare he is a regular fellow. Keep it up, Harv.

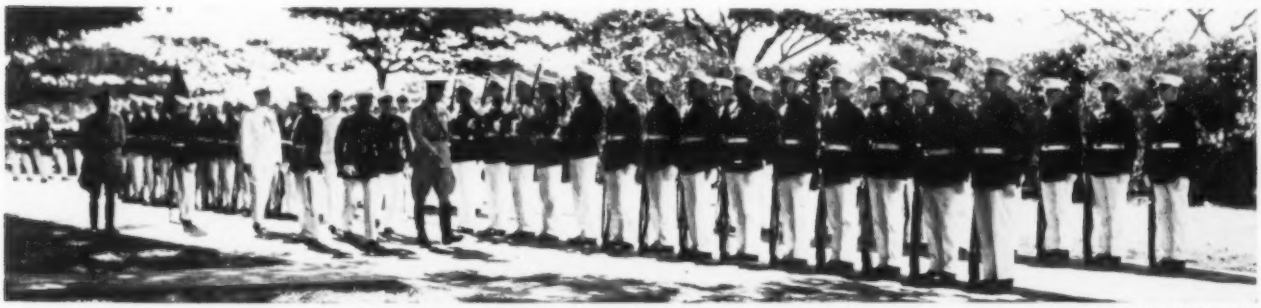
Privates Backman and Crawford, our would-be Annapolisites, were transferred to the USS Salt Lake City, when it arrived in Pearl Harbor last week. Good luck, boys. Private Enach Kindred was taken off the ship to replace one of them at the barracks.

Private First Class Kupp, your former correspondent, was transferred to Old Naval Station and is now trying to keep his balance on a motorcycle. I, for one, will get off the road when he comes thundering down the macadam.

Our new men returned from the rifle range at Puuloa Point with some surprising scores, if you know what I mean. Privates Wampler and Tryon made experts of themselves and are at present trying out for the post rifle team.

The feud is on. Corporals "Pat" Mucciaccio and "Banana Nose" Traverse are fighting it out for the championship of Acy Ducy. I'll have to admit my bunkie is better than a mere drummer.

That well known Sergeant, "Body Builder" Klein, who says life begins at forty, is hitting the week-end liberties pretty hard of late for some unknown reason. All of us would like an introduction, Benny. Don't believe all you hear about life beginning at forty either, Benny, be-



General Lyman inspects his guard of honor at Pearl Harbor

Official U. S. Navy Photograph

cause there are always exceptions to the rule. It may not mean anything, but they gave him a berth on the physical exercise class period. It couldn't be a hint, could it, Benny?

Enough of this nonsensical dribble, you say. Well, *au revoir* and a Happy New Year full of liberties and bottles, etc., until next month.

CO. B, PEARL HARBOR

By A. R. Kirby

Well! Well! shipmates, here we are again bringing you news from old friends stationed at Pearl Harbor. All the company is back from the range now and we are at the old routine again.

The three corporals of the company, Bickart, Crockett and Kirby have nothing to sing about now as this company received a new bunch of corporals which makes the duty more easy for us. Names of the non-commissioned officers who joined this company are as follows: Sergeants Oll and Corley; Corporals Bates, Hill, Hooper, Manning, Nelson, Ware, and Ziems. We wish these men *aloha* and the best of luck to you and your new duties at this post.

The company basket ball tournament has finally come to a close with Co. B topping the list. They won this tournament by winning three games from Co. A and two games from Barracks Detachment, which gives them a total of five wins and no losses. This is the second consecutive year Co. B has won the cup and we wish to congratulate the players and hope they are here next year to help us win it again.

It seems as if Coach "Rodger Hornsby" Sadler is running around with his head on his chest and is very down hearted because his team had to take a shellacking from the well coached team of Co. B, coached by "Bleeder" Bickart. All Sadler's team put up a good fight both games, but were not good enough for us, so we advise Sadler to stick to coaching baseball instead of basketball.

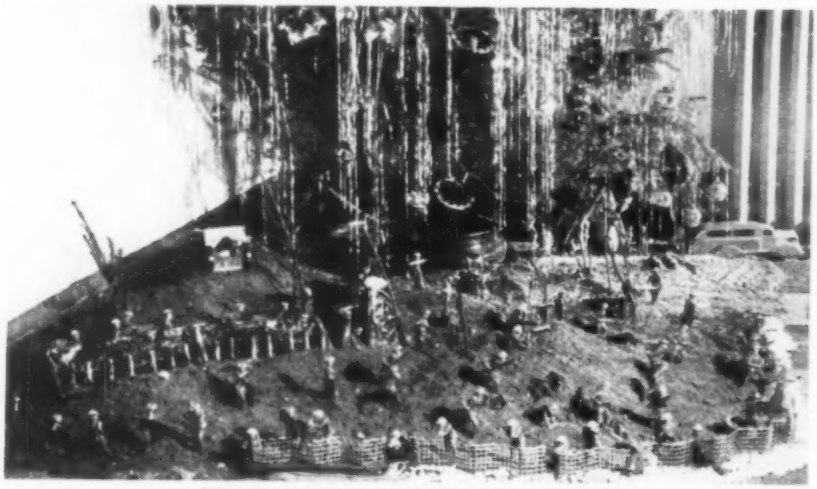
TROOPING THE LINE WITH THE PEARL HARBOR BAND

By F. A. Lock

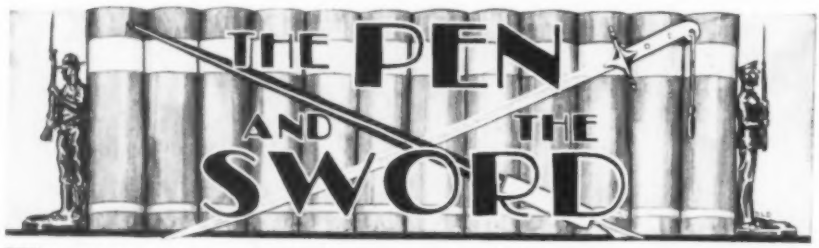
The past month was a very active one for all members of this command for in addition to their regular duties, everyone helped in the renovation of barracks and grounds. The buildings are now spic and span and the lawns and hedges trimmed to perfection. The band boys came in for their share of the work, hence it was discovered that a few of these versatile musicians were possessed of talents not entirely musical. For instance "Tex" Brumble (Deadwood, Texas) developed into an enthusiastic, if slightly erratic painter. It was soon apparent however, that a considerable saving in manhours could be made by sending him on a long walk thereby releasing four mopper-uppers for other duties as it was necessary to have a gang follow him around and wipe up paint spilt on floors and wall lockers. Besides he got so much paint on his clothes that the supply gave out before the allotted area was covered. Then it became known that General Butler's last hope, John Queen, was a striper of no mean ability. After painting the black border around the squad room walls he broke down and confessed that he had gained the experience as a painter in the Studebaker Shops (Wagon Dept.). Of

(Continued on page 47)

Miscellany



PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN
Modern design for Christmas tree decorations, conceived by one of the Marines of Washington, D. C.



THERE hasn't been much advance along the literary front. Our pen-pushing Leathernecks have apparently dug in to consolidate their positions, leaving a few of the old guard in the outposts.

In the heavier sector of book-length production, the Marines get a three-gun salute this month, one for each book published. And, as usual, Arthur J. Burks carries off the palm for quantity.

ARTHUR J. BURKS goes beneath the seas for murder and thrills in the March *Thrilling Mysteries*, with "Moaning on the Styx." In *Sky Fighters* of the same month he soars to the clouds in "High Degree," a World War yarn of the air. In the Spring Issue of *Fight Stories* our prolific Leatherneck tells of a leather-pusher who seemed to think it was better to receive than to give, "Kayo Collector." The Marines in China stimulated "The Kid Shavetail," in *Thrilling Adventures* for February. Which, all in all, is some output.

DON KEYHOE descends from his air adventures to author "Homicide Hideaway," a novel in *Ten Detective Aces* in the February edition.

FULTON GRANT, whose tales are of golden quality, checks into the *Blue Book*, February, with "Newshounds Can Bite," a top-notch thriller of newspaper life. Mr. Grant reports some stories for the slick magazines under way. Let's have them soon.

MEGGS FROST, another in the upper brackets, gives us "Bayou Booty," murder and vengeance in the swampland, *Adventure* magazine for February.

LT-COL. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR., fast becoming an institution in the *Mercury*, continues his literary reports in "The Conquest of Pain," January issue.

BENTON HILL, nom de plume of one of our Marines who generally invades the mystery field, writes "Hell's Special Agent" in the current *Secret Operator* No. 5. It details the adventures of a one-armed Yankee who wages a tough war to preserve peace in Nicaragua.

BOB MCLEAN, in the December *American Detective*, describes gory murder in "Fiesta of Death."

In *Shadow*, for January 15, we find "Shanghai Transport," by Stephen Gould, a Naval Intelligence story, including Marines.

And Mr. William Benton Johnston gives us another Ex-Marine Kennedy story, "The Eye of Death," in the February issue of *Secret Agent X*. Our operatives report that Mr. Johnston never served in the Marine Corps; but he does seem to catch the spirit of things.

In the more permanent field, we offer three books by Marines published this month, which looks like something of a record.

KATHERINE DUNLAP, widow of our famous General Dunlap, brings out her second novel, "Lady Be Good," wherein she tells of a girl whose frivolous mother causes a bit of scandal.

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER, an old head in the writing game, brings out his first book for 1938, "The Pioneers," reviewed on the book page of this LEATHERNECK.

KEN COLLINGS publishes an autobiographical account, "Just for the Hell of It." From his Marine flying days to covering the war in Ethiopia should certainly give the captain sufficient material for a thriller.

Washington (D. C.) "Post"

Pfc. H. Walker standing watch as the Selection Board meets, Navy Building, Washington, D. C.

JUNIOR SELECTION BOARD

The Secretary of the Navy has signed the order directing the Junior Selection Board of the Marine Corps to meet February 1, 1938, to select two (2) captains to be majors, and thirty-two (32) first lieutenants to be captains in the Marine Corps.

The board will consists of the following officers:

Colonel Alexander A. Vandegrift, President.
Lt. Col. Oscar R. Cauldwell.
Lt. Col. Gilder D. Jackson.
Lt. Col. Graves B. Erskine.
Lt. Col. William W. Ashurst.
Lt. Col. Ery M. Spencer.
Major Raymond E. Knapp.
Major John Halla.
Major Byron F. Johnson.
Lt. Col. Donald Curtis, Recorder.

A BOOST FOR THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

Private First Class Anthony J. Zychal, a graduate from the Marine Corps Institute, passed an examination in the Sperry Gyroscope School, builders of the famous Sperry Gyro Compass, with the mark of ninety-five per cent. Private Zychal completed a course and received a diploma for the General Radio Course, which took him three and a half years to finish. Zychal is now pursuing a course in Ocean Navigation, and is contemplating on going to sea in the Merchant Marine as a Radio Operator.

Zychal enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps February 14, 1934, at which time he was eighteen years old. He comes from Scranton, Pa., and is of Polish descent.

Says Pfc. Zychal: "My high mark in the Gyroscope School is credited to the Radio Course that I studied. The Gyro Compass is a very difficult invention and contains many electrical circuits which would have stumped me, had it not been for my Radio Course that I took with the Marine Corps Institute. I enjoyed every minute of my spare time when I was studying my course. I learned that when one constantly studies and concentrates, his mind becomes adapted to learning and remembering things as they are studied. I chose Radio and Navigation because I know that I am best adapted to these vocations. Isn't it fun to change Time into Degrees and Degrees into Time? The Navigation course teaches you these. I first became interested in Navigation when one day, as the ship I was stationed on, the USS *Saratoga*, made a turn to starboard to enter the Straits of Juan de Fuca. After a half hour, a thick fog suddenly loomed up, and it was too late to turn back to sea. We had to proceed to Seattle by dead reckoning and soundings in a Strait jammed with heavy inbound and outbound traffic. We made it, and when the fog cleared, we anchored close to where we intended to anchor. This blind navigation interested me and made me proud of our Navigator to bring our ship through.

(Continued on page 46)

Royal Marine Office,
Admiralty, S.W.I.
14th December, 1937.

My dear General:

The Royal Marines send to you and the United States Marine Corps their heartiest good wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

The Divisional Football Championship, for the United States Marines Cup, was won this year by the Chatham Division (holders), who beat Plymouth in the Final by 4 goals to 3.

Captain Russell Willson, U. S. N., witnessed the match and Mrs. Willson presented the Cup and Medals to the winning team.

With kindest regards and personal greetings to you.

Yours very sincerely,
W. W. Godfrey.

Major General Thomas Holcomb,
United States Marine Corps,
Headquarters, Washington, D. C., U. S. A.

THE LEATHERNECK SMALL-BORE TROPHY MATCH

Only a few days left in which to mail your entries

If you haven't signified your intention to enter your team in The Leatherneck Small-Bore Trophy Match, only a few days remain in which to do so. All entries should be in the mail by February 1, 1938.

Teams representing the following units have submitted entry blanks: 14th Battalion, FMCR; Marine Barracks, Puget Sound Navy Yard; Theodore Roosevelt Detachment, Marine Corps League; Marine Barracks, N. T. S., Newport, R. I.; Marine Detachment, USS *Vincennes;* 1st Bn, FMF, Quantico; Marine Detachment, N. O. P., S. Charleston, W. Va.; Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.; Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia; Aircraft 1, Quantico; Marine Reserve Scouting Squadron, Floyd Bennett Field; Marine Detachment, Naval Prison, Portsmouth, N. H.; N. A. S., Pensacola, Fla.; Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia; Company C, 2d Battalion, FMCR; Marine Barracks, Parris Island; Marine Detachment, Peiping, China (by radio).

There are still a lot of outfits that have expressed their intention of entering the match, but have so far neglected to submit entry blanks.

The following units are eligible to enter this match, and we should like to see them all come in:

Teams representing a battalion or smaller unit of Marine Corps or Marine Corps Reserve. Shooters must be regularly attached to battalion or detachment for a period of at least one (1) month prior to matches. Teams representing regularly chartered Detachments of the Marine Corps League will be eligible provided all shooters are members in good standing and that a person designated by the Detachment Commandant be present as statistical officer.

Full conditions were published in the December, 1937, and January, 1938, issues of The Leatherneck. But in the former we neglected to clarify the time conditions, so we reprint that portion herewith:

Competitors will be allowed three (3) minutes to take their place on the firing line and prepare to fire after the firing point has been cleared by the preceding competitor. A total team time will be allotted; based on N.R.A. regulations of forty-five seconds per shot, plus three minutes allowance for change of targets. This total team time will be computed by adding the total numbers of shots to be fired, computing the time on the basis of the allowance given above and adding such time as may be required for each change of relays. A statistical officer will be designated *by the Range Officer.* The statistical officer will keep a record of the manner of computing the time, number of men per relay, time used and make a report thereon to accompany the targets.

All shots fired by the competitor after the target is ready and he has taken his place at the firing point count in his score even though the piece be accidentally discharged. All shots fired after the expiration of the time limit will be circled and notation made on the score card of such shots as were fired after the expiration of the time limit. Such shots will be scored as "misses" in computing the total.

In all matters not covered by these regulations the range officer will be guided by provisions of the Basic Field Manual on Rifle Marksmanship.

Complete information will be found in either of the two issues of The Leatherneck preceding this one.

Do not neglect the opportunity to compete for this trophy; we are proud to offer it, and you will be proud to display it in your trophy case.

Notification by team captains of the fact that they will enter in this contest should be mailed to editor of The Leatherneck by February 1, 1938.

There is NO ENTRY FEE charged for these matches.

Entry blank for this match will be found on page 52.

SAN DIEGO MARINES IN 14–14 TIE WITH COLLEGE OF PACIFIC

THE Base Marines closed a fruitful grid season Saturday, December 4, when after tallying two touchdowns in the first quarter of their game with the Stockton Tigers they successfully withstood a final driving attack and earned a 14 to 14 tie.

The Marines won the toss and kicked off in the first quarter. Numerous uneventful line plays resulted in both teams taking their turn at tôting the pigskin. The second time the Marines came in possession of the ball in the first quarter, Gibson received a punt and returned the ball for a touchdown. Rountree then added the additional point.

Rountree then kicked off to the Tigers but they were unable to break through the blocking of the Marines. A bad pass from center resulted in Walker recovering the ball for the Marines over the goal line. Rountree again scored the extra point and in a short time the quarter ended with the score 14 to 0 in favor of the Marines.

The first touchdown for the Tigers came in the second quarter when after beating their way up the field with numerous short gains, Lloyd of the Tiger squad ran wide around his own left end for a touchdown. They kicked for and gained the extra point.

In the third quarter, Lloyd again carrying the ball for the Tigers made several successful short gains and finally swept around his right end to tally the second touchdown. Again they kicked and made the extra point which tied the score.

The remainder of the game was a series of plunges, end runs and passes with neither team making any decisive headway. Both teams were playing excellent defensive football and the final whistle sounded with the score still tied.

PEARL HARBOR SPORTS

By J. W. G.

As most of you know, the Marines in Pearl Harbor had no football team this year, but we have a young man who has been making a name for himself in Island football. Many of you Marines have never heard of this fellow, but I can guarantee that you will hear plenty of him from now on. His name is George S. Bowman, and before joining the Marine Corps he was quite a footballer at Louisiana State University. He is a Second Lieutenant and has won the admiration of the officers as well as the enlisted men since joining this post about six months ago.

The lieutenant has been playing left halfback for the Town Team here in Honolulu; and he has been a sensation. Stanford University is making a trip here this December and the Townies are slated to play them; having won the Senior League here this year, and the right to play Stanford. We Marines are eager to see the lieutenant in action against Stanford, and I am sure if he plays the type of ball that he has been playing all year,

Lt. Bowman, starring with the town team, Hawaii

he will give Stanford a very large headache to carry home with them. Win, lose, or draw, the Marines of this post will be pulling for you, Lieutenant Bowman, and the best of luck to you.

There are three men leaving us in December and each one of these fellows has been a star in his own right while doing duty here in Pearl Harbor. We who have to say "*Aloha*" to them wish them the best of luck wherever they go for duty. The first is the well known Jean H. Neil, who made his sergeant's stripe while doing duty here. Sergeant Neil has not only excelled in one sport but in all sports, and this post lost a good man when we said "*Aloha*" to Neil. The best of luck to you, "Cheesy."

To Corporal "Hank" Elvestad belongs the honor of having pitched not only one no-hit, no-run game this season, but believe it or not he pitched two. We friends that you leave here know that you are one of the best pitchers that ever threw a curve for any Marine ball club, and we know you can prove that statement no matter what team you play for this season. The best of luck to you, "Hank."

Last but not least we come to Corporal Arthur Coffey who has made a name for himself in his favorite sport "basketball." Coffey has played guard for three years for the team in Pearl Harbor and is plenty good. Being big and fast, he covered a lot of ground and is considered one of the best hoopsters to hit the Sector-Navy in a decade. The best of luck to you, Arthur.

The basketball team is looking better day by day, and the Marines are looking forward to the best year that they have had in a long time. The Sector-Navy league opens January 10th with the Marines engaging the Luke Field Flyers on the latter's court. The Marines are coached by Lieutenant Buse and he expects to put two teams of equal strength on the floor.

BOWLING, PARRIS ISLAND

By Wry

The Post Bowling League is well under way at this time with lots of interest and plenty of competition. The holidays are over now so maybe there will be more clear heads from now on, or at least until we have another holiday, and as the league gets older the scores get better. Pfc. Schick rolled a new high single of 221, which is not a bad game for anyone to roll. Pvt. Fuller stepped up into first place on the high average list and believe you me he is shooting for that high average medal. He has some stiff competition though and had better keep up the good scores. Headquarters Company and the Post Band have had some tough breaks this year but there are still lots of games to be played. The Officers and Recruit Depot are fighting hard to hold first place and are now tied. The League standing for the week ending 2 January, 1938, is shown below:

Team	GP	GW	GL	HG	H3G
Officers	15	10	5	783	2104
Recruit Depot	15	10	5	777	2163
Rifle Range	15	9	6	*816*	*2276*
Service Co.	15	8	7	804	2266
Civilians	15	8	7	761	2161
Hospital	15	6	9	758	2135
Band	12	4	8	736	2109
Hdqrs. Co.	12	2	10	703	2018

High average: Fuller—166. High single: Schick—221. High three games: Yingling—552.

It is understood that Quantico is also a good bowling post and if it were possible we would like very much to exchange matches with their Post Team. Maybe this could be arranged at a latter date. It would be a great stunt if we could select our best bowlers in the Marine Corps and send a team

to represent the good old Corps at the American Bowling Congress at Chicago, Ill., in February and March this year. We hope those that keep up with bowling in the Corps will read this column each month and also we would like to hear about bowling from other Posts throughout the Marine Corps. The cleanest sport in the world—BOWLING. Until next month.

DEPOT OF SUPPLIES SMALL BORE TEAM WINS FIRST THREE MATCHES

On Thursday, December 9, the Marine small bore rifle team of the Depot of Supplies in Philadelphia won a match from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Fired at a distance of fifty feet, it was a postal match with ten men firing and the five highest scores counting. The Marines emerged the victors with a total score of 1,384 which was fourteen points in the lead of that of their competitor.

	Prone	Sit.	Kneel.	Stand.	Tot.
Clews	100	....	93	92	285
Hilton	99	....	92	85	276
Brown	100	....	94	81	275
Denno	100	....	90	84	274
Silvernail	100	....	94	80	274
Depot Team Totals	499	....	463	422	1384
M.I.T. Team Totals	496	....	459	415	1370

Again on Wednesday evening, December 15, the Philadelphia Depot of Supplies Marines fired their second match to repeat their fourteen point victory. This match was against the Philadelphia Navy Yard Marines and was a shoulder to shoulder match with the five highest scores counting.

	Prone	Sit.	Kneel.	Stand.	Tot.
Brown	100	95	94	84	373
LaRocque	98	97	90	84	369
Denno	99	96	90	83	368
Whaling	95	92	95	82	364
Edwards	96	97	94	74	361
Depot Team Totals	488	477	463	407	1835
Marine Bar. Totals	490	482	461	388	1821

On Sunday, December 19, the Philadelphia Rifle Club gathered at the Depot of Supplies to become the third victim of the Marines. Shoulder to shoulder was the type with eight men firing and the five high scores tallying. This time the Marines jumped their total winning points far beyond the previous wins of fourteen points each.

	Prone	Sit.	Kneel.	Stand.	Tot.
Odom	97	95	95	81	368
Silvernail	98	98	96	74	366
Hilton	97	96	94	77	364
LaRocque	98	96	91	78	363
Clews	99	96	90	76	361
Depot Team Totals	489	481	466	386	1822
Phila. Rifle Club	490	456	414	396	1756

WARDENIG SPORTS

U. S. Naval Prison

Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H.

On Monday evening, December 6th, the Marine Basketball Team from the U. S. Naval Prison defeated the University of New Hampshire Freshmen at Durham by a score of 36 to 28. Half-time score favored the Marines 20 to 15. Williams took high scoring honors for the game with 14 points.

A game with the University of New Hampshire Varsity Squad is being planned for the near future.

The Small Bore Rifle Team from the Marine Detachment at the Naval Prison remained in the undefeated class by decisively outclassing the Marine Team at the Barracks in the Philadelphia Navy Yard by a score of 1834 to 1778. Private Poole won high gun with a total score of 376. Six-man teams fired with the five high scores counting in the total score. Following are the team and individual results:

NAVAL PRISON

	Prone	Sit.	Kneel.	Stand.	Tot.
Poole	99	96	95	86	376
Perna	100	94	91	85	370
Tucker	99	99	94	75	367
Yarrow	96	93	88	84	361
Holland	100	96	90	74	360
Total					1834

PHILADELPHIA

	Prone	Sit.	Kneel.	Stand.	Tot.
Bartletta	97	97	93	86	373
Railing	93	93	85	84	355
Shynkarek	95	94	91	72	352
Pretoska	98	93	87	73	351
Stamm	95	97	91	64	347
Total					1778

In a Postal Match fired with Marine Corps Headquarters Small Bore Rifle Team, the rifle team from the Marine Detachment at the Naval Prison scored a decisive win. Firing five-man teams in only three positions, the final score favored the Prison Marines 1379 to 1269.

On the evening of December 9th, the Marine Basketball Team from the Naval Prison Detachment won their first game in defense of the Portsmouth City League championship copped last year. They outclassed and outplayed the Angler Team by a score of 40 to 20. Forwards Williams and Youngdale, who between them accounted for nearly two dozen points, led the team in its brilliant opening game.

At half-time, the Prison had run its total to more than twice that of its opponent, 22-10. During the third quarter the Angler defense functioned a bit more expertly, holding the Marines to four points, while they themselves tossed in seven. The tables were turned in the final period, however, as the defeated team was limited to a single goal and one free throw.

The summary:

NAVAL PRISON

	G.	F.	Pts.
Youngdale, rf	5	1	11
Lasich, rf	0	0	0
Williams, lf	6	0	12
W. Williams, lf	0	0	0
Gladding, c	2	2	6
Neely, c	0	0	0
Amacher, rg	2	1	5
Wells, rg	2	0	4
Nyssbaum, lg	0	1	1
Totals	17	6	40

ANGLERS

	G.	F.	Pts.
Lathrop, rf	0	0	0
Jenness, lf	1	0	2
Amazeen, lf	2	1	5
Abearn, lf	0	0	0
Powell, c	2	2	6
Watkins, rg	0	1	1
Lester, lg	2	2	6
Lanzilli, lg	0	0	0
Totals	7	6	20

In their third practice match of the season, the small bore rifle team from the U. S. Naval Prison defeated the Marine Barracks, Portsmouth Navy Yard team, by a score of 1064 to 1041. Private Poole of the Prison Team won high gun with a 186 total. In this match 8 man teams fired with the six high guns counting in the final results.

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AMERICANS TAKE INTERNATIONAL MEET

TO ALL the members of the various International Guards stationed here in Peiping, China, the annual International Track and Field Meet is the biggest sports event of the year, and the prestige accorded the winner is great. For that reason, training is begun months in advance, and three gala days are set aside for the running of the classic. This year on the wings of brilliant individual performances, coupled with beautiful team strength, the American Guard track team rode to victory in a nerve-tingling, thrill-packed, record-shattering 23rd Annual Meet held October 17th, 18th, and 19th, at the French Glacis, edging out the British Guard team by scoring 62 points against their 57, with the Italian Guard in third place with 25 points, while the French Guard brought up the rear with 9 points.

It was one of the closest meets ever to be held among the Guards, and tension was terrific as the two English-speaking countries battled it out for top honors. One of the features of the meet was the sensational performances turned in by Ed Clarke, American ace in his chosen specialties. He started the meet off by putting the Americans in front with a smashing victory in the 100-meter dash, followed this with a record-breaking leap of 10 feet, 11 inches in the pole vault for first place, and then ran a wonderful anchor leg on the 800-meter relay team to help beat the British quartet. As the British started to gain with the running of additional races, it became increasingly evident how important Clarke's work had been in the first day of the meet. For the British scored heavily in the races, displaying some of the finest runners ever to appear at the games, but this great showing was overbalanced by the superiority of the Americans in the field events. In Lieutenant Fred H. Bowen and Corporal Turner, British aces, the track filberts had the opportunity of seeing some of the finest runners in the Service. Lt. Bowen raced to victory in the 200 and 400-meter dashes, lowering the record in each, besides anchoring two relay teams, while Cpl. Turner romped to victory in both the metric equivalents of the mile and half-mile runs.

Clarke of the American Guard topped all performers with 13 points, winning the 100-meter dash, the pole vault, and placing second in the 200-meter dash. Lieutenants Bowen and Turner both had 10 points, while Captain John S. Letcher and Corporal William C. Moore of the American Guard tallied 8 points. Captain Letcher and Moore proved life-savers in the field events with Captain Letcher winning the shotput and, incidentally, breaking the record, while Moore came through in the discus throw for first place when but a single point separated the two teams. Captain Letcher placed second in the same event to just about clinch the meet for the Amer-

(Continued on page 46)

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

NOTES FROM THE HUB

2nd Bn., FMCR., NYd., Boston, Mass.
By R. L. N.

THE holidays and headaches are over as we go to press and even our Christmas Party had to come to an end on the night of 22 December—and fellows, what a party. The weather was ideal, the turnout far exceeded expectations, and the varied program well received by all hands, including our better halves and sweethearts, they having been included in the invited list for this party. The program commenced at 8:00 P. M. sharp, with a concert by the Melody Boys, followed by an entertainment that had everyone out of their chairs, this being followed by dancing until 10:00 P. M., when all present gathered around the Battalion Christmas tree and each lady present received a gift from Santa Claus, none other than our battalion commander, Captain Crowley. Owing to the size of the costume our hearty skipper was asking: "Are my knees red?" instead of the other well known expression. Refreshments were served at 11:00 P. M., followed by more dancing until midnight, when everyone departed asking the question, "When will we hold the next party?" We take time out at this time to express the appreciation of every member of the 2nd Battalion to the committee whose hard work and effort made our Xmas party the success that it was, and especially to those who spent their otherwise leisure time decorating the armory and installing the Xmas tree, representing many hard hours' work so that all could enjoy themselves.

We are embarked on our winter training program at this time, and everyone is kept hopping on our drill night to get the required subjects in. The NCO's are absent from their firesides every Monday night, attending NCO School under the direction of different officers who are taking turns in the instructing. Our rifle teams are on deck three nights a week at the yard firing in preparation towards entering the coming Postal Matches to be held during the winter throughout the Marine Corps. So much have some of us become a part of the armory that we are considering the installing of some Helen Gould cots there and having a siesta occasionally.

The new company composed of Boston College students should be up to full strength by the end of the month, the men being examined ten at a time by the doctor every Wednesday night.

In rambling through the companies the following notes are garnered: In Headquarters Co. we will have two men on active duty during the next two months. As previously announced, Pfc. Howard E. Broman will be detailed for a two months' course of instruction at the Armorer's School at the Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia. Watch out when he comes back, Pop, we're afraid you will have to take a back seat then, especially when it comes to headspacing. Also Sgt. H. D. Cohen, or "Quinn" to you, acting supply sergeant in the Bn. Qm., will be detailed for two weeks' active duty with the Reserve Section at Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, to learn all the tricks of the trade. Just try to survey something when "Quinn" gets back, boys. Pvt. Saffel of the Qm., it is reported, got enough names and addresses to do him the rest of his tour of duty at our party. What are the femmes up in Greenland (yes, that's a town in New Hampshire) going to do now? Question of the hour in Hdq. Co.—where, oh where is Rasimus?

In A Company we still find the top soldier, 1st Sgt. Wallace, trying to convince the boys that he licked twenty "gooks" single handed while doing duty in San Domingo, back in the twenties. Pl. Sgt. Trahan busy organizing our NCO Club. Cpl. Murphy, C. J., just loves his company clerk's job, so I am told. Cpl. Drew still insists that he will eventually wake the outfit up. Cpl. Leary waiting to get to Quantico this summer to renew acquaintances he made while at Platoon Leaders' Class last year. Too bad, fellows, but your company correspondent did not furnish us with any notes this month, so A Co.'s chatter must end here.

We are sorry to hear that Gunnery Sergeant Greely of B Co., is transferring to Class VI this month. He holds the distinction of being the only gunny in the battalion and when he goes, the rank of gunnery sergeant will die insofar as this battalion is concerned. Greely has been with the MCR for many years, and his absence will be conspicuous throughout the entire battalion. The gunny is a member of the Portland (Maine) Police Dept. and evidently his duties will not allow him to remain with us. So, from the entire personnel, Roy, goodbye and good luck, and may you be back with us in the near future.

C Company is still batting on high, and strange as it may seem they lost one man to the regular Navy this past month, Pvt. Richard F. Powers, who was discharged on 28 December, own convenience for the purpose of enlisting with the gobs. There's one man that evidently does not read "Sergeant Stony Craig" in the *Boston Globe*. C Company has lost plenty of men to the regular Marine Corps, and this is the first one that has gone astray. Sgt. "Pat" Murphy making his influence felt in the outfit and making the boys toe the mark. As we close the column we are informed that Cpl. A. Lewis is to transfer to Class VI. Pending further information we cannot verify the report, as we were always of the opinion that Lewis was a thirty-year man. Back to the storeroom, Webber! Just now we also receive word that Private William B. Does, of C, has succumbed to the lures of the recruiting sergeant and signed on for a hitch with the regulars. Don't forget us, Does, let us hear from you once in a while and best of luck for the next four years.

2nd Lieutenant Michael C. Sodano has

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Photo by Tager

BASKETBALL TEAM, FIFTH BATTALION, FMCR

Front row, left to right: Shaffer, Williams, Howell (Captain), Williams, Girton. Rear row: Demouy, Kirshbaum, Lieut. Chambers (Coach and Manager), Martin, Gebhart. This team participates in the Heurich Cup League, Washington, D. C.

C COMPANY, 13TH BATT.

Glendale, Calif.

By R. Hedden

Your correspondent is very sorry to say that he got his foot stuck in the mud last month so will have to make up for lost time and jam the happenings of two months into this writing.

In celebration of the winning of the recent Drill Competition, and also to enable the losing side of the recruiting contest to pay off their penalty for not having enough recruits, the Company held a dinner at the Wagon Wheel Cafe in Montrose on the evening of Nov. 2nd, after a short drill. There were about forty-five hungry gyrenes present. Before the grub was served our CO, Commander Lieut. Whitney, made good his promise and set up the drinks. He was heard to mumble (over a glass of beer) that he was darned proud to have his outfit win the Drill Competition but it sure was getting expensive as the deuce, insofar as that he has had to stand a treat each time we won. After the food was safely tucked away we enjoyed short talks by several ex-Marine members of our Company in which they told of their experiences in the different Foreign Countries that they had visited. The entire evening was filled with the usual jokes and horse-play that is always present when a bunch of Marines get together and a swell time was had by all. Even the lowly Music was happy, and we are looking forward to another such affair in the near future.

On Armistice Day the Outfit turned out for a parade held by the Glendale American Legion Post No. 127 and other Veteran Organizations. As usual we wore tin hats so we would look purty. And as usual there were a great number of headaches, etc. Give me a good old overseas cap for comfort any time.

Last drill night an examination was held for the benefit of the Privates and Privates First Class in order to fill vacancies for two Corporals and several Pfcs. As yet the results haven't been made public. About twenty men took the examination.

As a parting volley I believe it is appropriate to announce that the first of November hailed the end of the fifth year of our Company's existence. As one of the original members of C Company, your scribe would like to say that it is an honor to belong to an outfit which has grown from a struggling handful of men to one of the outstanding Reserve Companies in the country.

Time and THE LEATHERNECK'S Editor wait for no man, not even a Marine, so I'll be "C"ing you.

(Note to Correspondent Hedden: This was received too late for publication in the January issue.)

Glendale "News-Press" Photo

Company C, 13th Battalion, FMCR, Armistic Day, Glendale, Calif.

CO. D., 13TH BN., FMCR

Inglewood, Calif.

By The Stooge

We promised to have more news for you this time, but we're afraid the promise was made in haste. The holidays took up some of our regular drills and general inactivity leaves us still offering alibies, of questionable value, for a news-less article.

The new recruits for this month are Pvts. Lowe and Daniels, and we have five men who have transferred to us from A Co., to whom we extend a very hearty welcome; they are Pfc. Spencer, Pvts. Gentry, Martilatti, Pleasant, and Gallagher. They are all cooperating with us in keeping up our enviable attendance record. Our last drill nearly caused us to run out of coffee and cakes because of an attendance of 62, plus visitors. For the past three months 33 men have had 100 per cent attendance and 20 of those hold that record for the past six months.

This Company is entering a team in the National Rifle Association Small bore Postal Match which will be held some time in January. If practice is indicative of a good team ours should be tops with the many days and hours of diligent work they have put in for self-improvement. Capt. Card, Gy. Sgt. Stein, and Sgt. Card have entered the individual match and we all expect big things of them.

Cpl. Frank Soper is getting his lessons in now in record time since Santa left him a new typewriter. To date he has worn out three ribbons which he now uses for polishing his shoes.

What red-headed member of the Co. is concentrating his spare time on an interesting widow? Quote: "Her gown was iridescent, her teeth opalescent, her spirit effervescent, and her eyes acquiescent," unquote. Of course, we all understand the friendship is merely platonic. Don't correct me, if you can.

From the look of Pvt. Tinsman's physiognomy the other night we gather Santa gave him a bicycle for Xmas so he wouldn't have to hitchhike to drills anymore. Wonder whose gravel drive he rooted up with his schnozola?

Sgt. Jordan, our storekeeper, has intimated that he will deeply appreciate any suggestions forthcoming on the art of salesmanship. A lot of the boys seem to like to read THE LEATHERNECK without bothering to buy one. He can't see any way of improving his sales without becoming too hard-hearted. The Sgt. should meet some of the property sergeants we've met!

We wish to compliment Pvt. Hines on his promptness the other night when the fellows he rides with called for him. He had the dishes all washed, his shirt ironed and had just started to dress. So they had to wait only 15 minutes that time instead of a half-hour.

We have been wondering how Pvts. Benne and Murphy are progressing at M. B. San Diego since they joined the Regs.? They promised to keep in touch with us but so far we have heard nothing from, or of, them. 'S matter boys, don't you ever read these articles in THE LEATHERNECK?

After searching in the musty corners of our alleged minds for the above brainstorms we'll say—Good-bye an awful lot.

16TH BATTALION, FMCR

Indianapolis, Indiana

Speed! Speed! The Hoosiers have long been noted for speed and—of course, the 16th BN lives up to the old Hoosier tradition—so what, well here it is we have just got the whole armory to ourselves, after 15 long months the WPA finally completed the various alterations to Tomlinson Hall, speed! eh. We had hoped to give you some pictures of our armory but due to press of affairs will hold this until the next issue, but we are enclosing a picture of our Bn taken after a recent drill. (Ed.'s note: Sorry, but this picture arrived too late to get plate made for this issue. Will have it next time.)

More speed—the 16th has completed its recruiting of the authorized strength and we are well on our way to get the extra 15 per cent allowed. In this endeavor we have been extremely fortunate in having the full cooperation of the people of Indianapolis, the local newspapers, civic organizations, Chamber of Commerce and also large industrial concerns. The Indianapolis Railways, Inc., is a good example of the cooperation afforded us. They gave us free advertising space in all the street cars and buses throughout the city, thereby enabling our story to get to the spot without any cost to the Reserve. We used regular street car posters.

Here is also some good news. We have approximately 50 per cent of our Bn qualified on the small bore rifle and it is our plan to have the entire Bn qualified by the time we go to camp.

We were fortunate in having Pl. Sgt.

Harney assigned to staff of the I & I, and he has really won a place in the hearts of everyone in the battalion, besides having plenty on the ball as an instructor. He is also a regular guy.

Lieutenant Hiatt, athletic officer, has announced that we will be well represented in the golden gloves tournament to be held the latter part of this month. The lieutenant has been successful in obtaining the services of a very able instructor, Mr. McGinnis, who at one time was a contender for the heavyweight championship, and from the way a certain corporal took it standing up the other evening, it looks like some good points are being taken as well as given.

The 4th Battalion, Fleet Naval Reserve, Indianapolis, and the 16th Bn, FMCR, are planning on a joint exhibition drill and ceremonies at Perry Stadium at the opening baseball game of the season. This is one of many programs that the Naval Reserve and the Marine Reserve cooperate in making the tie stronger between the Navy and the Marines.

The officers of the 16th Bn were guests at the annual banquet of the Indiana National Guard Association held in the Riley Room of the Claypool Hotel on January 8th, last.

I SAW THE "C"

Company C, 4th Bn, Newark, N. J.
By the Sentinel

I will take charge of this post and "C" all news in sight. Here's hoping that these sights cross my path often during 1938—so that I will be better able to narrate.

With the advent of cold weather, Company C has plunged into a busy schedule of social and sport affairs. Preparations for a dance are beginning to take form. Our basketball team, led by "Bad Boy Goodser" has been hitting its stride lately. The bowling team has been topping the battalion league, thanks to Pfc. Cookie and Pvts. "Floating Freer and Dickey Sanderson."

This past month has seen much change in our personnel. The roster of company officers has been increased with the commission of C. Lucas to the rank of Second Lieutenant. Lt. Lucas enlisted as a private in Company A in 1930 and his ascension from the ranks speaks of his ability. An asset to the company's credit. Platoon Sgt. Duffy bid us *au revoir* as he left to take over the post of 1st Sergeant of Company A. Here's hoping that success is yours, Duffy. His post has been filled by none other than our old friend, Gunnery Sergeant Harry Farro, the Cedar Grove flash.

Now that 1937 has passed into oblivion, we are all wondering what's in store for us during the new year. That calls for a bit of crystal gazing and here is what I see:

The new year will "C" at its peak both in attendance and efficiency the ace company of the battalion, C. Of course we all know the attendance contest sponsored by our Lt. Drews will not be the predominating factor in creating our great attendance record, or will it? The efficiency banner will be our guidon for the next year.

The marksmanship trophy will be presented to our smiling Lieutenant at camp.

Sgt. "Panama" Paolello will cop the swimming championship.

Sgt. "General" Bartola will have his famous saying "Glance to the right occasionally" down pat.

Cpl. Mahlsteadt promises to go easy on the foamy brew.

Pfc. Ondike to become a topnotch Corporal of the Guard.

Pvt. Dunham to be a crackerjack flag waver.

Pvt. "Father" Feldman taking out that sweet number.

Pvt. "Hick" Hinlicky awarded that one stripe he's been dreaming of.

Last, but not least, Lt. Drews being congratulated by Major Lessing for his great work in commanding Company C.

Another glance into the crystal and I see myself still pounding my beat—News to the right of me—News to the left of me—News which concerns each and every member of the "C" I, "C" all—hear all—and tell all.

V-M-S 5R

Detroit, Michigan
By Gordon

Captain W. F. Marshall, Inspector and Instructor FMCR., and Captain C. E. Adams, Commanding Officer of Scouting Squadron 5, with a party of six state officials went into the northern part of Michigan for the deer season. This section is one of the most noted deer hunting grounds and each member of the party, after ten days in the woods, downed his respective buck of two hundred pounds or over.

All officers and pilots at the base had their annual physical examination a short time ago and they all passed satisfactorily.

Two men in the Marine Air Reserve here claim the title of record drill attenders. Neither of them has missed a drill period in more than six years. Bill Pongratz of Squadron 5, one of the claimants, has to drive more than fifty miles each way to attend drills. Steve Woods of Squadron 2, is the other.

Reports have it that the flying club is coming along fine. The boys expect to start flying around April.

Both the Scouting and Service Squadrons are starting a campaign in bringing in new men. The prize is to be a silver cup with a silver ship adorning the brim. The losers are to throw a party for the winners.

Having finished their probation training period of five weeks, the following men were accepted for enlistment in the Marine Air Reserves: Pvts. Senkheil, Rosenau, Trepczynski, Surmcaz, Tyler and Yuhasz. Welcome fellow Marines.

Captain Adams, our Commanding Officer, is now back at the base having successfully recovered from an appendectomy.

Starting January 8, the winter operations in flying and starting planes will prevail. So far, this has been a mild winter with very little snow.

COMMANDING OFFICER 10th BATTALION PROMOTED TO RANK OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL

Honors Memory of New Orleans Battle Hero in Rites on Birthday of Marine Corps

By First Lieutenant Charles S. Williamson

THE Tenth Battalion has received the signal honor of having its Commanding Officer promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. Now, it is with a feeling of pride that every man in the Battalion congratulates Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Adair Watters upon receiving this honored recognition for long and valued service to the Marine Corps. All officers and men feel that their devotion to the good old Tenth Battalion has received full compensation.

On November 10th, the Birthday of the Marine Corps, Lieutenant-Colonel A. A. Watters, with Captain Walter J. Barnes, and a rifle squad under the command of Sergeant Jesse L. Bankston, did honor to the memory of Major Daniel Carmick, Marine hero of the War of 1812. On the gray granite tomb beneath which the body of Major Carmick has rested for 121 years, a wreath was laid by Lieutenant-Colonel Watters. Three rifle volleys with which soldiers of the sea and land alike honor their dead were fired over Major Carmick's tomb by Sergeant Bankston's squad, composed of Privates First Class T. A. Seiger, C. F. Mouney, and Rolla Schwartz, and Privates L. O. Cancienne, and S. C. Fernandez.

It was the first rifle salute fired over his grave since he was laid to rest 121 years ago in New Orleans' old St. Louis Cemetery No. 1 with public and military honors. Major Carmick was wounded December 28th, 1814, in the fierce hand-to-hand fighting of the preliminary engagements that culminated in the Battle of New Orleans on January 8th, 1815. Of these wounds, he died nearly two years later. He had been commander of the Marine Detachment on the United States Frigate *Constitution*. He was stationed in New Orleans for years as Marine Commandant.

In tribute, Lieutenant-Colonel Watters said, "In the name of the United States Marine Corps you honored by your life and death, it is my privilege to place this wreath upon your tomb in mute testimony that the lessons of courage and devotion such men as you, who helped organize the United States Marine Corps, gave to the corps here have not been forgotten by those of us who seek to follow in your footsteps. God willing, they never shall be forgotten while there is a United States of America and a United States Marine."

10th Battalion Has Fine Turn-out For Armistice Night Parade

On the night of November 11th, the 10th Battalion participated in the ceremonies marking the nineteenth anniversary of the armistice which ended the World War. The turn-out was splendid, and from comments of spectators and newspapers the marines as usual showed up the National Guard and Naval Reserve units who participated with them in the parade. The attendance fell just five men short of one-hundred percent.

Sergeant-Major Alban H. Uhlman, USMC, has been transferred to the Marine Barracks, San Diego, California. Sergeant-Major Uhlman will be missed by everyone in the Battalion and his place he has made for himself with us will be hard to fill. During his tour of duty as assistant to our Inspector-Instructor, Major Julian P. Brown, USMC, he has made fast friends of all of us and we will watch his career with interest. It goes without saying that we were all glad to see him receive the honor of being promoted to the rank of Sergeant-Major on November 3rd. He has done an excellent job with us and he carried with him our very best wishes for what the future may hold for him.

Small-bore shooting in the Tenth Battalion is rapidly reaching a new high point. General interest in it is such that every man wants to know whether the other fellow has beaten his latest score. Sergeant Walter J. Stone, USMC, and his crew of volunteer builders from the Tenth Battalion deserve a real pat-on-the-back for building the new small-bore range in the drill court of the

armory. It should be noted that the boys tore down the old range, built the new one, and finished up the job New Year's Eve, New Year's Day, and the day after New Year's Day, all three of which are holidays. It takes a lot of will power to do the job on those days! From the size of the general celebration in New Orleans on New Year's Eve, it is hard to believe that the boys were out early New Year's Day working on the new range. Captain Frank R. Worthington, Commanding Officer of Company C, assisted in drawing up the plans. Some of the men who helped Sergeant Stone do the work were Corporal Frank Miller, Sergeant Marvin Turner, Pvts. Joseph Cado, Emile Nary, Joseph Dulsich, and Edmund Waldrip, all of C Company; Private Eidney Dugas of B Company; Private Charles Gadmer of D Company; Sergeant John Harrison, Corporal Salvador Segreto, and Private Maurice Mazerat of A Company. The new range has four firing positions with one target holder for standing, one target holder for sitting and kneeling, and one target holder for prone to each firing position. One unique feature of the range is the construction of the target-holders so that the targets can be made to appear and disappear when used for rapid firing. It is felt that this adds immeasurably to the training value of the small-bore program.

The Tenth Battalion will sport a crack team to enter in the Marine Corps Reserve Postal Matches if the spirit of the men trying out for the team means anything. Practice and try-out firing has gotten under way and the range is crowded every day with men putting forth their best efforts to qualify for positions on the team. Some of those whose shooting looks good are: Gy. Sgt. Manuel O'Connor, Platoon Sgt. Gilbert Morton, Sergeant Raymond Asprion, Sergeant Joseph Landwehr, Sergeant Clinton Schwaner, Corporal Jessee Bankston, Corporal Edward Calamari, Corporal George Hoffman, Corporal Robert Landwehr, Private First Class R. F. Clothier, Captain William J. Wise, and Captain Newton B. Barkley. Team Captain is Captain Leonard J. Denena who says, "with several top-notch shooters out for the team, the prospects look good, so watch out for the Tenth Battalion Team in the Marine Corps Reserve Postal Matches."

Ed.'s Note: Fine! And don't overlook THE LEATHERNECK Small-Bore Trophy Match.

14TH BATTALION, FMCR

Spokane, Washington

By L. M. Norris

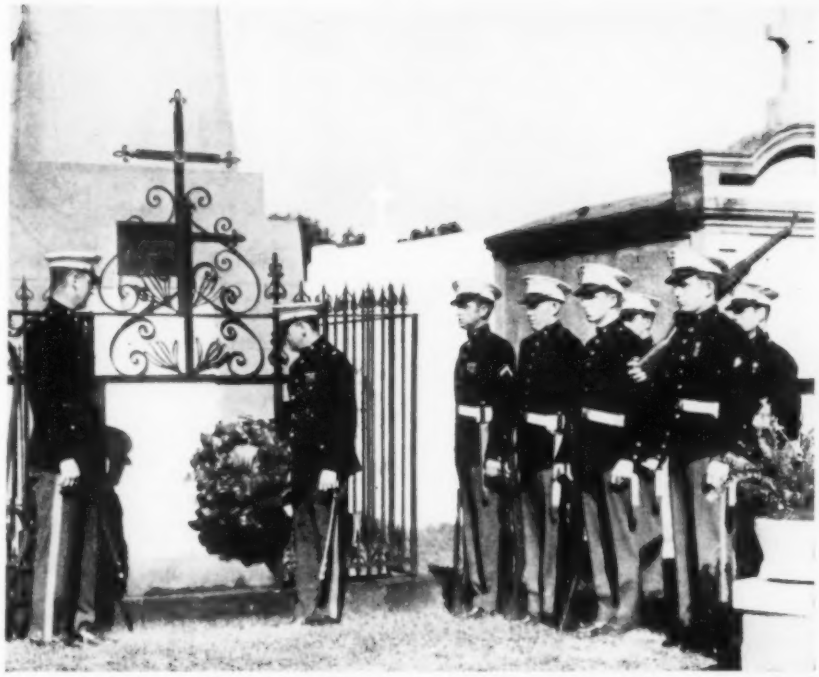
Strange what a difference agreeable quarters will make in the attendance and interest of the enlisted men and officers! Or is it? At any rate, when drill night comes around each week, we find more men present and we find all of them talking enthusiastically about the Marine Reserves. The rest of you probably think it strange that we keep talking about our new quarters, but if you could only see the contrast of the old and the new, you would agree with us . . . . and probably double it.

1938 should be a big year for the Marine Reserves all over the country. It is surely gaining in popularity here in Spokane. And already the boys are talking about what they intend to do and not to do at camp this coming summer!

The officers evidently have camp in mind, too, for they are quite insistent that we all get the ground work in now. Manual of arms and drill formations are religiously taught and practiced every drill night. But to make sure that every one is a well-balanced Marine, history of the organization, tactics and maneuvers, military customs and courtesies, etc., are taught also. And do the boys like it! You should see them strain their ears.

And so the 14th Battalion entered the new year full of enthusiasm and loyalty. Again we repeat, this should be a big year for the Marine Reserves all over the country. You other Battalions just watch the 14th "go to town."

Ed's Note: Sorry, copy arrived too late to include pictures, as there was no time to have the plates made.



Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Adair Watters (center), Commanding Officer of the Tenth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, attended by Captain Walter J. Barnes (left), places a wreath on the Tomb of Major Daniel Carmick, United States Marine of the War of 1812. At right is rifle squad which fired salute in ceremony. Those composing it are, front rank, left to right: Pfc. T. A. Seiger, Pvt. L. O. Cancienne, Pvt. S. C. Fernandez, and Sgt. Jesse L. Bankston; rear rank, left to right: Pfc. C. F. Mouney and Pfc. Rolla Schwartz.

SIXTH BATTALION, FMCR

Philadelphia, Pa.

By Wm. B. Crap

The year 1938 brought with it some fine spring weather to Philadelphia. And now that floodlights are an assured thing for the parade ground at the Navy Yard, there is no question but that the outfit will drill outdoors if this sort of weather keeps up. The floodlights will make it possible to break out the band and put on a few guard mounts, parades, and so forth. With these extra rehearsals we will be in top notch shape to show the boys in Quantico how it should be done when we get there next June.

The newest recruit to our ranks is Sergeant Peterson, USMC., who has been transferred here from the USS *New York* to act as assistant to the Inspector-Instructor. Our first impression of Sergeant Peterson was that he was a first rate fellow and you know that the first impression is a lasting one. We are pleased to learn that he likes our outfit and our fair city. We look forward to many happy days with him and know that we will profit much from his instruction.

On January 22 the battalion will hold a dance at Building No. 29 to which the personnel of the Navy Yard, the members of the Seventh Battalion, members of the Naval Reserve, and others have been invited. The dance is in the charge of Lieutenant Herbert P. Beyer and, quoting the lieutenant, the affair will be a "Wow," whatever that is. Among the features of the evening is to be a "Big Apple" contest, the winning lady to be presented with a gift by Supply Sergeant Young. We are wondering whether this is a threat or a promise. Of course the music is to be furnished by an orchestra composed of members of our own band. We would not think of going outside for talent when we have such an abundance of it in the battalion.

Recently we learned that one of our former members is sporting sergeant's chevrons aboard the USS *Arizona*—and on his first cruise, too! To Sergeant Yoder, USMC., the members of this battalion send their warmest greetings and hope to hear from him from some of the far off places he will visit.

The First Chemical Regiment has very kindly detailed a number of its officers to give this battalion a course in theory and later in the practice of chemical warfare. We have already been addressed by Lieutenant Allen of this regiment. The lecture was exceedingly interesting and we feel that by spring we will probably be the only battalion in the Reserve that knows all the answers.

Of course we have always had our own chemical unit in the battalion, which though small, was very efficient. We refer to those company clerks who insist on smoking corncob pipes while operating a typewriter. We have never been able to learn what they use for fuel in their miniature smudge-pots. Corporal Rankin, please take notice.

We often wonder how many of the sub-

scribers to THE LEATHERNECK read our monthly ramblings. Your correspondent is one that reads many of the articles printed about units in distant places with which he is acquainted only through this magazine.

Each month we have printed some news about our band and it seems as though the bands in the regulars have taken the matter seriously. For the past several months there have been articles concerning the Marine Band at Washington, the San Diego Band, and even from far off Honolulu. I hope the bandmasters of these and other bands read about us too. Many of these leaders, as well as musicians in the bands are composers and it would be a swell idea to have them exchange compositions. Even cast-off published music will be welcomed by us. Send it on even if not complete; we may be able to use it.

Which reminds me, I want to send greetings to the members of the Quantico Band and I hope to meet "you-all" next June.

And now to put an end to these ramblings, I bid good-bye until next month, hoping to have an interesting article backed up by pictures so that you may know what we look like. Also by that time we hope to have solved the problem confronting the battalion at present, viz: "Who, where, and what is the Quartermaster?"

SEVENTH BATTALION, FMCR (ARTILLERY)

Philadelphia, Pa.
By William H. Tinney

On behalf of the recipients thereof I want to thank Lieutenant Denmire for the red beverage delivered not so long ago and assure him that many a morning-after was materially benefited thereby. In fact it wouldn't be a bad idea to have a case on hand for emergencies.

Congratulations are in order as Lieutenant Gilbert B. Mattson is sporting new bars having been promoted and commissioned a First Lieutenant as of 21 December, 1937. Our officer personnel has been increased by the appointment to the rank of Second Lieutenant of Harry R. Gehring. Lieutenant Gehring has already been assigned to the additional duties of Range Officer and will whip our new Pistol Team into shape for inter-city competition. Our Battalion Quartermaster John H. Thomas has just returned from several weeks' training duty at Headquarters and also the Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia.

It is with sincere regret that we "paid off" First Sergeant Melvin W. Henry at the expiration of his current enlistment. We hope that he will still stand by and visit us as often as he possibly can. I have often wondered if he ever got that hair-cut he went after at Fort Hoyle.

We are in receipt of an official invitation from "The Sixth" to attend a dance in Building 29 on the 22nd of January and a Battalion Memorandum was sent out to all hands relative thereto—here is hoping they have their usual success and "The Seventh", I am sure, will give them 100 per cent support.

There is a well founded rumor around to the effect that a certain Top Kick will soon hear wedding bells and that the tentative date is 5 May, 1938. The only suggestion I have is that they substitute barmaids for brides-maids and have a bartender for best man. The odd thing about the arrangement is that the bridegroom thinks he is lucky. I dare him to take a secret ballot vote of the happily married men in the outfit, and abide by that decision, then again the joke might be on me.

(Continued on page 43)

THIRD BATTALION PREPARES FOR SUMMER ENCAMPMENT

WHEN these words are being read, winter will be departing and the first signs of spring (in the form of indoor baseball squad practice) will begin showing in the Brooklyn Navy Yard where the Third Reserve Battalion is getting well into the pre-camp schedule of training and preparation. Checkup on equipment, plans for interbattalion competition, and all other phases of this period are being undertaken by the officers and men under command of Major B. S. Barron.

The annual dance of Company C, to be held on February 12th, will be the next important social event, while the regular Sunday afternoon basketball games, followed by an informal dance, will continue through the end of March at the Reserve Building in the Yard. Visits from the Philadelphia and Washington battalions, for basketball competition, are being eagerly looked forward to, regardless of the outcome of the games. And the second year of battalion baseball is getting under way under the guidance of Lieut. Mark Neville, baseball officer. Rifle competition and pre-camp qualifications on the .22 calibre range also keep the schedules filled for the lads in Brooklyn.

All companies are making arrangements with the employers of the men to obtain their leave for the camp period, and the Third is aiming at a high camp attendance figure this summer. A few recruits are being taken, only to replace those men who are being discharged or who move out of the Third Battalion area permanently. As usual, the Battalion has a long waiting list of young men anxious to find an open spot in the outfit so they can enlist.

A number of promotions have been made within the Battalion. In C Company Pfc. F. Keane and Pvts. J. C. Johnston and D. Donoher have been promoted to the rank of corporal, and Pvt. F. Kiernan to the rank of private first class. Corporal Donoher was the battalion winner of the Daughters of 1812 Medal last summer at Quantico. Sgt. Mortimer J. Deacon, also a former 1812 Medal winner (1936), has been appointed battalion armorer and will take charge of the care of the Reserve Building.

All companies are completing their small-bore qualification firing on the Reserve Building range, under the careful direction and coaching of Sgt. Holmes of the regulars. A high total of qualifications to date indicate that the Third again will be in the forefront in the camp firing competition on the .30 calibre outdoor range. Company D of the Third, still leads in both outdoor and small bore qualifications as was the case in the past two years.

A combination birthday and farewell dinner was tendered to Lt. Col. Thomas B. Gale, USMC, the Battalion's beloved Inspector-Instructor, by the officers of the outfit, at the Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, on the night of December 27th. At that time Major Barron, speaking for the officers and men of the Battalion, thanked Col. Gale for the fine work and sympathetic help he has given the outfit, and the officers presented the departing I-I with a gold wrist watch. Col. Gale has been transferred to Headquarters at Washington. Few officers have ever had more affection on the part of their men than that accorded this extremely popular inspector, by the men and officers of the Third.

The basketball team, the best the Battalion has had or the Reserve in New York for that matter, met its first defeat in seventeen games when the old three year "jinx" invoked against the Marines by the 245th Coast Artillery, NGNY, again frowned on the Leathernecks, and they lost by the score of 35-27 in a thrilling battle. Without the service of their team captain, Johnnie Fernandez, on the sidelines with a bad foot, the Reservists were unable to come through with the necessary final push to win. However, a return game with this outfit may result in a different result—they hope! The innovation of having informal dances follow every home game at the Yard court, has proved extremely popular and a large crowd sees the Marines in action weekly.

Lieutenant ("Camp Perry") Alfred Stuart, Battalion mess officer, is on an extended leave of absence from the outfit, engaged in telling the world of the wonders of the City of Worcester, Mass., in his professional capacity. It is expected he will return in time to make the annual tour of duty at camp. Lieutenant Andre V. Cherbonnier, attached to A Company, is another officer who has been away for some time on civilian business. Lieutenant John Goodwin, company officer of D Company, has recovered from his recent illness and is on deck at all formations.

Despite the lack of any ocean, and a boardwalk filled with admiring (?) females such as was known at the Sea Girt camps, the lads of the Third are cheered by the prospect of going back to Quantico, if that is decided upon, and encouraged by the news of better accommodations at that post for the visiting reservists. Christmas greetings between the various companies and the non-coms from the FMF who were attached to these units at the camp last summer, recalled the very pleasant association with those men at Quantico and Sea Girt.

By the time the next LEATHERNECK appears, the Third will have much more information for its readers of other units. Until then, we are signing off by saying to one and all—"Come up and see us sometime—soon!"

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The MARINE CORPS LEAGUE NEWS

GREETINGS TO ALL MEMBERS

ON OR about the first of every month the Marine Corps Institute forwards to active service and honorably discharged Marines the world over, some *seven or eight thousand* copies of THE LEATHERNECK.

THE LEATHERNECK is the official publication of the Marine Corps League, it having been retained as such at the last National Convention.

Through the kindness of Marine Corps Headquarters we are privileged to use 4 to 6 pages in this magazine for the purpose of publicizing the League by write-ups covering the activities of the various Detachments, State Departments and National Headquarters. This service is extended to the League without cost or obligation of any kind other than it is desired that as many members who can afford it, will subscribe for THE LEATHERNECK, which a substantial number are now doing.

In years past many new members were secured through the columns of interesting reading matter pertaining to the League's activities, which appeared in THE LEATHERNECK month after month. It stands to reason, that a number of those thousands of non-members who subscribe for THE LEATHERNECK are bound to become interested in the League, especially now that it is incorporated, if they continually see and read such news items. However, of late, not more than 3 or 4 Detachments per month seem to care enough about the welfare of the League to take advantage of this grand opportunity afforded all to get some excellent publicity from a source that is bound to be beneficial.

As prescribed in the Constitution and By-Laws, one of the duties to be performed by your Chief of Staff, is to promote publicity. You are, therefore, urged to instruct him to write an article each month covering the activities of your Detachment or State Department, whichever the case may be, and forward same to:

Ira S. Wade, Asst. Nat. Chief of Staff,
17 Marcella Street, Roxbury, Mass.

All articles must be in the hands of the above mentioned officer not later than the first of the month, as THE LEATHERNECK goes to press on the 8th.

MAURICE A. ILLCH,
National Commandant.

TROY DETACHMENT

The final meeting of Troy Detachment for the calendar year of 1937 was held on Wednesday, December 15, in the rooms at 8 Congress Street, Troy, New York.

At this assembly the Marines of four good friends of Troy Detachment were submitted for honorary membership, while the applications of two former "buddies" were presented for acceptance as active members. The Leathernecks are: John J. Lucey, a former member of the 5th Regiment, 2nd Division, A. E. F., and Michael Barry, a Marine who moved to Troy recently from the Boston, Mass., area. The membership committee will present their report at the January meeting with the expectant result that the membership roll will show an increase of four and two in the honorary and active membership columns respectively.

Troy Detachment is laying tentative plans for a Pre-Lenten Supper-Dance on February 26, 1938. The committee headed by Welfare Officer Daniel E. Conway and Frank Harrington as Co-chairman, anticipate the serving of seven course supper with one minute speakers to fill the gaps between courses, the supper to be followed by a program of dancing to the music of one of the outstanding bands in this vicinity. The Co-Chairman will be assisted by the following chairmen who will name their assistants within a fortnight. Reception: Sen. Vice Commandant Frank M. McGarry; Reservations: Frank McLaughlin; Entertainment; Det. Historian, John D. Haley; Refreshments: John Hubbard McCallen.

At the January meeting of Troy Detachment the "Cracker Box" will be introduced. This unique contraption will contain the name of every paid up member listed on the last fiscal year roll-call. The members present at this meeting will contribute ten or fifteen cents whichever is agreed upon. A paper pellet will be withdrawn from the box that contains the names and if he is present, that member will win the total amount contributed. If the member whose name is withdrawn happens to be absent the prize, as it were, will be impounded and added to the contributions that are totaled at the February meeting. The Detachment in this way expects to increase the number of "present and accounted for," at meetings noticeably by the time old man winter is on his way out.

The renewal of memberships have been rather slow to date so in the near future Det. Commandant John F. Quinn will contact every Marine on our mailing list by letter of course, urging them to "sign up" again. Last call for acknowledging the pledges made to the "Colors Fund" will be sent out in the February notice.

J. A. ROURKE,
Chief of Staff.

HUDSON-MOHAWK DETACHMENT

Hudson-Mohawk Detachment assembled December 9 in our rooms at the Albany Garage for the last meeting of 1937. Commandant Brainerd presided and the meeting progressed smoothly. "Mess-Sgt" Cochrane provided a feed of baked ham, potato salad and slaw, which along with the usual liquid refreshment sent the attending members home with the resolve not to miss a meeting during the coming year.

Aside from routine detachment business a motion was carried to remember "Doc" Clifford at Christmas with a check to further his excellent work.

During the usual "for the good of the detachment discussion" Adjutant Chris Cunningham brought out the interesting fact that there are five members of Hudson-Mohawk at the present time who served with the "5th" Marines during the war.

The ten (10) leading Detachments of the Marine Corps League in membership as of 1 January, 1938, are as follows:

1. Theodore Roosevelt
2. San Francisco
3. Oakland
4. Badger (Wisconsin)
5. Albert Lincoln Harlow
6. Troy
7. Hudson-Mohawk
8. Homer A. Harkness
9. Passaic County
10. Cincinnati
11. Charles Ruddick

JOHN B. HINCKLEY, JR.,
Nat. Adj. and Paymaster.

Names and Addresses of the National Officers of the Marine Corps League, Inc.

National Commandant—Maurice A. Illch, 119 State Street, Albany, N. Y.

National Sr. Vice Commandant—Roy S. Taylor, 2745 Mission Street, San Francisco, Calif.

National Jr. Vice Commandant—Jerome D. Cohen, 31 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

National Judge Advocate—Carlton A. Fisher, 611 Walbridge Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

National Chaplain—Rev. John H. Clifford, P. O. Box 705, Kingsport, Tenn.

National Sgt.-at-Arms—Edward A. Walker, 597 North 17th Street, San Jose, Calif.

National Adj. & Paymaster—John B. Hinckley, Jr., 41 Charles Street, Dorchester, Mass.

National Liaison Officer—Florence E. O'Leary, 1025 Schiff Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

National Chief of Staff—T. H. Rogerson, 279 Mission Street, Santa Cruz, Calif.

Asst. National Chief of Staff—Ira S. Wade, 17 Marcella Street, Roxbury, Mass.

Asst. National Adjutant—Gerard L. Bakelaar, 575 South 17th St., Newark, N. J.

National Trustee—John E. Brock, 857 54th Street, Oakland, Calif.

Trustee—Kenneth B. Collings, 40 Stevens Street, Rockville Center, L. I., N. Y.

National Trustee—Jack Brennan, 117 McAdoo Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

National Aide-de-Camp—Ernest H. Sippel, 3502 N. Oakley Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

National Aide-de-Camp—Robert Eastman, R. F. D. No. 1, Florence, Ky.

National Aide-de-Camp—Marelle G. Peters, 3608 Pape Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

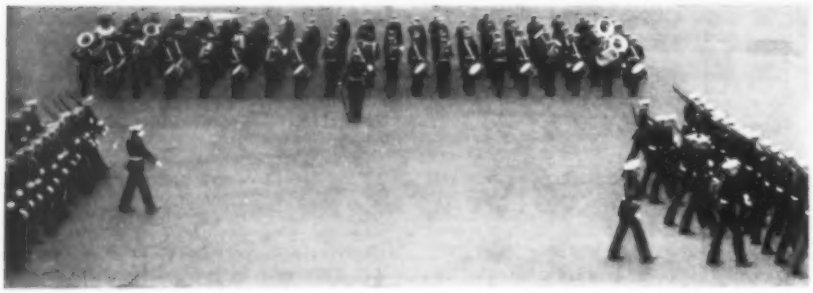
National Aide-de-Camp—Gilbert Mosley, c/o Police Headquarters, Akron, Ohio.

National Aide-de-Camp—Stanley Conway, 12 Sunset Court, Cohoes, N. Y.

National Aide-de-Camp—Sgt. Michael Shea, c/o Police Headquarters, Erie, Pa.

National Aide-de-Camp—Emmett R. Easton, 50 High Street, Bradford, Pa.

National Aide-de-Camp—Charles Thorne, 836 Martin Street, Elizabeth, N. J.



Adjutant Cunningham also related a true Christmas story which made us proud to be a member of the Marine Corps League and made a living truth of the League's slogan, "Once a Marine, always a Marine." I am passing this story on to you for the credit it reflects on our detachment and in the belief that it is worthy of publication in THE LEATHERNECK.

Here is the story as I heard it:

At home, warm, and listening to the radio in lazy comfort at the end of a cold December afternoon Adjutant Paymaster Cunningham of Hudson-Mohawk Detachment was aroused by the peal of the doorbell. Confronting him when he answered the door stood a man who at a glance appeared to be under the influence, and who upon inquiry as to what he wanted handed him a slip of paper with his own name and address written on it and with the explanation that he had been directed there for help by Lt. _____ of the police.

Apprehensive because of the man's apparent condition but sensing the unusual, the Adjutant asked the stranger in to explain. In halting, difficult speech the man related that he was an ex-Marine, and ill, which accounted for his appearance and strange manner. He produced paid up membership cards in the American Legion, V. F. W., D. A. V., and Fidac along with his Honorable Discharge showing that he had participated in all major engagements during the World War. Shell shock suffered during one of these being the cause of his highly nervous condition.

He stated that he was en route from his home in Connecticut to the home of his sister, who was ill, in an upstate New York town, and had stopped in Albany to rest. Being a stranger he proceeded to an American Legion Post and requested aid. The only person in the post was a bartender who deceived by his appearance and over his protests offered him a drink of liquor and a cheese sandwich. At the bartender's insistence he ate and drank and became nauseated whereupon being convinced of the man's illness the bartender directed him to a nearby hospital.

Entering the hospital he was told by the nurse on duty to have a seat and wait and after some time he looked up to find two policemen standing beside him. Again over his protests that he was ill and not intoxicated he was taken to a police station where after showing his credentials he asked the Lieutenant on duty if he knew of any ex-Marines with whom he could get in touch. The officer being acquainted with our adjutant furnished him with directions and sent him there.

The stranger said that a hot bath and rest were all that he needed and if he could be provided with these he would be all right and able to continue his journey.

Adjutant Cunningham telephoned a hotel and arranged for a room and bath, called a taxi and provided the man with sufficient funds to take care of him until he reached his destination. The following morning he called the hotel and learned from the manager that the stranger had bathed and rested and thanking them had continued on his way.

This story I believe signifies the purpose of the League and the principle on which it is founded in that, although the stranger was not a member of the Marine Corps League, he was a Marine. And "Once a Marine, always a Marine."

L. C. BENDER, JR.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT

The election of officers, as per new national by-laws, was in progress and quickly taken care of as the same group of officers were asked to continue their duties until January, 1939.

Thanks are given to Commandant Wade for his generosity in donating to the detachment, for use in our new home, officers' chairs, tables, settees, pictures, locks and other desirable furnishings. Other comrades have expressed their willingness to donate time and equipment to make things more enjoyable. Our National Adjutant and Paymaster is putting in some needed lights in the hallways. What a worker that fella is for the League!! Partitions will be put up by the Detachment carpenter with material donated by Comrade Eugene Corey. A mail box has already been made. It is so large that it will take all the detachments in the U. S. to fill it. What mail we already have received has had checks in them but of course that is not to be interpreted that we expect anything of that kind from "youse guys." Anyway we would appreciate some correspondence.

Jr. Vice Howard Watts is running one of his famous and extremely attractive "Bean Suppers" this month. Shades of a galley slave can he cook beans!! Some of us gents are getting suspicious now and feel that he must have served his cruise in a New England Navy Yard detail as "Mess Sergeant."

Can there be a more active detachment in the States? I doubt it. Between first and second assistants to officers, and committee chairmen and helpers we are beginning to run out of men to serve, although we are getting stronger in number all the time. The Commandant is one great General and believes in "no rest for the weary or peace for the wicked." Oh, he works plenty hard himself too. That shows the difference in Generals. "Jim" Corbett is our Color Sergeant. We have positions well filled from Music to Capt. of the Head. Everybody is getting a source of pleasure from serving and doing his job well. Fred Hickey, our Sr. Vice, who works in one of those places where malts and hops are used, usually finds a way after meetings to remember a case of cans in his car that need opening. Notice —I said "after meetings." Bill Phelan, Adj. and Paymaster, is wondering what Watts did with that quarter that ruins the balance received from the "good cheer" donations. Well of course we could proceed with charges against him (we won't). This venture was so successful that the State Department is adopting it to balance their budget. Success to you, Jerry.

I could go on, and on, and on, but why should I hog all the space that you "artists of the pen" from other detachments would like to use. This Detachment and Auxiliary wish you a prosperous year together with comradeship, health, and happiness.

PAUL N. SARGENT, SR.,
Chief of Staff.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP
in the
MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

_____ 19

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Street and No. City

SERVICE RECORD

Enlisted _____ **Discharged** _____

Rank when discharged _____ **Organization** _____

Places of Service _____

RESERVE NEWS
2nd Battalion, Boston
(Continued from page 36)

switched over from the VMCR and joined Headquarters Co., as of 1 January. "Mike" was our official photographer at our Xmas party and it is to be regretted that owing to poor light we have no pictures to forward for publication.

All hands are getting Quantico minded at present in anticipation of our forthcoming tour of duty at that station. From information received there is a new warden at the Quantico brig in the person of Master Gunnery Sgt. Joseph E. Buckley, and 'tis rumored that all under his care do physical drill mornings and can he put them through

their paces. (Shades of Tientsin—1927). So here's hoping that none of the boys run afoul of the gendarmerie d'Quantico during the summer. How about it, Buck?

POT SHOTS: The Top (Jack Williams of the I & I Office) has had a woebegone expression come over him since the USS *Vincennes* stood out to sea from the yard last week to join the Battle Fleet—what is it, West Coast complex? * * * Drew must have had a big drag to have had the first dance with the beautiful mistress of ceremonies at the party . . . how about it, Earl? * * * C Company to blossom out with a flock of promotions? * * * 'Tis whispered about that the battalion will stage a monster military ball at a swanky hostelry on Patriots' Day nite, April 19 * * * Armory mystery: Who clipped Broman's LEATHERNECK? * * * A flock of the lost sheep due for Class Sixside shortly? * * *

7th BATTALION, PHILA.

(Continued from page 40)

Sgt. "Mike" Harbrook just returned from his holiday leave and reports that the Pink Elephant, Jack's Place, etc., are still open for "business."

A certain Battery Clerk is rapidly gaining the reputation of driving with the emergency brake on and running over curbs at high speed, not to mention trying to go north and south at the same time. No name need be mentioned but I think he drives a Plymouth. Possibly the new pay-roll changes have him a little mixed up.

A certain sergeant is still looking for a wheel and he doesn't mean a bicycle. Recent promotions in Hq. Bty. are that Beck made Sgt.; Hughes and Hinson made Cpl. Hold on to them, boys, it's a long time between camps. One of the Yentzers, I haven't been able to figure out which one, has made Pfc. and is still getting Beck home from drill early.

Platoon Sergeant Karlage is Acting 1st Sgt. of B Bty. and reports the following promotions in his battery:

William R. Saunders, cpl. to sgt.
Philip M. McQuillan, pfc. to cpl.
Kenneth I. Schwetz, pfc. to cpl.
Theodore Durso, pvt. to pfc.
Charles D. Streeper, pvt. to pfc.

Joseph F. Ellingsworth and Joseph R. Lucas joined by enlistment.

Battery A reports that Philip C. Gearhart and Fred A. Papaleo were promoted to Pfcs. First Sergeant Foster has got a man's size battery now but with the assistance of Gy. Sgt. Weihmann is having no difficulty in keeping things ship-shape.

Battery C reports the following promotions:

Joseph E. Fleming and Carl Sorensen, cpls. to sgts.

Herbert H. Toye, cpl. to sgt.

John K. Breen, Joseph V. Breen and John S. Kaufman, pfcs. to cpls.

The following boots have been assigned to C Bty.:

Clifford L. Allen
Harry V. Armitage
John A. Godfrey
Richard H. Harris
Harry Joseph
Vincent S. Mather
Burton Mendlin
James Mendlin
Raymond J. Taylor
Julius Widetsky.

Don't forget, men, that there are still a few vacancies in the Drum & Bugle Corps; there is plenty of material in Philadelphia and Corporal Somers can use it to good advantage.

CITY OF SANTA MONICA WELCOMES RESERVE COMPANY AS LOS ANGELES LOSES "A" CO.

By Capt. Owen E. Jensen, FMCR

ENDING a thirteen year stay in the city of Los Angeles, Company A of the 13th Battalion, FMCR, this month moved to the city of Santa Monica, fronting the ocean 11 miles from the City of Angels. Loser was Los Angeles for now the 13th Battalion, with headquarters of the office of the Inspector-Instructor still located in the Douglas Building, 257 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, and battalion headquarters in the City Hall of Pasadena, all the units of the battalion headquarters are scattered in the smaller but more public spirited cities like Glendale, Inglewood, Pasadena and now, Santa Monica.

As the old 307th Company, a lone wolf on the Pacific Coast, it held the spirit of the Marine Corps aloft and alive in Los Angeles. With Los Angeles harbor full of Marines from the fleet and sailors by the thousands, a handful of reservists mattered little. Now comes the city of Santa Monica, flouted many years ago as the prospective harbor of Los Angeles, and by its public spirited citizens, led by its mayor and city council, literally stole Company A from under the nose of Los Angeles.

History was made by the old 307th Company! Its forerunner, the old California naval militia, Marine Corps Branch, gave many a Marine who saw service with the Marines in the A. E. F. Some of its former company commanders were Captain (now Major) Guy Lewis, 1st Lieut. James M. Burns, Capt. Allan U. Schmulian, Major Joseph P. Sproul, 1st Lt. Peter Altpeter, 1st Lt. Franklyn Adreon, Jr., and its present C. O., 1st Lieut. William F. Whitaker, former 1st Sergeant of the 307th Company 'way back when. Among its company officers are numbered some who became company commanders as well as Capt. Horace W. Card, 1st Lt. James F. Whitney, both of whom were company officers under Lt. Burns; now both are company commanders of D and C of the 13th Bn., respectively.

Housed in the beautiful La Monica Municipal Pier, one of the largest of its kind in the U. S., the city has gone to extensive trouble in preparing adequate quarters for the company. Located right over the Pacific Ocean, with a broad expanse of concrete pier base as a parade ground, to say nothing of a huge ball room for inclement weather, Company A is in a position to give every company in the U. S. a run for its money. (Aside to Glendale—a word to the wise, etc.)

Under the able leadership of Lt. Whitaker, assisted in an equally able manner by 2nd Lt. Laun Reis as company officer, 1st Sgt. Donald A. Morrison and Gy. Sgt. Stone, plus the enthusiasm of the sponsors, it should have a very successful year.

B, C and D Companies wish A Company every success in their new home!

A formal opening night scheduled soon will be reported later.

RESERVISTS ACT AS ORDERLIES FOR ADMIRALS AT DINNER DANCE HONORING ADMIRAL C. C. BLOCH, USN, AT MIDWICK COUNTRY CLUB

By James A. C. Patrick

Five members of B Company, 13th Battalion, F.M.C.R., Sgt Don E. Linn in charge, were detailed to the dinner dance given in honor of Admiral and Mrs. C. C. Bloch and Captain and Mrs. Mayo by the Naval Reserve Officers Association of Los Angeles at the Midwick Country Club of Pasadena on the night of December 9, 1937.

All members of the detail felt it was a privilege and an honor, as none had ever seen so large a gathering of naval and military officers in a social event.

Among Marine Corps, regular and reserve, officers present were Major Victor F. Bleasdale, USMC., Major and Mrs. John J. Flynn, USMCR., Major and Mrs. Joseph B. Sproul, USMCR., Lt. and Mrs. Glenn G. English.

In addition to Sgt. Linn, the following members of B Company made up the detail: Pvts. Willis Williams, Lawrence Williams, John Madison and James A. C. Patrick.

Landing Party Drill As Seen From the Air

BALLAD OF NEW ORLEANS

(An Echo: 8 Jan. 1815)

By Charles G. Wilson

Sir Edward Michael Pakenham,
  And his most gracious Lady,
Came sailing into New Orleans
With ten thousand foot and the Royal Marines
To drive out the Yanks in their butternut jeans,
  And rule there with his Lady.

Andy Jackson lay stretched on his bed—
  For he was sick and ailing—
Old Hickory was sore beset,
His troops were green and their noses wet,
They hadn't been properly blooded yet,
  When the British came a-sailing.

Andy Jackson sprang from his bed
  And whistled his whelps together:
Long-haired men from the Tennessee,
French cadets in their filigree,
Coffee's irregular cavalry,
  And Kentucky men in leather.

Old Hickory rode down the line—
  The fog hung low like a pall—
Each lad lay prone in the woodsman's lore,
Until sudden a screaming rocket tore,
And the guns of the Fleet began to roar
  As Cochrane opened the ball.

The Yankee gunners touched the match
  And gave them ball for ball;
The long ships' guns of Dominique You,
Jean Lafitte and his pirate crew—
The heavens shook with their sulphurous spew,
  By the Rodriguez Canal.

A light wind whipped the fog to shreds
  And the sun came tumbling out,
Like a field of red the British came
In their splendid coats of scarlet flame,
Jogging along like lads at a game—
  On they came with a shout.

Andy Jackson passed the word—
  His voice was like musketfire:
"Hold your beads where the white belts cross!"
He watched the pulsing bayonets toss,
Grimly he reckoned the terrible loss . . .
  "Hold hard . . . hold hard . . . now fire!"

"Fire!" and a sheet of orange flame
  Leapt from the parapet,
The scarlet lines reeled under the stroke,
Formed up again in the stinking smoke,
Came charging on, and again they broke—
  The field lay red and wet.

With swinging kilts the Scots came down
  Across the bloodstained stubble:
The blasting grapeshot rutted their ranks,
The rifles tore at their quivering flanks,
Still on they came on their hairy shanks—
  Charging in at the double.

The buckskin boys lay cheek by jowl
  And cut them down like grain:
The Royal Marines and the Pioneers,
Wellington's veterans and Fusiliers,
And the pious praying Highlanders—
  They fell like the ripe, ripe grain.

Andy Jackson rode to town,
  Back to New Orleans,
With his French cadets in their filigree,
With Coffee's dismounted cavalry,
The Dirty Shirts from the Tennessee,
  And Kaintocks in their scalp-fringed jeans.

Sir Edward Michael Pakenham
  Sailed off with his gracious Lady:
He was coffined tight in a hogshead of rum,
His eyes were blind and his lips were dumb,
And his heart was as quiet as a bursted drum . . .
  God save his gracious Lady.

REMINISCENCE

By the Solicitor

The woods along the forest way
Are wooled with tufted snow;
So looked the woods in Bois de Pret
One winter long ago.

'Tis long, when vanished youth is mourned,
To know the time go by;
And some in Bois de Pret had scorned
The fear of men to die.

The carnal whirl of winged death
Spun 'round and dragged them down;
Small reck they now what any saith,
The prophet or the clown.

The woods along the forest way
Are wooled with tufted snow;
So looked the woods in Bois de Pret
One winter long ago.

PEACE ON EARTH

It came upon the midnight clear,
  That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
  To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on earth, good will to men
  From heaven's all gracious King"—
The world in solemn stillness lay
  To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
  With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
  O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
  They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
  The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
  The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
  Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
  The love-song which they bring;—
Oh, hush the noise ye men of strife,
  And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
  Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
  with painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
  Come swiftly on the wing;—
Oh, rest beside the weary road
  And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
  By prophet bards foretold;
When with the ever circling years
  Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
  Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
  Which now the angels sing.

—*USS Pennsylvania.*

BEACH-COMBER

By Julie Polousky

When the whipping skirts of dawn
Fling the stinging gusts of spray,
I upon my quest have gone
A lonely figure in the gray.

The gulls and I in all that vast
Expanse of wind-swept sky and sea
Are scavengers of plunder cast
Disdainfully to them and me.

The rhythmic patterns of the tide
Mark my pebbled treasure trail;
Festoons of seaweed, brown and dried
Adorn the graveyard of the snail.

All creatures that have met defeat,
The horseshoe crab, the crayfish curled,
The burnt-out stars about my feet
That from the midnight depths were hurled.

A mile of shells! I often dream
As I walk slowly, head bent down,
Those gems of opalescent gleam
Are lost from Neptune's nacre crown.

THE LITTLE THINGS

By Tex Berryman

The courteous things you say or do
As you go on your way,
That seem so small and trivial now—
Will make you proud some day.

The little things you fail to do,
The things you fail to say,
To cheer a shipmate up a bit,
Will bring you woe some day.

For it's the little things that count,
That make our life worthwhile;
That lifts the scowl from someone's face
And places there a smile.

The little things—How cheap to give—
Yet priceless to receive—
They give a man a yen to live,
And in his fellow man believe.

SEA-GOING LOG
USS *New Mexico*

(Continued from page 18)

turn from leave to eat chow. Someone says a new slogan is, I'll meet you on the forecastle in the wee small hours of the morning. Young claims Andy can do many things while on liberty that require a Philadelphia lawyer to argue his way out of. If anyone of you readers know any junk men, look up Brandes of our guard, he usually can be seen in some old rattletrap. "Nobility" and Torpey are antique chair collectors, nothing like being sure of a seat on the "P.E." With all the gifts and candy we received during Christmas, many a sweet tooth was soothed with good home made candies and fruit cakes. Well Nobility Ugar's time is getting short and my article too long so I'll retire to Pence and Bowden Hotel (conveyor room) and dig up some more dope for the next issue.

USS *COLORADO*

(Continued from page 19)

that Rex went the way of all flesh and "I do-ed" when the preacher said, "Do you?"

But time's wasting and much is to be done so we will close until a little later when we will have some real news for you.

DETACHMENTS
Hingham Salvos

(Continued from page 27)

We wonder if that look on Tommaro's face is frozen there or natural.

We wonder if the things Patty Walsh tells us are true, we still don't believe that one about the dogs jumping out the window, Patty.

We wonder what the women will do when Sgt. Ferrigne gets paid off.

We wonder if Romeo's Juliet is named Gracie?

Who is the damsel who comes on the other side of the tracks to see Cavanaugh?

We wonder who would win the "Tall Story" Club prize, Sgt. Ferrigne or Sgt. Walsh.

We wonder if Koeen will ever stop snoring.

We wonder when Cpl. Montieth is going to excuse the 8 to 12 watch from falling out for police call.

Will have to close now, I hear the canteen is open for a change.

P. S.—Well, Simpson finally got married, he said that two can live as cheaply as one (but not as good).

INDIAN HEAD

(Continued from page 29)

by Campbell's hobby, Pop Neason organized a gym class that meets daily from 5:30 till ——. Pop is in charge of each class cause he always builds the fire that keeps everyone in a sweat.

A Commissary Store Room was opened the first of the year and we find Pop in charge. He feels rather cocky about it, believes in keeping everything just so, and sure does work the fellows that come over to give him a hand once in awhile.

Schroder's Cafe now furnishes the night life for the Marines. It used to be possible to go in, get a beer, and sit there and sip and think with no one to disturb you, but those days, I mean nights, are gone. The last few pay nights were the worst. You might be able to wiggle by the slot machines to the dance floor if you were lucky, but if you did get that far you would have to wait for some time because Pete, who is larger than most of us, has a difficult time wiggling through the crowd. In this way we can't spend so much money, so we are able to purchase three more Coca Colas in the same number of nights after pay day as heretofore.

Cpl. Hilderbrand and the ex-Alabama share cropper Rylas received a razzle dazzle razz about the outcome of the Calif.-Alabama football classic played New Year's Day. They would smile when razzed, but it was one of those forced smiles.

What six-letter word is on everyone's tongue? Girls and boys of high school age are saying it. Small children are saying it. Marines are saying it.—GUTMAN.

With the completion of the indoor small bore range, interest in sporting events will turn to marksmanship. Will no doubt enter the LEATHERNECK Trophy Match. We have two good rifle shots here that could make a good showing. They are Pfc. Bird, who cracked out a 332 on the range at Quantico and Cpl. Hilderbrand, who herded enough slugs into the target to tally a score of 327 and they both growl about it. Heck, most of us would be so elated over a score like that, that we wouldn't growl for a month, maybe two months.

Major Cartwright returned to duty Jan. 3 after a month's illness. During the Major's absences, Marine Gunner Henderson was in command of the detachment.

Pretty Boy Taylor and Lanky Dillard had the old urge to travel so they departed from our ranks Jan. 5 and went to Sea School. Before their sea going days are over, they no doubt will wish they were back where it was possible to sit on a chair to eat instead of a wobbly bench and to have a nice bunk which is so essential to a Marine's happiness.

Ch. Ck. Tarlton spent a belated Christmas, but he had twice as much fun as he had to celebrate New Year's Day at the same time.

Fd. Music Moore returned from a five-day leave on Jan. 7. He still is Ga Ga about someone he met while in D. C. It is probably a good thing that he didn't get twenty days.

Pfc. Brown returned from a five-day leave, did a guard and was transferred to Dahlgren the following day, and it didn't make him the least bit angry. In fact he was very happy.

Fd. Ck. Hearn made a grave mistake several days ago while hanging up a quarter of beef in the ice box. He hung himself up by mistake and didn't discover the accident until he attempted to walk away.

1st Sgt. Harris, Sgt. Fuller, and Pvt. Singley are patients in the Naval Hospital at Washington, D. C. May their troubles be slight so they can be back to duty with us in the near future.

On Jan. 4, Pvts. Kendall, Baker, and Mettee joined the detachment transferring from the Washington Navy Yard.

Noticed about the Barracks:
Kiff—Forever pouting.
Bird—A black beard.
Moore—Oh, those rosy cheeks.
Croce—Agreeing with no one—Visa Versa.
Gutman—His toy duck.
Wagner—Staying in nights.
Stoker—Not sleeping.
Sledge—His amazing speed.
Clements—Combing his hair.
Gorombey—Laughing at everything he hears, and himself.

Have been waiting for some excuse to end this and it is now coming over the radio. Although I am a block and a half away from the radio, I can still hear an opera singer so will be ending this now, and if you could hear her voice, you would agree with me, so you'll be hearing from us next month.

LAST CHANCE TO ENTER THE LEATHERNECK SMALL-BORE TROPHY MATCH

USE THE ENTRY BLANK ON PAGE 52

NORFOLK NAVY YARD

(Continued from page 29)

years that Major Bain served here the post has produced some of the finest athletic teams in this section, really doing the Marine Corps proud. And a great deal of this development has been the result of the Major's untiring efforts to place our teams in the sports limelight. We are sorry to see you go, Major.

Captain Monitor Watchman, our Post Quartermaster, intends to go into the railroad business after he retires from the Marine Corps. He has purchased a small electric train and spends several hours daily, learning the intricacies of the railway transportation system.

BOSTON BULL

(Continued from page 29)

We are asked to open a question and answer department with the first query as to why Cpl. Brozowski has recently inherited the monoker: "Beano Breen" Brozowski. Can anybody help us out on this one? It's entirely beyond us. We've found the reason why no one here has a chance on Chelsea Street with the Charlestown women. It's none other than that Robert Taylor of the Barracks, "Shorty" Walters, our well-known Chief Cook. The other cooks especially are on his list when they try out against him, although "Drink 'em Up" Ward does manage to cut in on him occasionally. We don't have to go to the Navy Yard Movies any more for thrillers, but having Sgt. Dave Satanoski, who just said, "I do," for another four years here, can revel in the yarns that he spins about his adventures with the famous Sandino in Nicaragua. The great din that any of you shipmates at other Posts may have heard from Beantown way was probably the contention between Bolesky and Fox as to which one of the two is the better Casino player, or if it isn't Casino, it might be Rummy. At present "The Fox" seems to be on the losing side by a slight edge—we mean the losing side of the noise. In the last two years about twenty ex-Army men have enlisted in the Corps and stationed at these Barracks. The latest addition to this number is one "appetite" Sprague. For a small man he puts the Army Mess rations of the past in a bad light.

One day last week we started out to investigate what we thought was a sure Louis and Schmeling "Go," but found it to be only a verbal battle between "Bruiser" Burke, one of our Field Cooks, and "Ed" Mika, one of the messmen, on the competitive merits of South Boston versus West Roxbury. But the payoff came when we heard Phillips, one of the bakers, chirp in

with two-bits' worth of repartee about Roxbury Crossing.

We have to announce the reappearance of one Walter G. Murphy, of Newport and Asiatic fame, after a ninety-day "extended leave" on the outside. "Murph" shipped over, and for none other than Boston Navy Yard. Ain't love grand?

Recent promotions at this Post have brought about the appearance of Corporals chevrons on the sleeves of W. A. Rawlings, and Pfc. chevrons to Pvts. B. S. Keel and T. F. Fratus. Congratulations, gang. Keep it up, and "So long" to everybody until next month.

WARDENIGS

(Continued from page 30)

various stations during the month of December: Sergeant Bruce Wallace; Corporals John A. Meddick, James R. Finnegan; Private First Class William T. Wilson, and Private Alex G. Schmidt.

Private First Class Sylvester Kochanowski, and Private Robert A. Barry were discharged during the month of December.

1st Lt. C. R. Moss returned for duty on January 5th. He has been absent since spring on the Marine Corps Rifle Team. For the past three months he has been on temporary duty at the Raritan Arsenal, Metuchen, New Jersey.

Editor's Apology: In the January issue THE LEATHERNECK published a picture of the mess hall and the birthday cake of the Marine Detachment, Naval Prison, Portsmouth, N. H. Through a not unusual error they captioned it merely as the Marines of the Portsmouth Navy Yard. Apologies are tendered to Colonel Denig and his command.

WARDENIG SPORTS

(Continued from page 35)

Following are the individual and team scores:

NAVAL PRISON

	Prone	St'dg	Total
Poole	99	87	186
Holland	100	79	181
Tucker	100	79	179
Perna	98	79	177
Powell	99	72	171
Yarrow	95	75	170
Total			1064

MB, NYD, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

	Prone	St'dg	Total
Mudd	95	84	179
Salata	92	85	177
Mitchell	95	78	173
Einstein	98	73	171
Johnson	100	71	171
Crane	90	80	170
Total			1041

In a practice match on Thursday, 16 December, the small bore rifle team of the Marine Detachment at the Naval Prison defeated the Piscataqua Rifle Team by a score of 1088 to 1048. Private Perna of the Marines was the high gun with 186.

Following are the results:

NAVAL PRISON

	Prone	St'dg	Total
Perna	99	87	186
Poole	99	84	183
Tucker	99	82	181
Yarrow	97	83	180
Holland	98	82	180
Powell	97	81	178
Total			1088

PISCATAQUA RIFLE CLUB

	Prone	St'dg	Total
R. Jones	93	87	180
Hazel	98	81	179
Manning	96	77	173
Thompson	100	72	172
H. Jones	97	75	172
Keene	99	73	172
Total			1048

In their second league game of the season, the basketball team from the Naval Prison Detachment defeated the DeMolay Team by a score of 48 to 26. Youngdale took high scoring honors with 12 points. Displaying a flashy attack the Marines were never in trouble. They are now tied with two other teams for first place in the league standings with two wins and no defeats.

The Marine Basketball Team from the Naval Prison defeated the DeMolay team from Portsmouth in a practice game on the Prison Court, Monday, December 27th, by a close score of 30 to 25.

Due to a slippery court, the game was ragged and produced a low score. Gladding of the Marines was high point man.

The Portsmouth Naval Prison Marine Basketball Team defeated the Marines from the Boston Navy Yard in a hard-fought game on Wednesday evening, 29 December, at the Prison Court by a score of 25 to 12, to keep their season record clean. Youngdale, Gladding, and Amacher each scored 6 points for the winning aggregation, and Atkins was high point man for the losers with 7 points.

The summary:

PRISON

	G.	F.	Pts.
Youngdale, rf	3	0	6
Wells, rf	0	0	0
W. Williams, lf	0	1	1
H. B. Williams, lf	0	0	0
Nussbaum, lf	0	0	0
Gladding, c	3	0	6
Neely, c	0	1	1
Adams, rg	2	1	5
Julian, rg	0	0	0
Amacher, lg	2	2	6
Lasich, lg	0	0	0
Totals	10	5	25

BOSTON

	G.	F.	Pts.
Kersh, lg	1	0	2
Keel, lg	0	0	0
Salmon, rg	0	0	0
Atkins, c	3	1	7
Robinson, lf	0	0	0
E'chelb'er, rf	1	1	3
Wiley, rf	0	0	0
Totals	5	2	12

Referee, Lieut. Gill. Timer, Carew. Scorer, Knise.

Scoring their third league win to remain at the top of the conference standings, the Prison defeated the South End A. C. by a score of 44 to 10 on January 3rd. The Marines ran away with the game, allowing their opponents only two points during the entire first half. Williams took high scoring honors with 12 points to his credit, closely followed by Gladding with 9 and Amacher with 8 points, respectively.

The Basketball Team took undisputed possession of first place in the League standings on the evening of January 5th, by defeating the Mariners Team by a score of 29 to 14. Williams again led the Marine attack with 8 points. The Prison is now defending a 4 won and no loss record.

BOOST FOR THE M.C.I.

(Continued from page 33)

Right there and then, I made up my mind to learn something about Navigation.

"Doesn't it make you feel great when you see a panel of a radio transmitter with a thousand dials, lights, levers and switches, etc., and know what each one of them do and how each one of them operate? By studying the Radio Course, I was taught this and I supplanted all this information in my mind by visiting different Radio Stations, and asking questions.

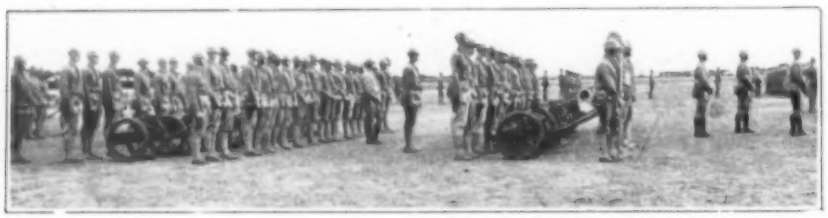
"The Marine Corps Institute offers you a future for the use of your spare time."

INTERNATIONAL MEET

(Continued from page 35)

icans. Moore also placed second to Captain Letcher's record-breaking effort in the shot. Four records were broken all told; Lieut. Bowen clipping one and two-fifths seconds off the 200-meter dash mark, and one and one-fifth seconds off the 400-meter standard; Ed Clarke going five inches higher than the best previous pole vault leap; and Captain Letcher heaving the shot just three-quarters of an inch farther than the past record.

Space does not permit going into many of the details of the meet, or even into all the highlights, of which there were many. Sufficient to say that the whole meet was pervaded by an atmosphere of good sportsmanship, and the huge crowd was impartial with its applause. The crowd had heard reports of the prowess of both Lt. Bowen and Turner, and were anxious to see them in action. Lt. Bowen is an International runner, and has represented England a number of times on foreign tracks besides being entered in the last Olympics at Berlin. Cpl. Turner is recognized among the finest runners ever developed in the Service, and was especially brought here from Tientsin to strengthen the British. He has been undefeated for the last five years, and holds the English regimental championships both in England, and of the British troops stationed in China. When Ed Clarke won the 100-meter dash, the crowd eagerly looked forward to duel between him and Bowen in the 200-meter dash, as Clarke with his blazing spirit and proven ability had shown himself to be a most formidable opponent, no matter what the obstacles. Bowen, a towering man of six foot, six inches, was so tall that he was unable to make up for a slow start in the 100-meter dash, but the 200 and 400-meter events found him at the top of his form. Their meeting had further developed interest when, in the 800-meter relay, Bowen had



been unable to catch Clarke on the anchor leg. It had been a spirited race, with the Americans building up a wide lead, as their dash men were far superior to the British, with the exception of Bowen. Bowen threatened to overtake Clarke, but on the stretch, Clarke, dead game, managed to hold him almost even, and broke the tape in first place with Bowen still vainly chasing him. The last day of the meet saw the running of the 200-meter dash. Clarke was off with the crack of the gun, leaping into full stride and jumping the entire field with a magnificent start. He was running with terrific power and Bowen was finding it hard to gain on him. More than three-quarters of the race had been run before the long-striding Bowen was finally able to overtake the flying Clarke, and go into the lead. He was running wide open and finished with an unbeatable burst of speed to crack the record with a marvelous effort of twenty-one and three-fifths seconds. Clarke, running like a man possessed, was clocked in twenty-two and one-fifth seconds, four-fifths of a second under the former record, while Phil Guertin, also of the American Guard, came in third with a former record-equalling performance, the fastest 200-meter dash ever run in North China.

As a concluding ceremony and a fitting touch to end the colorful pageantry of athletic skill, Colonel John Marston of the American Guard, honorary President of the International Guards, presented cups and medals to all those that had won points for their teams. For a finer exhibition of track prowess, closer team competition, and clean sportsmanship, one would have to go back a great many years to find its superior among these annual International Track and Field Meets which are unexcelled for promoting good will among the members of the various International Guards stationed here in Peiping.

MARINE BAND, PEARL HARBOR

(Continued from page 32)

course this destroyed his Amateur standing right away. Your humble servant, having a penchant for large flat surfaces, points with pride to the front of the Company Office, tastefully decorated in glossy-white. Viewed from the end of the lanai, its high-lights can be better appreciated. And we still think that Company Clerk Claude Taylor could have let us initial the job for after all a man is known by his handiwork. "Spud" Murphy's fort seems to be window and door frames. Frederick Weymouth's "Still Life" study was a little inconvenient as after the G.I. can and the band's lone spittoon were furbished by his master hand he refused to let anybody use them, murmuring in a dramatic undertone, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever. To date no one has been able to find out just what J. J. Griffith did during this period of cleaning and painting. How he escaped the eagle eye of "Simon Legree" Neil is as mysterious as the manner in which the laundry manages to tear off every button on a brand new shirt.

Headed by the Post Band the Marine contingent was one of the most impressive units participating in the Armistice Day parade. The fine appearance of the Marines in their White-Blue-Whites called forth much spontaneous applause from the onlookers as they swung along at 128 to the minute.

On November 19, the Orchestra under the leadership of Sgt. Leon Konesky took part in the Annual Navy Relief Ball. Three orchestras provided ample music for this well patronized event. The Fourteenth Naval District and the Fleet Air orchestras furnished music for dancing while the Marines were stationed at the entrance to put the arriving guest in a festive mood. The efforts of the Leather-lunged Leathernecks fell upon responsive ears as our very good friend Lt. Burton promptly organized a "Big Apple" contest to the delight of numerous spectators.

As Major General Chas. H. Lyman arrived in Honolulu the morning of November 20, the monthly broadcast scheduled for that evening was dedicated to our Departmental Commander. After introductory remarks by KGU's ace announcer, Mr. Frederick Briggs, the band saluted

Hey! Is your outfit entered in *The Leatherneck* Small-Bore Match?

Major General Lyman with ruffles and flourishes and the rendition of a march composed in his honor by Gunner H. E. Talbot of the San Diego Marine Band. A well balanced program arranged by MT Sgt. Jones was then played.

In accordance with instructions received for the reorganization of Marine Corps Bands, Pfcs. J. Parenti and F. A. Lock have been recommended for the rank of Sergeant. Pfcs. Charles Lynch, George Foster and C. L. Brent for that of Corporal. Sgt. L. Konesky, Asst. Band Leader for Staff Sergeant.

The latest "Scandal to the Jay Birds" concerns the ever popular Drum Cpl. Hugo Anthony Travers. His bid for fame was the taking of a shower while wearing a heavy grey undershirt. There are some souls unkind enough to insinuate that he was slightly, "O very slightly," inebriated. While others think that he, like Webb's "Toomer" of Esquire renown, simply lost track of the shirt last winter. Now our theory is that his natural retiring and modest disposition is responsible for this new idiosyncrasy.

This month's nominations for The Hall of fame: Grady Brumble (you know, the painter!) for sticking his head inside the Gym where an impromptu Jam Session was in progress and shouting, Hey Fellers, don't look now—but I think the band has already fallen in." Hoard Cobb, for finally, after fourteen years of unremitting effort, falling out on the field with his shoes dyed exactly the right shade and even rubber heels to match. Band Leaders Gus Olagus and Isaeson will agree that we have something here. This recommendation might not go through as we have just learned that all Cobb had to do to attain this degree of pedal perfection was to put the shoes on and lace them up. The Quartermaster Department now issues shoes already dyed and complete with rubber heels.

Joseph Parenti, French Horn Soloist, is due to leave Pearl Harbor on or about December 3rd. Anybody seeing anything of his relief please shunt him out this way as Joe is getting a little worried. He wishes to do his Christmas shopping early and prefers to do it on the Mainland to save shipping expenses. Those Packard 120's come heavy.

Acting Drum Major Sgt. Jean H. Neil is also due to leave December 3rd. The boys wish him the best of luck and hope to come in contact with him on some future assignment.

MT-Sgt. and Mrs. Jones, together with the members of the band, wish to take this opportunity to extend the compliments of the season to all fellow bandsmen and their families.

PARRIS ISLAND

(Continued from page 20)

land, South Carolina, during the month of December, 1937:

Wm. E. Armstrong	Wm. R. Marquardt
Fernando Aufiero	Daniel H. Maynard
Angelone G. Bakas	Francis B. McCarthy
John A. Baldovin	George R. Morrison
Thomas F. Baratta	William W. Novack
Charles E. Barry	James N. Petersen
William E. Beck	Henry A. Pettis
Herman L. Brown	William F. Powell
W. R. Calloway, Jr.	John Quattrone
Rocco Casamassina	Bruno Robosky
Bernard H. Coffee	Joseph J. Rzasa
Walter R. Cooke	Lafe Salmons
Arthur L. Darrow	Fern'do Santospirito
Charles V. Davi	Lillmon Spaulding
George W. Develing	Chester R. Taylor
George W. Dreading	Vincent Vok
William R. DuBois	James E. Williams
John A. Duffy	C. S. Workman, Jr.
Harold B. Eggers	Clark R. Anderson
Virgil C. Farley	Edward C. Albert
Zygmund Gerlacki	William J. Amason
J. B. Goodman	Wm. H. Anderson
Leslie W. Graham	Edward Boyd
Curtis M. Griffith	John E. Braswell
Clarence E. Griner	Walter A. Bray, Jr.
Andrew Haber	John P. Carotenuto
Warren E. Hanback	Louis Corrado
Melvin M. Hatchell	Marshall C. Cravey
Nich. T. Haurylko	A. N. Dauphinais
John M. Hill	Ellie N. Durden
Wm. F. Hopkins	Eugene J. Flanagan
Peter Karedes	Everett J. Foster
Shirley E. Little	Medford B. Foster
Joseph Konopelski	Joseph A. Francis
Allen I. Ledoux	Harvey J. Geiger
Marcus D. Lockard	Grover C. Gibson
Wasyl B. Loniak	Homer C. Gibson

Moe Lubin
Thomas J. Madden
Rich. A. McArthur
Roy E. Morgan
Wm. Nicolopoulos
John J. Obeykovits
Ralph E. Parker
Alton C. Pearce
Franklin J. Ponick
Carl Powell
Lovon Searbrough
Robert C. Skaggs
Samuel A. Spadaro
Edward P. Teal
James V. Pripiciano
Wallace E. Vaden
Oscar Von Briesen
John R. Waters
Buren L. Williams
John A. Willis
Leon A. Worneski
Jacob Yampolsky
Meyer Yavner
Charlie E. Andrews
Daniel M. Blue, Jr.
John R. Brown, Jr.
Wm. L. Brown, Jr.
Howard L. Burton
Floyd L. Butler, Jr.
Orlando Caruso
L. J. Chapman, Jr.
Charles E. Coffman
Joe M. Coker
Leon A. Cooper
Russell Cross
Charles A. Danard
Robert A. Eaton
Wm. R. Edgington
James D. Melton
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Paul Farberman
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Griffith Gilliland
Arthur A. Girard
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Bernice Hembrel
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Fergus W. Manuel
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C. W. Martin, Jr.
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Charles R. Souza
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Lester A. Warden
Lewis C. Williams
Fred H. Woodruff
Haskel E. Woodruff
Ralph T. Henry
Glynn M. Barron
Marley L. Radney
Hugh S. Darr
Paul E. Lovett
William T. Potter
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Edw. J. Halverson
Frank Misiouk
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Paul V. McHugh
Charles I. Carrigan
Roy A. Norris
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Roland P. Bunton
Ray W. Arnold
Jacob Zonick
Lyman O. Parker
Hollis M. Wadley
Claude Elrod
Ralph H. Alderman
Wm. H. Thompson
Baxter A. Norris
Ernest A. Shifter
Jack H. Gotshaw
Ray L. Brewer
George M. Wolfe
Joseph L. Mullane.

QUANTICO NEWS
Brigade Special Troops
Brigade Headquarters

(Continued from page 21)

that two beer proposition in San Juan. We'd rather enjoy a cigar here in the States. Incidentally, Robert, you've had practically two years' experience in signing the old SMR, so what happened while putting the old John Hancock on the last one? Scalf and Schnaitman take heed, as the Top must have been thinking awful things, after looking over the pay roll. And who'd blame him? But who's the dope after seeing his mistake in signing, scratched it out?

"Chuck" Fuller seems to be in a complete daze ever since meeting the perfect woman over the holidays. She certainly has cast some sort of a spell over our very efficient clerk, and Chuck isn't the kind to become serious. But if she's as lovely as you have us believe, Chuck, more power to you.

We still have to send a letter to O. P. via the MGC in order to get a look at one of the files. Maybe after we get to know you better, O. P., we'll be lucky enough to see what you keep in those green cabinets.

FIRST ENGINEER CO.

(Continued from page 22)

they have been assigned to the boat crews and are spending their time mastering the secrets of their sea-going duties.

The scandal: Hixon is going to quit and join the army; Reese is going to order a new set of false teeth. "Pappy" Porter just returned from furlough with a slim waistline. Our basketball team won a game. Collier doesn't like club flushes. Kampen is always right (sometimes). "Iron Horse" Lucander will not be Acy Duey Champ when this goes to print. How did Gloekler get the nickname of "Hang Fire"?

So, until next month, *Adios.*

FIRST TANK COMPANY

Back in the news again and we are sorry, readers, if this news item of the month is not strictly up to par. Yours truly is doing the pinch hitting for your usual correspondent, Cpl. Hall, newshawk deluxe.

The headline of the month I believe would be Cpl. Lambert, falling and splattering his schnozzle. I haven't viewed the masterpiece as yet, but they tell me that he certainly performed one sweet job of plastic surgery.

We have some new faces in the organization at present but regret to say that they won't be with us for long. Sergeants McMillan and Neel and Privates Galford and Roney, are here trying to soak up a little tank knowledge before departing for Indianapolis, Ind., where they will be on temporary duty, studying the embryo of a tank.

Dame Fortune smiled on two of the boys last month and now they are supporting some new stripes. Congratulations, Cpl. Suggs and Pfc. Holub.

Temporary duty seems to be the byword in the company these days. Our Gunner to be Tech-Sgt. Cagle has just returned from Philadelphia, where he has been constructing some fancy machine gun charts, his own brain child. At the present time our Commanding Officer, Lt. deZayas, is at Norfolk where he is doing a little constructing of his own.

The boys are working night and day to get the steel bronchos ready for maneuvers. Pappy Ashley, our famous Mechanical Section Sergeant, spent a few days recuperating at the Post Sick Quarters. Glad to see you back on the job, Pop. Our benevolent Sergeant Joe Schwab, spends part of his time chasing Raper around the tank park. Keep it up, Joe, you'll make a something or other out of him yet.

Well, folks, duty calls, but you will hear from us again when we are in the land of sunshine and cocoanut.

SECOND BATTALON, 5TH HEADQUARTERS CO.

(Continued from page 24)

resolution, "No more Black Jack" and "liberty only with the Washington Damsels."

The new men having just joined us from Parris Island are wondering, since they have heard they are to sleep on a ship, what kind of beds they will have, and having been told they will have the deck or possibly hammocks, ask if they will be nice and soft, whereby their only answer is a large smile from the old salts who have been there before.

What is the matter with Horan, why in the dog house and so glum?

We are wondering if the two men detailed for messmen on our trip will be able to drag the chow to us any better than they now drag the communication carts.

Those who remained in the barracks Christmas had a most delightful time by doing justice to a well set table by our Mess Sergeant Saber. The Mess Hall was beautifully decorated with Christmas trees, fire place, and the usual Christmas ornaments.

COMPANY F

The holiday season has come and gone and if your stocking was filled to the brim you were lucky, if not—better luck next time.

Furlough has been the password since around Thanksgiving time but the last of The Liberty Boys are due back January 6th and then maybe we can get back to normal again. It has been a case of operating on a half scale for the past month.

Maneuver time has rolled around again, but it will be practically a new outfit that will represent this company on this one—with the exception of a few diehards. Last year's crowd are scattered all over the globe, many of them serving in China and other far Pacific posts. However, in spite of the shorthandedness, due to furloughs, everyone has been absorbing all the combat principles possible and there is no doubt but that Company F will again give a good account of itself during the coming Fleet Landing Exercises.

Many of us lost our Christmas bet—that Pvt. Guitrau would not find his way in and out of the Louisiana canebrakes during his short Christmas furlough, but he did and bright and early on the sixth and final day he came "smiling through."

No doubt the next three months have much in store for us, not alone in the line of much hard work, but a breathing spell now and then on a tropical isle somewhere south of Quantico.

COMPANY G
By E. L. Viejo Romano

Since this company returned from the winter maneuvers at San Clemente last April it has undergone at least a seventy-five percent personnel turnover. Among the officer personnel only the company commander, Captain Sabater, remains. There are a few maneuver hardened NCOs left and a handful of the old privates first class and privates. So, we start from Quantico for Culebra on 14 January, having in the main a very young but already very well trained company.

It is believed that Hill 490 and some of the others on Culebra may separate a few boys from the men. Climbing hills and deploying under a fierce tropical sun will be a good test for both youngsters and oldsters. All hands are looking forward to liberty at some of the tropical ports and wondering which ones they will be.

Ledford, Nickerson and Westlake have been made corporals and Hart, Hoffman and Simandl privates first class, as rewards for their meritorious service in the Fleet Marine Force. Three more privates first class, Swain, Morrissette and Garland, will be examined for promotion this week, as will

about six privates. All these men have been in the company many months and have proved able and fast learning soldiers.

The two gay Lotharios of Quantico's bright lights, Bishop and Ellis, are menaced for individual supremacy by that fast stepping old veteran, Sergeant John J. Ward, of Boston. Two remarkable additions recently joined the Fleet Marine Force and the company in the persons of Sergeant Harry D'Ortona and Corporal Malcom W. Powell. A recent Quantico town episode has greatly subdued the fiery Georgian, Marion H. Stocks. Field Music Corporal Dick Westlake thinks no more in the manner of a music, but rather as a hard bitten NCO. Corporals Porky Wynne and Pat Strain now of the Post Service Battalion, but erstwhile of this company visit the NCO room of old Company G quite often. Maybe they would like to rejoin us. The great Bohemian Psychiatrist, Mr. Sinkule, now considers Sergeant War a very tough old nut to crack.

Most men of the company applied for and received about nine days furlough to visit their homes over either Christmas or New Year's Holidays.

More from the islands.

COMPANY H

By J. E. Aucoin

A new year and a lot of new resolutions. Also some new PFCs and one new Corporal. Pvts. Aucoin and Perry are now wearing single stripes and Dave Wilson is now Corporal Wilson. Seems as if the promotions are coming a bit faster these days and we have a new promotion list coming up before Maneuvers with the Handbooks much in evidence as the new hopefuls are getting ready to take examinations.

As usual this time of year, furloughs are the order of the day and the Barracks seem sort of bare. We had a big Christmas dinner for those who stayed here over the holidays. And on New Year's the Company was well represented at the dance in the Post Gymnasium.

Some of the lads have started hobbies and we find Corporal Cooper and PFC. Kalin racing for first honors with stamp collections. Corporal Ketner prefers making reading lamps in his spare time. Our former Private, now Field Music Calhoun, says his hobby is Music. And of course we have our guitar players.

However, things have been fairly quiet with so many furloughs and all and in a couple of weeks we'll be aboard the good old *Wyoming* on our way to warmer climates. So long till next month and a Happy and Prosperous New Year to all!

FIRST BATTALION, 5TH COMPANY A NEWS

(Continued from page 23)

to go to Washington? And if we are really going to be back by March?

The holidays are just about over and needless to say that just about every one who could, took advantage of all the furloughs that were handed out. The mess force is to be commended for outdoing themselves in arranging and serving a most delicious and satisfying Christmas dinner. The dinner was well attended not only by the men but by a large number of visitors and every one went away satisfied that a better dinner was not to be had. General Williams and Colonel Harrington dropped in to say hello and wish us Merry Christmas, for which we were grateful. It was a lot of work decorating the barracks and the mess hall but I think that all will agree that the end justified the means.

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No doubt but what the next article from this company will be eagerly awaited as we will be well on maneuvers by then and there will be plenty of tall stories to tell of the mountainous seas encountered and the sea-sick Marines that were discounted. If I am not drawn and quartered by the time for the next article to be written I will tell you all about the ramblings of the many notorious characters in the various ports at which we will stop on the cruise. All done? Sold! To the American Tobacco Company.

COMPANY B

Our Company is developing a good many first class debaters and it seems as if Still and McCauley head the list. Any subject at any time may be brought up before these two particular opponents and if you don't hear an argument of your life something is radically wrong and you didn't use much tact in bringing up the subject. The latest topic of discussion has been Tactics or the Ways and Means of Winning Wars in general. McCauley has a plan that can't possibly be conceived by any one else and he is confident that his plan would afford an irresistible force and revolutionize the present methods in campaigns.

The Christmas and New Year Holidays have come and went. All hands who asked for it got 9 days leave over either one of the holiday periods and according to the news that these lads brought back "A good time was had by all." Hanvey came back tickled to death that his brother married his (Hanvey's) girl. Zinn, a native from West Virginia, came back in excellent shape for the hikes that await us in Culebra in the next two months. Flett, in thinking of those Culebra Hills, moans, "Why, oh why, did I ever leave Noo Joisy?" Catalano can't seem to know just why he fell for that girl at home while there for the Christmas holidays. Quigley (the silent one) says the predictions about a quiet New Year in New York were not true, because he was there. Well for those of us who know him agree for wherever he goes there is bound to be noise and lots of it. The holidays were quite lonesome for the Gunny with his running mate McCloskey away. What is this? Sartin is still trying to put in for a "Blue Overcoat" to wear with his Blues.

At this writing Cpl. Lafferty and Pfc. Cassity and Mackanin and Norris are sporting brand new chevrons; congratulations to you all; a worthy and deserving promotion.

A New Year dawns upon us and we of this company feel that we have been fortunate, and indeed grateful are we, to have had an excellent group of leaders whose greatest concern and main effort has been looking towards our comfort and welfare. First, we want to mention our Battalion Commander, Lt. Col. A. H. Turnage, beloved by all, a grand "old man." Then comes our company staff headed by Captain Robert G. Hunt, our company commander; too much can't be said for his efficient leadership. Our three juniors officers, 2nd Lieutenants Davenport, Haas, and Neely, can't be beat. And here we would like to mention our staff NCOs, old timers all of them, and every inch Marines. Our Top Sergeant is 1st Sgt. J. A. Inferrera, our Gunny is Gust Spart, and our two Platoon Sergeants, T. P. McCloskey and R. J. Street. Those of you who claim this company as your former unit may well be assured that indeed B Company is carrying on in a grand and glorious style and expect to do even more towards keeping "B" Company on top all the time, for like our Top says, "We performed 100 per cent this year, and we'll do as good next year."

C COMPANY NEWS

A NEW YEAR AHEAD! The year of thirty-seven is a thing of the past. We have walked down the last mile of the road and the gates are closed. A few perhaps paused at the New Year's gate and recalled some of the past year's journey. Others walked through with head up, eyes to the front, seeking adventure and the things they enjoy. Many no doubt made many honest and very reverent resolutions. Few will keep them. They are too easy to forget. If a Marine were to break some girl's heart it would be a shame, but not a New Year's Resolution.

The last month passed with the men of C Company on the job. The greater part of the month was spent fighting "sham battles" out in the "boon docks." We assumed almost every battle possibility, in fact we have endured and enjoyed every sort of tactical problem that any one can find in the book. We have almost experienced war conditions in our thorough and rigid peace-time training. It's too bad Sergeant Wilson missed all the fun.

During the month five men joined the company and two were transferred. Privates Barton and Tertak joined from Recruit Detachment, Parris Island, and Private Catlett joined from Navy Yard, Portsmouth, New Hampshire. On the eighteenth Sergeant Otto F. Robinson and Corporal Charles E. Jennings joined from Marine Barracks, Great Lakes, Illinois. We hope you like your new outfit. The fellows regret that Field Music Thompson was transferred to the First Battalion, 10th Marines.

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First Lieutenant Shaw came back from School at Metuchen, New Jersey, and at present is on leave.

On the fifteenth Pfc. Bruno was promoted to Corporal. On the same date Privates Brown, Dillon and Williams were promoted to Pfc. Good work, fellows. "You can't keep a good man down." We'll be seeing you.

D COMPANY, FIRST BATTALION

Captain M. B. Twining, Commanding

During the month very little has occurred in the line of news for THE LEATHERNECK or any other publication. Very few promotions, a few joinings, and fewer transfers. However, though of a very retiring nature, we are forced to admit that our barracks, as usual, was the best decorated on the post over the Christmas and New Year Holidays, that we had the best menus and food, and that all of us had a most enjoyable time.

As far as promotions go, Sherfield W. Robertson was promoted to the rank of Assistant Cook, and has been transferred to Battalion Headquarters Company. In addition, Richard H. Parks and Leafie E. Reeves were both promoted to the rank of Private First Class. Sergeant John E. McMillan was transferred to the First Tank Company of the First Marine Brigade, and, in a few days, will be on his way to the Marmon-Herrington Company at Indianapolis, Indiana, where he will undergo a course of instruction at that place.

Field Music Carl Jones joined us from A Company a few days ago, just in time to go on his Christmas furlough. However, when he returned from furlough, we found that he had celebrated the holiday season quite thoroughly but thoughtlessly. Now he is in the Post Sick Quarters, and, as a result, will be transferred to the Rear Echelon prior to January 14th, the date we leave for the West Indies. Corporal Barrett T. Waters was taken sick with catarrhal fever but we hope that he will be sent back to duty in time to make the maneuvers with us.

During the month, Privates John H. Hartley, Salvatore F. Martello, Charles F. Millhauser, Gerard J. Page, Leon T. Sargent and Francis H. Weaver joined us from Parris Island. From their looks, it will not be very long before they turn out to be first-class machine gunners.

TENTH MARINES

Battery B, 2nd Bn.

(Continued from page 25)

Pfc., Corporal Madison R. Rigdon from Pvt. Privates First Class Robert Bailey and Wayne E. Hoover from Private. Congratulations to all of you.

To the Marines who were stationed at Quantico during the winter of 1920-21 the lack of snow and ice at this season of the year seems almost like magic. How many of you remember the daily woodcutting details, the nightly raids on the coal yard, and those cold trips up the river on the Eagle 23 for rations? And the time the entire command was sent to Washington to shovel snow in the railroad yards is also to be remembered. To me, at least, the old place doesn't seem the same. Improvements, yes, in everything except the married non-commissioned officers' quarters. They are still the same plus several coats of paint, but thanks to the Commanding General we have hopes of some day seeing different ones. Perhaps this year; who knows?

The last few days of December were busy ones for the 50 per cent of the Battery personnel not on Christmas furlough. We turned in a lot of equipment which was thought to be in excess of our requirements for Culebra, only to find out later that not only artillery equipment but infantry equipment as well would be needed. So after the scramble we find ourselves both artillerymen and infantrymen. I think we have already proven that we can do either or both jobs well. It has finally been decided that the Tenth Marines and Brigade Special Troops will enjoy the hospitality of the USS *Antares* on the trip to and from the maneuver area. Having made the trip twice as a passenger on the *Antares*, I am sure everyone is in for an enjoyable time. However, time will tell.

In making our New Year resolutions we hereby resolve to give all the news we have in the shortest manner, so we will start now and say adios until next time.

H&S BATTERY, SECOND ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTALION

Parris Island

By Craig

The long anticipated troop movement is at last completed and here we are back in "Boot" camp, or at least quartered in the old "East Wing" barracks—I guess this will bring back memories, fond or otherwise, to all the east coast Marines in our outfit.

Although the trip down on the *Antares* was fairly calm, I noticed that several fellows missed chow a couple of times—or maybe it was the paint chipping detail instead of *mal de mer*.

First Sergeant McKinley has been busy this afternoon writing up ten day furloughs for the rebels of the battery—even our West Virginia Hillbilly "Lovesick" Puckett, says he is going to see Lulu.

Our battalion Mess Sergeant, Sgt. Thomas, must be one of the best because I noticed that even though the men who drove their own cars down had several days' delay in reporting in, they wasted no time enroute and most of them arrived about two days prior to the time the *Antares* dropped the hook.

It must be a pretty tough proposition to get gas between Stafford and Quantico at one o'clock in the morning, or maybe two certain sergeants didn't notice that they were really out of gas until six a. m.

Three Non Coms of this battalion were guests of Mr. Floyd Gibbons and his nephew, Mr. Burns, aboard his yacht the *Adventurer* in Annapolis last week. Undoubtedly some of the old timers will remember Mr. Gibbons when he was with the Fifth Marines during the World War; in fact the "War Correspondent" has been just about every place the Marines have. They all report having had a very enjoyable evening and wish to express their thanks to Mr. Gibbons.

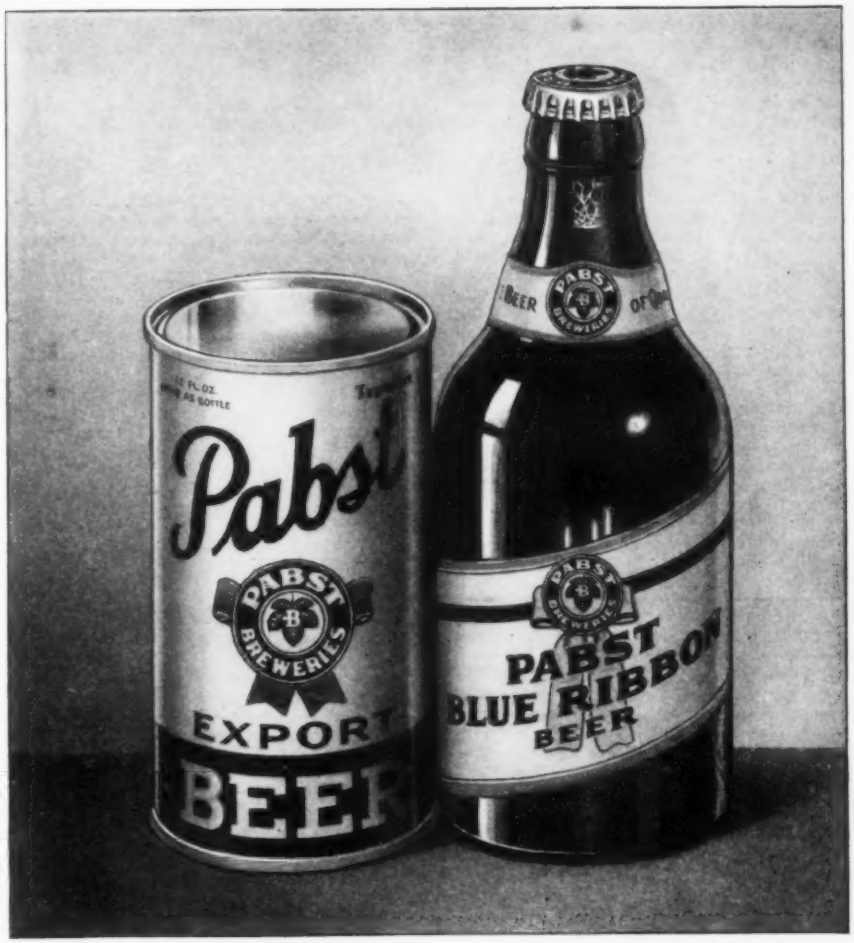
Perhaps by the time that the next issue goes to press we will be able to give our readers some dope from Hilton Head, where our gunnery drill will take place.

AT LARGE

Multum in Parvo

By W. C. Wall

.....another holiday season over and peace .....quiet..... and routine preparation continues for the winter maneuvers .....the words "peace on earth.....good will towards men".....were the order of the days at quantico.....but what of the rest of the world.....the minions of mars marching in a never ending stream.....cannon fodder for the gods of war in europe and asia..... and while we pause for a moment and realize that war is our profession.....there is not a man in all our ranks who.....especially at this time of the year.....is not glad to leave the active service to other nations.....yet.....even those old timers in the service today who have gone through the horrors of war wonder.....and starting the new year right in our own branch of the service.....the marine corps keeps pace with time.....new maneuvers.....war games to add to the lessons learned with the passing of time.....and the examples of those who have gone before us.....as this reaches the press.....the first marine brigade will be at sea.....sailing south aboard the uss *antares, wyoming,* and *new york* .....for many of the men something never experienced before.....for others.....another milestone passed in their service career.....and who can forget that first liberty in a foreign port.....the strange sights.....stranger smells.....and trying to make one's self understood.....the shops filled with outlandish things.....tropical america.....with her mixture of races..... never to be forgotten.....and what old timer is there in the service who cannot tell you everything he did on his first trip ashore in panama.....even though his tale reaches back twenty or more years.....but mention must be made of the holidays..... the christmas dinner.....the new year's dance.....according to the grapevine which is functioning in a big way these days..... good times were had by all.....on christmas eve the post grill.....you know the place in the rear of the movie hall.....took on the appearance of an old english tavern.....with members of the band playing carols.....slightly off key to be sure..... but they could be recognized.....and going over in a big way.....jiggs iii.....and whatta mut.....bored by it all.....dressed in the blanket of jiggs, ii.....and minus the stripes.....though we hear that his bucking is looked upon in favor by the powers that be.....wonder of wonders..... the brigade sergeant major's office continued to function throughout christmas .....the absence of zidek had everyone worried for fear the office would fold up .....rumor runs wild.....more so than usual.....we will start with brigade and work down to the battalions.....first we have the deciples of yogi.....reese.....gen-



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eral's orderly extraordinary ... leads the cult after having read several volumns on the subject ... rumor tells us that barefoot tied himself into one of the postures called for by the new cult and could not get himself out ... his foot insisted in remaining wrapped about his neck ... from a layman's point of view ... it appears to be a bad case of quanticoitis ... which ... according to the medical profession ... is seven times more deadly than "asiatic" ... new year's brought many strange tales over the grapevine ... one of interest to the men of the second battalion ... broadway bill neill and several of his henchmen ... with the aid of a box of matches ... spent almost an hour trying to tell the time on the sun dial ... in the wee ... small ... hours of the morning ... and how the right honorable robert f taylor of the first battalion wrote to dorothy dix ... asking her advice ... and would let no one see the answer ... back to headquarters again ... we can't help but wonder whether the holidays had something to do with paysergeant dahlsten's appearance the other day as he bowed into the office for work ... with greens ... and a civilian hat ... finis on that ...

REMEMBER THE MAINE

(Continued from page 7)

ately lowered and all possible speed was made in the work of rescue. Boats put off from the *Alfonso XII* and other ships in the vicinity of the *Maine;* gasping men were picked up and taken aboard the ships for treatment.

Soon the *Maine* settled rapidly forward then the stern began to go down. A blast of whistling air escaped from the bulkhead as she sank and screamed out a final cry of despair. In a short time the highest point of the quarter deck was just awash and it became necessary to abandon the ship. Captain Sigsbee was the last man to leave and it was with heavy hearts that he and the other officers pulled away, for they then realized that all who remained on board must be dead. They went on board the *City of Washington*, where Captain Sigsbee prepared the memorable dispatch to the Navy Department in Washington.

That message was like an electric shock to the people of the United States. The general impression was that the *Maine* had been destroyed by Spanish treachery. Upon taking second thought the more conservative newspapers came to regard the disaster as a probable accident. They felt that there could be no doubt as to the result of a war between the United States and Spain, and could not believe that the Spanish would invite destruction by inflicting such a cowardly and dastardly wrong upon the sleeping crew of a vessel of a friendly power lying in a Spanish harbor where, if a crime was committed, it must inevitably be revealed.

On the day following the disaster it was found that only sixteen of the crew had escaped unhurt. Two officers, Jenkin and Merritt, and two hundred and fifty men had been killed. Of the one hundred and two who were saved, eight died from their injuries in the Havana hospitals. Expert divers worked about the wreck recovering the bodies and they were buried in a lot in the Havana cemetery dedicated to the use of the United States by the Spanish government. Subsequently the remains of the victims were removed to the United States.

An investigation conducted by American and Spanish officials, the latter holding that the explosion had been internal and therefore no suspicion could be cast on Spain, revealed that the *Maine* had been blown up by a mine placed beneath her forward section.

Proof of implicity of the Spanish officials could not be obtained and as a result, the catastrophe was not mentioned in the declaration of war nor in the peace conference which soon followed in Paris.

For forty days the people of the United States waited impatiently to learn the result of the *Maine* investigation, and when it was sent on March 28th, the entire population knew what would follow. Yet, Presidently McKinley withheld his message on the subject which was expected for fourteen days in order to give every American in Spain and Cuba a chance to leave these countries.

President McKinley's message reviewed the Cuban situation dispassionately and then announced that: "In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization and in behalf of endangered American interests which give us the right to speak and act, the war in Cuba must stop." The President then asked Congress to empower him to end the hostilities in Cuba, and to secure the establishment of a stable government, capable of maintaining order and observing its international obligations.

Congress empowered the President to act and an ultimatum was transmitted to Spain, whose answer to this brought a prompt declaration of war from the United States.

THE LONG GUESS

(Continued from page 9)

a bit of grub into his inside pocket where it would not freeze, and getting his bull's-eye dark lantern ready.

He was sure of his hunch about the bandits taking the trail into the Choco canyon country. He was sure he could get a good line on where they were headed, and possibly could run them clear to their hangout.

He repeated to himself that it was none of his concern if they stole the entire Dorton works. He had no call to interfere. The personal danger was nothing to be sniffed at. But if he ran the bandits down, alone and unarmed, old Dorton would be sure to come across with a substantial slice of the recovered money, so that he would not have to go on his next job broke. Boss Carney would be properly shown up, all the more because he had refused to take warning. And this unarmed pursuit of desperadoes would appeal to June. Being a very girlish girl, she would be impressed by that sort of thing—romantic and a bit heroic.

Scarcely two minutes after the shooting at the Mines ceased, Dane had plunged out into a blind, whirling night, groping his way along the summit toward the southeast trail.

HIS tiny gleam of light was swallowed up by darkness and flying snow. Changing drift had buried all recognizable signs. Sheeted and coiled spindrift, hard-driven by an unbroken Arctic gale, struck him with cudgel strokes. His sole guide was the direction in which the windrows of drift extended. Leaning against the blizzard, he pushed on swiftly; left the summit; tumbled and slid down into a gorge; and came upon the southeast trail in a drogue of birch.

A quick examination revealed no tracks. Partly sheltered by saplings, signs would last half an hour at least; and that long ago, the shooting had been going on. So the bandits, if they were going to take the southeast trail, had not yet passed; his shortcut had beaten them. Drawing Skag down beside him, Dane crouched a few steps away from the path.

Many minutes passed, his limbs were numbing in the fierce cold, he was beginning to doubt his long guess, when the dog's keen ears and keener nose caught scent and sound of a party approaching. Dane passed an arm around the dog and held his muzzle.

A light, a bull's-eye, flickered between the saplings. Dane sank down in the fluffy drift, waiting. The light wound nearer; he heard a gruff low voice and answer; heard the whine of racquet beam on dry snow. Then a black patch sped by him on the trail. Fur-swathed, carrying rucksacks, rifles in slings but belt-guns swinging open in their parka belts, two figures snowshoed past at a swift, wide-swinging run; and vanished in the dark.

Dane was astounded at there being only two bandits. Two could not have done all that rifle shooting. Had the others been killed? Or had they taken another trail? Or—?

He was out in the path examining the tracks to make sure there had been but two men, when a warning flashed across his brain. Barely in time he darkened his bull's-eye and stepped aside among the birches. Another light appeared, wormed along the trail toward him; and sped by noiselessly.

Dane breathed deep. "They're wise ducks, Skag," he commented. "Anybody pursuing them would be caught between two fires. That's their idea. And they're just wise enough to lay an ambush at the head of this gorge. It's a dandy place in case a posse from the Mines should go on their trail before it blows shut."

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Editor of THE LEATHERNECK
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Date .....

A team representing the .....

At .....

.....

Will fire THE LEATHERNECK TROPHY MATCH on Wednesday, February 23, 1938.

Signed .....

.....

Resolutely holding Skag—and himself—in leash, Dane gave them a full ten-minutes' lead before he stepped into the trail and swung in behind them. Close to the gorge ahead, he forked off into a side gulch, broke up over the brow of rock, and hit the trail several hundred yards beyond.

Silently he chuckled. He had out-guessed them again. No tracks had broken the virgin snow of the path.

He brushed his own signs shut and backed into a balsam clump. The bandits—all four together this time—passed him in a few minutes. He gave them a smaller lead now, for the wind was whipping tracks shut almost as fast as they were laid down.

It was an almost impossible job to follow them. Moonlight and starlight and glow from the Borealis were shut out by a pall of thick, low flung storm clouds. The intense dark was like a dead weight, intensified a dozenfold by the frigid inferno of the blizzard. By his bull's-eye which had a round spot of light with no spreading rays, even the plainest track was hard to see. At such time the trail itself, a dim blaze through buck-brush, balsam and dwarf timber, was hard enough to follow. Again and again the bandits went astray a short distance and had to retrace their steps. Depending upon Skag for a warning sign, Dane followed as close as he daréd. If the bandits turned off or crossed a wide open space, their trail would be lost irrecoverably.

For ten miles the path ran along the south ridge of Choco Valley, paralleling the river. Then, butting into a glacier where crevice-traps and ice-cliffs and pitted moraines were intraversable, it swerved down into the valley itself and followed the frozen glacier stream. The valley narrowed and narrowed, shaping itself for its thousand-foot canyon through which it plunged to join the mighty Susitna. The trail to which Dane stuck hour after hour, twisted sinuously across treacherous ice with white water beating just beneath; past frozen overfalls; along the foot of high basalt cliffs frosted with immense icicles; over the clean-swept path of dry slides; through tumbled boulder jumbles and drogues of wind-gnarled spruce rooted precariously on steep slopes.

Despite storm and raven darkness and perils of the path, the bandits set a swift pace in order to get clear away before the blizzard stopped. By four o'clock in the morning they were twenty-odd miles from the Dorton Mines; their tracks obliterated; their direction unknown except to the man who had clung to their trail all night.

Judging from his own sore muscles, Dane knew they shortly would have to stop and rest. Besides, the blizzard showed signs of slackening. They would not travel, even in that frosted and storm-clutched wilderness, in daytime or when their tracks would show.

Again he guessed right, and in time. He went more warily, alive to the danger. Rounding a jut at the foot of the cliff he saw fresh tracks break off left from the trail and plough down into the gorge. He slid the shutter across his light and caught Skag, whose growls threatened to break into his wolfish bark. Across the gorge, scarcely an arrow's flight away, a dim glow shimmered against the blackness—the glow of a hidden fire.

His heart missed a thump at the sight.

Had they seen his light? If they had they would be investigating in mighty short order. Snowshoes hastily reversed, Dane stepped back, jumped off the trail into a drift and waited.

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The sharp-needle pines soughed in the gale; fissures in the cliff-side above moaned hollowly, in voices so nearly human that Dane thought his ears were deceiving him, a moment later, when he caught low words just ahead at the jut.

"Where 'bouts did yuh see it, Burk?"

"Right 'ere," a second answered.

The bull's-eye played along the path.

"We messed up de trail till yuh can't see much," said the first. "But no tracks go on, an' none turn around an' go back."

As the light rested against the cliff-side at the jut, a third man laughed.

"Hell!" he grunted wearily, pointing to an icicle. "Burk saw our fire-glow reflected off dat damned thing! Let's git back an' eat. Dat bunch from de Mines are hot-footin' it sout' on de Chugger trail."

Dane watched them enter the glow of their camp. He crawled out of the drift and dusted the snow from his furs.

"Another long guess of ours, Skag," he laughed. "Glad they think nobody's around. If we watch, we may surprise 'em. If we don't watch sharp, they'll be stringing me to a tree and frying you for breakfast."

With the big malemute cat-footing along behind him, Dane slipped and slid down into the gorge and began inching his way up the slope toward the camp. Half-buried in the snow and warning Skag against the slightest noise, he crept cautiously up to the cliff base a dozen yards to the right of the cave. First making the dog lie flat so that its eyes would not gleam, Dane raised his head and shoulders behind a twisted hole and looked into the camp.

His scheme at that moment was to observe each man closely for later identification; to listen if possible on their further plans, to make a clean getaway, and then to bring the posse after them.

The four men were so close that he could see the color of their eyes. A snow-banked fire shone full into their faces and lit up the whole cave. In his memory Dane indelibly fixed each man of the evil-looking quartette. Their rifles rested against the rock wall, but their long-barrelled Russian-style Colts were in their belts. All four of them were big and rugged as Dane himself. But they did not look over-supplied with brains. He wondered how they had dared to tackle so big a job and how they had carried it through without a hitch.

His eyes left them and searched the cave. From signs his quick glances took in, he guessed they had made the place their headquarters from which to swoop upon the Dorton Mines at the right time. And he saw, too, that they were going to sleep there at least a few hours, before moving on. Probably would stay until darkness fell again.

Their voices, low and indistinguishable, were lost in the uproar of the gale. It was too dangerous to inch closer while four pairs of suspicious, roving eyes were watching. In spite of the coming of dawn in a couple hours and of the threatened laying of the blizzard, Dane waited.

Luck, abetted by his own cool daring and brain work, had stuck with him that long night. He had had, in the first place, no call to chase the bandit gang. It had been perilous. Largely it was luck and quick guessing on two occasions which had saved his life. He had already done more

than he had hoped to do at the outset. So far he had outguessed them; outwitted them. His reason told him it was time to get out while getting was good.

But as his glance went from the rucksacks, lying on the far side of the cave, to the bandits preparing for sleep, a scheme popped into his head. A smashing stunner, if he could carry it through! He jumped at the idea.

After a hastily gulped meal and a round of cigarettes the bandits prepared to rest. To Dane's disappointment they brought the rucksacks across the cave and piled them where they would be close at hand while they slept; but he could only hope that the men's utter exhaustion would still make his plan possible. He was glad they did not actually put the loot under their heads, but concluded that they had not had time to make a careful division and that they did not trust each other any too much—which was very near the truth.

With the precious bags at their feet, three of the bandits lay down and wrapped themselves in their blankets. The fourth man, Burk, swore at what was evidently repeated orders for him to stay awake during his watch and put out the fire at early dawn. He pushed the firesticks toward the center, drew his blanket around him, and stared into the spruce flame.

Still Dane waited, motionless, half frozen in his clothes which were damp with sweat.

In less than half an hour Burk was yawning with every other breath and fighting to keep awake. His weariness, his long trek in the cold, the meal and warm fire thereafter, were soporifics he could not resist. He got up and stamped about, but dozed again the moment he sat down. Finally, after bending over his companions to make sure they were sound asleep, he twisted his arm under him so that the pain would awake him in a short while and snored instantly.

Dane waited still a quarter of an hour, guarding against a trap, perfecting his scheme against a fatal slip-up.

Then, swishing his tracks shut so that the blizzard would be sure to finish blotting them, he crept back from the bole, made a half-circle down the slope, and approached the camp from the left side. Inch by inch he wormed through the snow, raising his head every few seconds to watch the sleeping figures. He crawled to the edge of the cave, where he paused cautiously. There was no sound save the breathing of the worn out men, so he crawled to within three steps of the rucksacks and waited patiently while the guard, already aroused by the pain of his arm, stirred, cursed sleepily, settled into a comfortable position with his arm free, and slept again.

Quickly, silently, Dane snaked forward past the sleeping forms, lifted the pouches and a portfolio from the rucksacks, and slid back to the mouth of the cave and into darkness. Still swishing his tracks shut, he crawled back to the big dog.

"We strike cross country for Chugger, Skag," he whispered. "Only eight miles there, but twenty-odd to Dorton Mines. Must get this stuff to the closest possible safety and get help to take those birds before they escape. If the blizzard lays pretty soon and they wake up and find our tracks, they'll make it hot for us. We can't travel fast toting this load. I don't want to get killed just yet. Things are looking up!"

The blizzard died at daybreak. Dane stopped a few moments for a mug-up. He was half way to Chugger settlement and sure of escaping the bandits, even if they had waked and found his tracks. Not a chance in a hundred of that. Yet, after a few bites, he made himself hurry on.

Four miles from Chugger he struck the south trail. Snowshoes, a full dozen, had beaten a path so recently that snow still tumbled into it. The posse, of course. On the wrong trail as the bandits had reckoned upon. Laughing silently, Dane hurried to catch them.

Not a half mile farther on, he was stopped short by a sharp voice from a larch thicket.

"Halt you! Jack 'em high!"

Another voice on the other side of the trail snapped the same order. He was ambushed. There was nothing to do but elevate.

"It's Boomer Dane!" somebody rasped. "What's he got in his hands? What's he doin' here?"

It was the voice of Boss Carney. The Mines posse of a dozen men, headed by Carney himself, stepped out of the larches and surrounded him. He looked from one to the other, dazed, too tired of brain and body to understand just what was happening.

Carney, a stocky man of forty, whose face showed exceptional driving power over men, stumped up to him and looked at the bags and portfolio.

His blank astonishment almost bowled him over.

"B'ys," his voice was throaty. "It's the dust an' payroll, all right, all right!"

"Hell! Whatta you think?" the whole party exclaimed.

They looked for themselves before believing.

Dane was half angry. Then men did not seem to be falling over each other to congratulate him; to give him a merited handshake. In fact they were scowling at him. He believed it was because they had counted upon getting the reward themselves.

He wetted his lips. "What else do you suppose it is?" he snapped. "While you were cavorting over this Chugger trail, I followed them and got it, every speck and penny."

"Followed who?" Carney demanded.

"The bandits that stuck up the Mines."

Carney laughed.

"Bandits? Ain't callin' yourself names, are you, Boomer?"

The other men laughed, an unpleasant, ominous mirth.

Across Dane's mind, for the first time, seared the realization that they thought him the robber. He looked from face to face; their eyes were boring into him. He knew them all by name; had been friends with half of them. They were roughened, steel-

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hard men; sturdy in friendship, but terribly quick with their justice. He knew their temper.

"Yes, the bandits!" he asseverated. "I followed them and recovered it while they were asleep."

In a sentence he told of his long guess about the trail, his pursuit and recovery of the money. "I was taking the stuff to Chugger for safety. Don't you believe it?"

"Yea, we believe it!" Carney sneered. "Y'bet! We're just kids!"

"O' course you haven't got the stuff on you, an' hittin' for the outside!" a big fellow added.

"You was in your cabin, o' course, when we went past last night!"

"O' course it wasn't you as shot an' killed Ed, my brother, when you stole this stuff!"

"An' Morley an' Stevenson!"

Their disbelief was a rock wall. Solidly arrayed against him, they scorned his lame explanation. He could see their side of it; could see how incriminating looked the circumstances they had caught him in.

Their flinty temper, their mention of kin and friends killed in the raid, brought home to Dane that he was not merely accused of something from which he could easily clear himself if given time; but was in stark peril of his life, *and would not be given time.*

He gripped himself. His words were cool and calculated.

"I don't blame you for suspecting me, fellows. It looks bad for me to have the stuff and be heading away from the Mines. I'll admit that. But what I told you is God's own truth. You don't believe it. The only way to settle it is to let me lead you back and take the bandits."

"We'll do the leadin'—with a rope!" Carney growled. "This is a case for Judge Lynch to settle."

"Stallin' for time an' a chance to get away," snarled the man whose brother had been killed.

"What are we pussy-footin' about, men?" Carney turned to them, fanning their temper. "Didn't we swear what we was goin' to do when we caught the party that done the killin' an' stealin'? Ain't that why we left the Deputy at home? Give me a rope, if you're afraid to start it!"

Instead of wilting in a nervous rigor; of resisting the noose that was fitted about his neck; of pleading or begging, Dane held himself in an iron grip. The slightest sign of fear would be fatal. His life hung upon his words. He knew it. It was his wits against their flinty passion. There was no mercy, no hesitancy in the faces of the hunting party.

He looked squarely at the men; forced them to meet his eyes; gave no sign of fear or guilt.

"I am going to say three things," he asserted, in his coolest, most nonchalant voice. "Then you may do as your judgment dictates."

"You're goin' to say nothin'!" Carney interrupted. "Your jig is danced."

"I'm going to say three things!" Dane repeated, smacking a fist into his palm. "It's my right. Is it not, men?"

He spoke past Carney to the men themselves. It was a strategic appeal. Carney would have whipped back a flat "No!" The men, even Laut, whose brother had been killed, were not so scant of mercy. They were willing to hear him. But their purpose was unshakable.

"It's your right," one answered.

"Two minutes!" another.

"Good. Two minutes are enough. I'm going to tell you three plain facts. You judge for yourself.

"First! You came over this Chugger trail. There were no tracks ahead of you, were there? That means I got here by another path, a roundabout way. You had to step out to get here. Could I have got this far, toting all this stuff, as quickly as you did by the straight cut? Heft those pouches and decide for yourself."

"Mightta," one spoke up. "It 'ud been hard, but you mightta."

"Mightta had the dog loaded."

"All right. Let that first point go. Second! I was up at my cabin last night while the fight was going on. I heard it. Could one rifle have done all that shooting and all that damage? You know very well that it couldn't."

"Sure it couldn't!" Carney interrupted.

"You had a gang. You was the brains. You was hep to the lay of things at the Mines, an' plotted this. You was goin' to split with 'em."

"If that were true," Dane reasoned tersely, still speaking to the men, "how could I have all this dust and cash? Would I have left this gang of mine? Come right out on a traveled trail, alone and unarmed? That's absurd. Wouldn't any of you have stuck with his gang and kept in hiding?"

Several of the men agreed with a slight nod. Carney saw the effect Dane's calm reasoning had upon them.

"Time's up!" he blared. "You've had your say."

"Not quite!"

Dane's voice had the snick of steel. It compelled attention.

"Not quite!" he repeated, speaking faster. "I've got a third thing to say. You accuse me of having a gang. Would I have warned the Mines yesterday afternoon that my gang was going to make a raid?"

"Warned the Mines?" half a dozen echoed.

"Exactly; that's what I did. I discovered that the wires leading south to Chugger and beyond were all three cut. I knew something was wrong. I phoned Carney here about it. The Mines operator heard every word. Carney refused to listen to my report. If he had taken my warning, you would have been ready for those bandits. If anybody is responsible for the deaths and plundering, that man is Boss Carney!"

It was a telling shot. The men looked at Carney.

"Did Boomer phone you like he says?" one queried.

"Why, why—Hell! No, he didn't," the boss stuttered.

"Carney," said Dane evenly, "you're lying to these men."

Carney turned purple with rage, but seemed at a loss for a moment for words. His hand jerked towards his gun, but seeing his men eyeing him he finally burst out, "*He's* the liar—and even if he did, what does it prove? Why, it proves he was gettin' an alibi ready. Proves he was tryin' to look innocent. Are you goin' to let this fellow jaw hisself clear, after him an' his gang robbed us of our pay an' shot down our brothers an' buddies? Ain't he got the loot on him? Didn't we catch him headin' away from the Mines? Hell's fire, ain't that enough?"

At the moment the posse was wavering. Dane's reasoning had almost swayed them from their purpose. Boss Carney's words reminded them of the rope business again.

In that intense, year-long second Dane's mind had never been clearer. An idea, vaguely turning in his brain for several minutes, suddenly became crystal clear. It was a long guess—

As Carney gestured toward a bare-limbed

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spruce aside from the path, Dane raised his hand and voice.

"Before you string me up, I want to tell you something. Last night I heard a few things that the bandits were saying. I know all about them. I'll tell you—one of you. Jim Laut, come here."

Laut stepped forward reluctantly, impatiently. Dane spoke to him; barely a dozen low words.

Laut's face puzzled; darkened; he gulped. "It's a damned lie of your's!" he exploded.

Dane spoke on—a few short sentences. Over Laut's features spread a swift change—a light of revelation.

"If that's true, an' it fits in—it's gotta be true." He grabbed the raw-hide from Dane's neck and swung upon his partners.

"We don't string up Boomer Dane, b'ys. We're goin' to give him a chance. We're goin' back where he says the bandits are."

Carney began an angry protest but Laut stood between him and Dane and stopped his spluttering.

"We're goin' to give Boomer his chance," Laut said firmly. "My brother was killed. If I say give Boomer a chance, that ought to go. Let's move!"

"They'll be gone," Boss Carney kept repeating, as the posse hurriedly retraced Dane's fresh tracks.

"Then we'll chase 'em to hell an' back," Laut answered each time.

"They'll be gone," Carney persisted, and seemed to take comfort in the thought.

But the bandits were not gone. They still slept in their secure canyon hiding. Scarcely three hours after Dane had left the gorge, the posse on the cliff opposite was looking across and right into the cave. Half a dozen rifles covered its mouth as Laut rose up and hailed the men inside.

By way of answer a steel-jacketed bullet sang over the spot where Laut quickly had crouched down.

"Don't let a man of 'em out alive!" Carney ordered. "We can shoot right into the cave. Get 'em all!"

"Shut up!" Laut interrupted. He seemed to have taken over the leadership. "Pull down them guns. We've got that bunch trapped. They can't budge witout gettin' killed; they can't stay there without gettin' killed. They know it. I'll palaver 'em."

From his hiding place Laut called across. Informed them they didn't have the loot. Promised safe conduct. Demanded surrender.

The answer was a surly bullet zimming over his head.

"Give you three minutes to answer different," Laut shouted. "We're a dozen to your four. Our first round will get every one of you. You can't touch us."

Two minutes passed. Then a kerchief tied to a rifle muzzle protruded from the cave.

"Come out an' line up!" Laut directed.

As the four bandits filed out, Dane grasped Laut by the arm.

"He's edging off. He's trying to break away and escape. Stop him!"

Boss Carney, who had maneuvered to the side of the posse, was worming toward a balsam thicket. At Laut's sharp order and the click of his rifle, Carney stopped. His red-veined face was drawn parchment tight. He was pallid and trembling—but not with cold.

Burk, seeing him as he stood erect, snarled, and reached where his gun belt had been.

"Yuh damned double-crosser! Yuh follow us an' swipe de money all for yuhself an' den bring dese guys here to wipe us out so's yuh'll be shut of us. If I had my gat—"

"Your cake's dough, Carney," Laut remarked. "Dane here heard your friends tellin' how you was the main squee-gee in this affair. That's what he told me back there. I saw through it; plain as day. It fitted with your refusin' to take warnin' about them cut wires. Fitted with your orderin' him to stay on the other lines last week. Fitted with your leadin' us astray on this Chugger trail."

He swung upon Dane. "Why in hell didn't you tell us Carney was the ring-leader, afore he had that raw-hide around your neck?"

Dane laughed sharply. "*I didn't know he was.*"

"But you told me—you said Carney—how the hell—?"

Dane laughed again. "It was a little headwork to save my neck. I saw Carney wanted to string me up too badly. It wasn't natural. He overdid it. That gave me the key to the circumstances I pointed out. I laid a long guess at his motive. I never heard them say a word about Carney. *He betrayed himself!*"

TEN days later Dane strode into the office of Jasper Dorton. The latter swung around in his chair. His face beamed in friendly fashion.

"Hello, Dane. Glad you're back. Have a pleasant vacation?"

"Very," Dane assented, smiling. "Very pleasant indeed."

"Spent all your reward money, I suppose?"

"Yes, about all of it."

"Then you can get down to work now. But first I'm going to give you some advice. Been thinking about you all week. Been sorry I canned you for something you didn't do. Your first big fault is that you take what people hand you instead of taking what you want. Fighting for it. That's why you let yourself be discharged for inaccurate work when the losses were due to the systematic thefts of that—that—"

Dorton reddened at the thought of his trusted manager.

"That's good advice," Dane assented heartily. "I've just realized it this week."

"Another thing!" Dorton continued. "You've got to stick to one place. Quit booming. Settle down. If you had half as much steadiness as you've got brains, I'd turn over the managership right now."

"Is that a promise?"

"Don't promise you anything. Even your assaying job is temporary, understand. You've first got to show me you're ready to quit booming. Settle down."

Dane edged his chair back to a discreet distance from his employer.

"Let me remind you, Mr. Dorton," he began, "that you just advised me: first, to take what I want; second, to settle down. Well, I'm settled. I'm married!"

Dorton's chair came down with a bang.

Dane also got to his feet. He stepped back.

"Married?" Dorton boomed, incredulous.

"Kindly remember you advised me to take what I wanted," Dane repeated. "I followed your advice."

He pointed out the window and across the "street." A dog team harnessed to a sled were sitting on their haunches. Skag, leader and tyrant, was thrashing a fractious young malemute for chewing his toggle line.

In the sled was a be-furred, girlish figure, looking anxiously across at the window as if she expected to see Dane viciously propelled therefrom.

At this point it is proper to mention that Jasper Dorton grabbed a chair, swung, missed, smashed it on his desk; and—then took Dane by the hand and called him "son."

THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on November 30	18,382
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT—November 30	1,337
Separations during December	3
	1,334
Appointments during December	0
Total Strength on December 31	1,334
ENLISTED—Total Strength on November 30	17,045
Separations during December	492
	16,553
Joinings during December	572
Total Strength on December 31	17,125
Total Strength Marine Corps on December 31	18,459

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, The Major General Commandant.

Brig. Gen. Clayton B. Vogel, The Adjutant and Inspector.

Brig. Gen. Seth Williams, The Quartermaster.

Brig. Gen. Harold C. Reisinger, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.
Brig. Gen. James J. Meade.
Col. Maurice E. Shearer.
Lt. Col. Charles T. Brooks.
Maj. Edwin J. Farrell.
Capt. Edmund B. Games.
1st Lt. John E. Weber.

Officers last to make numbers in grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.
Brig. Gen. James J. Meade.
Col. Oliver Floyd.
Lt. Col. John T. Walker.
Maj. Edwin J. Farrell.
Capt. Albert J. Keller.
1st Lt. John E. Weber.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

DECEMBER 13, 1937.

Lt. Col. John B. Sebree, about 31 Dec., 1937, detached MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., via USAT "Republic," sailing New York, N. Y., on 6 Jan., 1938, with delay in reporting to 1 March, 1938.

Major Blythe G. Jones, on arrival San Francisco, Calif., about 15 Dec., 1937, ordered to Hdqrs., Marine Corps., Wash., D. C.

Capt. Hal N. Potter, about 31, Dec., 1937, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., via USAT "Republic," sailing New York, N. Y., on 6 Jan., 1938.

Capt. Maxwell H. Mizell, on arrival San Francisco, Calif., about 13 Dec., 1937, ordered to MB, Quantico, Va., with delay of one month in reporting.

Capt. John H. Griebel, about 12 Dec., 1937, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to MD, USS "Sacramento."

1st Lt. Chandler W. Johnson, on arrival San Francisco, Calif., ordered to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., via USS "Henderson," sailing San Francisco, Calif., on 5 Jan., 1938.

1st Lt. Robert L. Denig, Jr., about 22 Dec., 1937, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as Assistant to Resident Inspector, Factory of Marmon-Herrington Co., Inc., Indianapolis, Ind., to report not later than 27 Dec., 1937.

1st Lt. Howard J. Turton, detached MD, USS "Sacramento" to MB, Quantico, Va., via "President Grant," due Seattle, Wash., 20 Jan., 1938.

1st Lt. William A. Kengla, about 14 Dec., 1937, detached MD, USS "Tulsa," to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. Robert E. Hommel, detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., relieved from temporary duty with 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to MD, USS "Tulsa."

2nd Lt. Odell M. Conoley, on 6 Dec., 1937, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China. About 31

(Continued on page 58)

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

DECEMBER 4, 1937.

Sgt. Robert Murray—Norfolk to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. John A. Witt—New York to Quantico.

DECEMBER 6, 1937.

Cpl. Cstanzo Cellucci—Air 2 to Air 1.

Cpl. John Stumpf—WC to Norfolk.

DECEMBER 7, 1937.

Sgt. Fred E. Miller—Norfolk to San Diego.

Pm Sgt. Walter Sandusky—Norfolk to San Diego.

Sgt. Wm. E. Nunn—USS "New York," to Norfolk.

Cpl. Kenneth S. Whitehouse—NOB, Norfolk to San Diego.

DECEMBER 8, 1937.

Pm Sgt. Vernet R. Fitzgerald—Guam to US.

Sgt. Harry D'Ortona—Portsmouth to FMF, Quantico.

1st Sgt. Robert T. Hartell—PI to New London.

Cpl. George H. Gould—Portsmouth to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. Charles H. McCaffrey—FMF, Quantico, to Boston.

DECEMBER 9, 1937.

Plat. Sgt. Jack Hopper—FMF, Quantico, to Portsmouth, NH.

Cpl. Owen M. Dillard—Yorktown to Annapolis.

Cpl. Edward C. Salkhaus—San Diego to New London.

Cpl. James P. Falzone—Norfolk to Boston.

DECEMBER 10, 1937.

Sgt. M. C. Peterson—USS "New York" to 6th Bn., FMCR.

Sgt. Harlan Austill—NOB, Norfolk, to Quantico.

Cpl. Jos. A. Mericantante—Hingham to Sea School.

Cpl. J. J. Griffin—FMF, Quantico, to Post.

Cpl. Sam Palmer—USS "New York" to San Diego.

DECEMBER 11, 1937.

Sgt. Lonnie H. McLain—WC to Boston.

DECEMBER 13, 1937.

Sgt. Hascal L. Ewton—Philadelphia to Norfolk SS.

Sgt. Edmond E. Arrant—USS "Babbitt" to P.I.

Cpl. James E. Shepherd—NTS to NOB, Norfolk.

Cpl. Bernard J. Stamm—Philadelphia to New York.

Cpl. John W. Terry, Jr.—Philadelphia to Great Lakes.

Cpl. Alfred F. Dick—Portsmouth to Norfolk SS.

DECEMBER 14, 1937.

Sgt. Major Patrick J. Lynch—Pearl Harbor to Mare Island.

Master Gy. Sgt. J. H. Satterfield—San Diego to Quantico.

Cpl. S. E. Moose—Pensacola to Air 1, Quantico.

DECEMBER 15, 1937.

Cpl. Loran W. Yentoch—FMF, San Diego to Pensacola.

Cpl. Allen L. Green—New York to Air 1, Quantico.

Cpl. Jack C. Williamson—MB, Washington to Hdqrs.

(Continued on page 59)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

COHO, John Walter, 11-30-37, New York for NOB, Norfolk, Va.

CLARK, Raymond Alexander, 11-30-37, Charleston, S. C., for Charleston, S. C.

FRYE, John W., 11-30-37, Savannah for MB, Parris Island.

DEIBERT, Howard LeR., 12-1-37, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.

McNEHL, Daniel J., 11-30-37, MBNY, Philadelphia for MBNY, Philadelphia.

ANDERSON, Hans, 12-1-37, Chicago for MBNY, Mare Island.

TROTTER, George E., 12-1-37, Kansas City for MBNY, Mare Island.

MEETZE, Robert E., 12-3-37, Savannah for MB, Parris Island.

SHAW, Thomas J., 12-2-37, New Orleans for MCB, San Diego.

BISHOP, George, 11-28-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

DeLaHUNT, Rames O., 11-23-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

O'BRANOVICH, John, 11-30-37, San Francisco for MBNY, Mare Island.

BIHM, Francis F., 11-27-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

BROWN, Claude, 11-29-37, Bremerton for MBNY, Bremerton.

DIRKES, John Fredrick, 11-29-37, USS "West Virginia" for USS "West Virginia."

GARZARELLA, Frank W., 11-29-37, MCB, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

INGLISH, Joe Adam, 11-30-37, USS "Portland" for USS "Portland."

WILLIAMSON, H. G., 12-2-37, Charleston for MBNY, Charleston, S. C.

RUMSOWER, Burnie L., 12-1-37, San Francisco for MCB, San Diego.

KERNS, Paul, 12-4-37, Newport for NOB, San Diego.

KIMMELSHUE, Mervin E., 12-4-37, Quantico for MCS, Quantico.

LEPPIG, George E., 12-4-37, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.

MURRAY, Joseph V., 12-6-37, New York for Portsmouth, Va.

SHREVE, Floyd P., 11-30-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

SMULSKI, Walter, 12-6-37, MB, Quantico for 1st Chem. Co., Quantico.

DINGWALL, David R., 12-7-37, Washington for Cavite, P. I.

GABLE, Ralph E., 12-7-37, Baltimore for MB, Washington, D. C.

ADAMS, Jacob, 12-3-37, Mare Island for NTS, Newport, R. I.

EASTERLING, Wm. A., 12-7-37, Quantico for MB, Quantico.

FLANDERS, Garnett E., 12-6-37, Parris Island for MB, Parris Island.

HUDSON, Othel, 12-5-37, Philadelphia for RSNY, Philadelphia.

KELLEY, Russell S., 12-7-37, MB, Quantico for MB, Quantico.

TOMITICH, Philipp, 12-5-37, MBNY, Portsmouth for Portsmouth.

ELDRIDGE, James W., 12-9-37, Washington, D. C., for Hdqrs.

ROBERTS, Roy Clifford, 12-7-37, MB, Parris Island for P. I.

SATANOSKI, David J., 12-6-37, MBNY, Boston for MBNY, Boston.

SLAUGHTER, Homer S., 12-9-37, Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.

(Continued on page 58)

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MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 57)

Dec., 1937, detached 4th Marines, to MD, American Embassy, Peiping, China.

2nd Lt. Mortimer A. Marks detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I.

2nd Lt. John J. Nilan, Jr. detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., with delay in reporting to 3 Jan., 1938.

Ch.Qm.Clk. Robert M. O'Toole, on arrival in San Francisco, Calif., ordered to MB, Quantico, Va.

Ch.PayClk. Timothy E. Murphy, about 31 Dec., 1937, detached MB, Puget Sound NYd, to MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I., via USS "Chaumont," sailing San Francisco, 5 Jan., 1938.

Following-named officers detached from stations indicated after their names and assigned to duty with 4th Marines, Shanghai, China: Major James A. Mixson, AQM, Depot of Supplies, San Francisco, Calif.; 2nd Lt. Donn C. Hart, Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.; 2nd Lt. Kenneth F. McLeod, Hqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.; Ch.Qm. Clk. Landreville Ledoux, Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

DECEMBER 20, 1937.

Maj. Francis I. Fenton, to duty at MB, Puget Sound NYd, delay one month.

Capt. John F. Hough, Jan. 1, detached MD, AE, Peiping, to Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, via "President Coolidge," sailing Kobe, Jan. 13.

Capt. Joseph J. Tavern, Jan. 21, detached MD, Babbitt, to MB, Quantico, via "Henderson," sailing Canal Zone, Jan. 24.

2nd Lt. Wendell H. Duplantis, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, to MD, Babbitt, via "Henderson," sailing San Francisco, Jan. 3.

2nd Lt. John A. Anderson, orders to MB, NOB, Norfolk, modified to proceed to MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, via "Republic," sailing New York, Jan. 6.

Ch.Qm.Clk. Rosco Ellis, on arrival at San Francisco, Dec. 13, ordered to duty at MCB, San Diego, delay one month.

DECEMBER 27, 1937.

Major Jacob M. Pearce, on 1 Jan., 1938, detached 15th Bn., FMCR, Galveston, Texas, to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., with delay in reporting until 17 Jan.

Major James M. Bain, on or about 1 Jan., 1938, detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

Capt. Lewis A. Hohn, AQM, appointed an Assistant Quartermaster.

Capt. Francis J. McQuillen, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., and relieved from temporary duty with Second Marine Brig., Shanghai, China, to duty as Chinese Language Student, Peiping, China.

Capt. Thomas B. Jordan, died 23 Dec., 1937.

1st Lt. Mercade A. Cramer, on arrival San Francisco, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., with delay of 2 months in reporting.

JANUARY 3, 1938.

Capt. John C. Munn, about 20 March, 1938, detached Aircraft One, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash. D. C.

Capt. John F. Hough on arrival U. S., about 1 Feb., 1938, ordered to MB, Quantico, Va., with authority to delay one month en route.

Capt. John A. Bemis, about 8 Jan., 1938, detached MD, AE, Peiping, China, to temporary duty with 2nd Marine Brig., Shanghai, China, awaiting further orders to U. S.

Capt. Robert B. Luckey, about 8 Jan., 1938, detached MD, AE, Peiping, China, to temporary duty with 2nd Marine Brig., Shanghai, China, awaiting further orders to U. S.

2nd Lt. Frederick A. Ramsey, Jr., about 8 Jan., 1938, detached MD, AE, Peiping, China, to temporary duty with 2nd Marine Brig., Shanghai, China, awaiting further orders to U. S.

2nd Lt. William N. McGill about 8 Jan., 1938, detached MD, AE, Peiping, China, to temporary duty with 2nd Marine Brig., Shanghai, China, awaiting further orders to U. S.

Capt. William F. Coleman, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., as of 27 Dec., 1937; relieved from temporary duty with 2nd Marine Brig., Shanghai, China, as of 31 Dec., 1937, to MD, AE, Peiping, China.

Capt. Fred D. Beans, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., as of 27 Dec., 1937; relieved from temporary duty with 2nd Marine Brig., Shanghai, China, as of 31 Dec., 1937, to MD, AE, Peiping, China.

2nd Lt. Raymond L. Murray, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., as of 27 Dec., 1937; relieved from temporary duty with 2nd Marine Brig., Shanghai, China, as of 31 Dec., 1937, to MD, AE, Peiping, China.

2nd Lt. Dixon Goen, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., as of 27 Dec., 1937; relieved from temporary duty with 2nd Marine Brig., Shanghai, China, as of 31 Dec., 1937, to MD, AE, Peiping, China.

2nd Lt. Herbert R. Amey, Jr., detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., as of 27 Dec., 1937; relieved from temporary duty with 2nd Marine Brig., Shanghai, China, as of 31 Dec., 1937, to MD, AE, Peiping, China.

1st Lt. John P. Condon, about 21 Jan., 1938, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Aircraft One, First Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., with authority to delay one month in reporting.

2nd Lt. Kenneth D. Kerby, about 21 Jan., 1938, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Aircraft One, First Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., with authority to delay one month in reporting.

2nd Lt. Elmer E. Brackett, on 21 Dec., 1937, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., with authority to delay in reporting to 28 Jan., 1938.

Following-named officers were promoted to the grades indicated on 30 December, 1937, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, with rank from the dates shown opposite their names: Lt. Col. Charles T. Brooks, 25 Nov., 1937; Major Frederick C. Biebush, 1 Nov., 1937; Major Gale T. Cummings, 25 Nov., 1937; Major Edwin J. Farrell, 1 Dec., 1937; Capt. Lewis C. Hudson, Jr., 25 Nov., 1937; Capt. Edmund B. Games, 1 Dec., 1937.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 57)

MALARO, Louis J., 12-8-37, Chicago for MB, Mare Island.
NEW, Jesse R., 12-8-37, MB, Parris Island for MB, Parris Island.
GEORGE, Reginald M., 12-10-37, Washington, D. C., for Hdqrs.
TAYLOR, Amos W., 12-5-37, Los Angeles for Rectg., Los Angeles.
BELCHER, Harold R., 12-3-37, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.
CLARK, Cecil H., 12-11-37, Parris Island for MB, Parris Island.
CRUIKSHANK, David E., 12-3-37, NAS, San Diego, for NAS, San Diego.
SHEVCHENKO, Nick, 12-7-37, NP, Mare Island, for NP, Mare Island.
SNIDER, Joseph R., 12-7-37, San Diego, for DB, San Diego.
STEPANOF, Charles A., 12-20-37, Pearl Harbor for Pearl Harbor.
STOCKDALE, Allen F., 12-6-37, DB, San Diego, for DB, San Diego.
ELLIS, Chesley A., 12-11-37, MB, Quantico, for PSBn, Quantico.
HARDY, Philip L., 12-11-37, Philadelphia for MB, Philadelphia.
HURST, Juett A., 12-12-37, Quantico for Aviation, Quantico.
MORTON, Arnold C., 12-11-37, Philadelphia for MB, Philadelphia.
STERLING, Lawrence E., 12-12-37, Quantico for RR, Det., Quantico.
GRASSER, Emil, 12-14-37, MB, Washington, for Marine Band, Washington.
KOCH, Wm. H., 12-12-37, Washington for Marine Band, Washington.
LLERA, Jose, 12-13-37, NAS, Pensacola, for MB, New York.
GREGG, Jess C., 12-15-37, MB Quantico, for FMF, Quantico.
KAIROT, Charles, 12-15-37, Norfolk for DofS, Norfolk.
QUINN, Raymond B., 12-15-37, MB, Quantico for FMF, Quantico.
WALSH, Kenneth A., 12-15-37, MB, Quantico, for Aviation, Quantico.
WENHOLD, Warren, 12-16-37, New York, for MB, New York.
CLEGHORN, Harold, 12-16-37, MB, Quantico, for PSBn, Quantico.
FOSTER, Arthur R., 12-9-37, NP, Mare Island, for MCB, San Diego.
GRILL, Frank, 12-6-37, Bremerton, for PSNY, Bremerton.
HAYNES, Cecil O., 12-10-37, Keyport, for NTS, Keyport.
McCLAIN, Harry, 12-10-37, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.
TYLER, Floyd E., 12-11-37, Mare Island, for MB, Mare Island.

YOUNG, Howard H., 12-16-37, So. Charleston for So. Charleston, W. Va.
KILGORE, Julian C., 12-15-37, Macon for MB, Parris Island.
REGISTER, George G., 12-15-37, Savannah for MB, Norfolk.
JOUANILLOU, Emile P., 12-13-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.
McKINNEY, Emmett B., 12-13-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.
BISSINGER, Frederick M., 12-12-37, San Diego for San Diego.
BLOCK, J. L., 12-17-37, NTS, Great Lakes for NTS, Great Lakes.
CAVEN, Robert M., 12-18-37, MB, Cavite, for MB, Cavite, P. I.
GREENBERG, Louis, 12-18-37, NAS, Lakehurst, for NAS, Lakehurst.
MARCUS, Arthur R., 12-13-37, NAS, San Diego, for NAS, San Diego.
PATTERSON, Glenn B., 12-13-37, Mare Island for NP, Mare Island.
SMITH, Lincoln, 12-13-37, FTB, San Clemente Island, for FTB, San Clemente Island.
VOITEL, Fritz R., 12-19-37, MB, Washington, for Marine Band, Washington.
CARROLLO, Frank T., 12-20-37, New York for MBNY, New York.
GREEN, Dennis, 12-20-37, Baltimore for MB, Parris Island.
VAUGHAN, Edgar S., 12-19-37, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.
BOWEN, Eugene G., 12-15-37, San Francisco for MCB, San Diego.
HAMILTON, Douglas, 12-15-37, San Francisco for 12th Bn., FMCR.
BROWN, Ernest B., 12-20-37, MB, Quantico, for MB, Quantico.
CHRISTMAS, Walter E., 12-19-37, MB, Quantico for FMF, Quantico.
GAYNOR, Leon J., 12-20-37, MBNY, New York, for MBNY, New York.
GENOBLES, William J., 12-20-37, MB, Quantico, for MB, Quantico.
JONES, Virgil, 12-21-37, Washington, for MB, Washington.
KELLEY, Fred H., 12-20-37, Philadelphia for 6th Bn., FMCR.
STEAMER, Charley, 12-9-37, RS, San Diego, for MBNY, Mare Island.
YOUNG, Harold, 12-20-37, MB, Quantico, for MB, Quantico.
MERICANTANTE, J. A., 12-21-37, Hingham for MBNAD, Hingham.
SWAFFARD, Merrill G., 12-14-37, NAS, San Diego, for NAS, San Diego.
BANTA, Sheffield M., 12-22-37, MB, Quantico, for PSBn, Quantico.
STEWART, Wm. T., 12-23-37, New Orleans for NOB, Norfolk.
BOYD, Oliver F., 12-18-37, MBNY, Mare Island, for MBNY, Mare Island.
BURNS, Robt. V., 12-23-37, MB, Quantico, for MB, Quantico.
CAMPBELL, James M., 12-17-37, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.
DUSTAN, Ralph E., 12-17-37, MCB San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.
FERN, Bernard H., 12-16-37, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.
GRAY, Joe M., 12-22-37, MB, Pensacola, for MBNAS, Pensacola.
SHOEMAKER, Ivan, 12-22-37, MB, Pensacola, for MB, Pensacola.
SLOAN, John C., 12-17-37, MB, Hawthorne, for MB, Hawthorne.
STROMSTAD, Erick, 12-16-37, San Francisco for RS, San Francisco.
ADRIANSEN, J. A., 11-1-37, Shanghai for Shanghai.
MALONE, Frank R., 12-20-37, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.
REA, Gordon L., 12-15-37, Shanghai for Shanghai.
REYNOLDS, Maurice V., 12-27-37, MBNY, New York, for MCB, San Diego.
ROBAR, Joseph A., 12-18-37, NAD, Mare Island, for MCB, San Diego.
ROGERS, J. J., 12-23-37, MB, Quantico, for MB, Quantico.
SHIREY, Leonard J., 12-26-37, Norfolk for NOB, Norfolk.
SIMMONS, Lionel E., 12-21-37, Shanghai for Shanghai.
WAGES, Willie L., 12-23-37, Peiping for Peiping.
WILBURN, Richmond W., 12-20-37, Shanghai for Shanghai.
YAGER, Elmer F., 12-22-37, Shanghai for Shanghai.
BUGARY, John E., 12-28-37, Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.
WINGATE, Henry B., 12-28-37, Baltimore, for NP, Portsmouth.
FRENCH, Ford McK., 12-27-37, Chicago for MBNY, Mare Island.
KEY, Newburn, 12-26-37, Parris Island for Parris Island.
NEWKIRK, Herbert R., 12-28-37, Quantico for MB, Quantico.

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DOUGHERTY, James J., 12-29-37, Philadelphia for NY, Philadelphia.
FITZGERALD, G. L., 12-29-37, Chicago for RD, Chicago.
BALLINGER, Vaughn G., 12-21-37, Seattle for PSNY, Bremerton.
HOWELL, Marion Lyle, 12-18-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.
KELLY, Irving N., 12-22-37, USS "Astoria" for USS "Astoria."
PLUMADORE, Joseph A., 12-22-37, Mare Island for PSNY, Bremerton.
WALSH, Earnest E., 12-21-37, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 57)

Cpl. Howard M. Payne—NYd, Washington, to Pl.
Cpl. Frank C. Buchner, Jr.—FMF, Quantico, to DofS, Philadelphia.
DECEMBER 16, 1937.
Sgt. Wade M. Coggins—New York to FMF.
DECEMBER 17, 1937.
MTS. Fred M. Steinhaus—Quantico to San Diego.
Sgt. Paul G. Avernethy—Quantico to Cuba.
DECEMBER 18, 1937.
Sgt. Major Clyde R. Darrah—Quantico to Pearl Harbor.
1st Sgt. James H. Webber—Norfolk to Mare Island.
1st Sgt. Claud A. Mudd—Portsmouth, N. H., to Mare Island.
1st Sgt. Edwin C. Clarke—New London to Mare Island.
Plat. Sgt. Leon J. Gaynor—New York to Mare Island.
Sgt. Walter A. Chesnausky—USS "Wyoming" to Boston.
DECEMBER 23, 1937.
Staff Sgt. Stephen Vick—Aviation—Quantico to VI.
Sgt. Angus H. McAdory—Mare Island to Norfolk.
Sgt. Wm. S. Dugger—Aviation, San Diego, to Aviation, Quantico.
Cpl. W. E. Reeves—Quantico to San Diego.
Cpl. Oscar C. McBride—St. Thomas to Aviation, Quantico.
DECEMBER 27, 1937.
Plat-Sgt. Hillery L. Robinson—NOB, Norfolk, to Quantico.
Cpl. Marvin G. Myers—USS "New York" to Newport.
Sgt. Stace Shimboski—FMF, Quantico, to Cuba.
DECEMBER 29, 1937.
Sgt. Wayne O. Taylor—Air 2 to Norfolk fft VI.
Cpl. H. A. Holthus—Air 2 to Norfolk fft VI.
DECEMBER 31, 1937.
Sgt. John W. Baker—St. Julien's Creek to Norfolk.
Sgt. Wm. R. Hopkins — Quantico to Charleston, S. C.

RESERVE CHANGES
Appointments

The following appointments have been made in the Marine Corps Reserve:
1st Lt. Abner J. Beall, FMCR, 2114 McDowell St., Augusta, Ga. Rank from December 13, 1937, No. 3.

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2nd Lt. James R. Clark, FMCR, E. 1317 Carlisle Ave., Spokane, Wash. Rank from December 23, 1937, No. 1.

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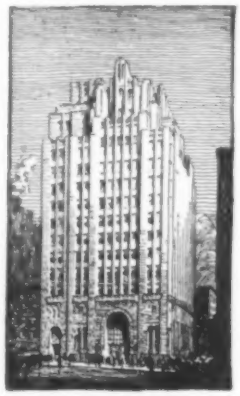

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2nd Lt. Charles F. Duchein, VMCR, 429 N. Blvd., Baton Rouge, La. Rank from July 1, 1936, No. 14.

2nd Lt. Walter R. Lytz, VMCR, 1707 21st St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Rank from December 2, 1937, No. 1.

2nd Lt. Lewis N. Samuelsen, VMCR, 259 61st St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Rank from December 2, 1937, No. 2.

2nd Lt. William R. Tumbelston, VMCR, 9550 Bustletone Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Rank from November 18, 1937, No. 2.

The following promotions were made in the Marine Corps Reserve:

Major Richard L. Dineley, VMCR. Rank from May 22, 1936, No. 1½.

Major Frederick W. Hopkins, VMCR. Rank from July 1, 1936, No. 7.

Captain Lewis M. Andrews, VMCR. Rank from December 23, 1936, No. 8.

Captain Arthur vonB. Menken, VMCR. Rank from July 1, 1937, No. [illegible]

1st Lt. Gilbert B. Mattson, FMCR. Rank from October 1, 1937, No. 1.

1st Lt. William O. Wall, Jr., FMCR. Rank from December 13, 1937, No. 1.

1st Lt. Thomas H. Stafford, Jr., FMCR. Rank from December 13, 1937, No. 2

The following separations have occurred from the Marine Corps Reserve:

RESIGNED:

1st Lt. Cecil C. Phelps effective December 14, 1937.

2nd Lt. Alma R. Jensen, effective December 14, 1937.

DISCHARGED:

2nd Lt. Alfred S. Reynolds, effective December 15, 1937.

Aviation Cadet Dale J. Graham, effective December 29, 1937.

TRANSFERRED TO RESERVES

Staff Sergeant Gabriel Rosbach, Class II (d), January 27, 1938. Future address: c/o General Delivery, Pass Christian, Mississippi.

Sergeant Major Samuel H. Wood, Class II (d), January 14, 1938. Future address: 248 Noe Street, San Francisco, California.

Sergeant John H. Bender, Class II (d), January 14, 1938. Future address: c/o General Delivery, Sacramento, California.

Quartermaster Sergeant Charles R. Butt, Class II (d), January 14, 1938. Future address: 721 Clark Avenue, Bellflower, California.

Master Gunnery Sergeant Carl Hicks, Class II (d), January 14, 1938. Future address: Army and Navy Y. M. C. A., San Diego, California.

Sergeant Abraham VanR. Smith, Class II (b), December 31, 1937. Future address: 1008 5th Avenue, San Bernardino, California.

Corporal James C. Pence, Class II (b), December 31, 1937. Future address: 710 Octavia Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

Master Gunnery Sergeant John C. Miller, Class II (b), December 31, 1937. Future address: Triangle, Virginia.

Sergeant Major Samuel C. Dean, Class II (d), December 31, 1937. Future address: c/o General Delivery, Bremerton, Washington.

First Sergeant Donald McDonald, Class II (d), December 15, 1937. Future address: Quinta Donald, Managua, Nicaragua.

Private First Class Christ K. Scheck, Class II (b), December 6, 1937. Future address: 1235 Eleventh Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C.

Private First Class John F. Phillips, Class II (b), December 10, 1937. Future address: c/o C. E. McGowan, Auburndale, Massachusetts.

Master Technical Sergeant Louis Rossich, Class II (d), December 14, 1937. Future address: Managua, Nicaragua.

Corporal Jack D. Liddell, Class II (b), December 23, 1937. Future address: 206 South-West Montgomery Street, Portland, Oregon.

RETIREMENTS

The following named men were placed on the retired list of enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps on the date set opposite each name:

Platoon Sergeant Carl Richartz, USMC, January 1, 1938.

Sergeant Charley W. Scott, FMCR, January 1, 1938.

First Sergeant Charles C. Terry, FMCR, January 1, 1938.

Staff Sergeant Thomas H. Lawyer, FMCR, January 1, 1938.

Quartermaster Sergeant Richard O. E. Saunders, FMCR, January 1, 1938.

Sergeant Harry Boyle, FMCR, January 1, 1938.

Paymaster Sergeant Albert H. Long, USMC, December 1, 1937.

Principal Musician Lee Sanford, FMCR, December 1, 1937.

Private Percy G. Thomas, USMCR, January 1, 1938.

DEATHS

The following deaths have been reported to Marine Corps Headquarters during the month of December, 1937:

Officers

JORDAN, Thomas B., Capt., USMC, died December 23, 1937, of disease at Graduate Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa. Next of kin: Mrs Margaret F. A. Jordan, wife, 620 E. 34th St., Baltimore, Md.

BRENNAN, James J., 1st Lieut., USMC, retired, died December 30, 1937, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa. Next of kin: Mrs. Marie Brennan, wife, 2135 Ritner St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Enlisted Men

ANDERSEN, Robert C., Pvt., USMC, died December 7, 1937, in the U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, California, of intracranial injuries received in an automobile accident. Next of kin: Mr. Fred A. Andersen, foster-father, 4006 S. E. Oak St., Portland, Oregon.

DEEM, Carl L., Cpl., USMC, died November 18, 1937, of asphyxiation by carbon monoxide gas near Dumfries, Virginia. Next of kin: Mrs. Susan Harris, mother, R. F. D. No. 6, Paris, Ill.

IMOBERSTEG, William T., QM. Sgt., USMC, died December 3, 1937, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Mare Island, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Olive Imobersteg, wife, 1352 Cabrillo Ave., Burlingame, Calif.

SCHWEGMAN, Herbert G., Pvt., USMC, died November 20, 1937, of disease at Marine Barracks, Mare Island, California. Next of kin: Mrs. Pearl Williamson, mother, 423-D East Solo, Santa Barbara, Calif.

WILLIAMS, Thomas E., Pvt., USMC, died December 12, 1937, of an accidental gunshot wound at San Diego, California. Next of kin: Mr. Clarence E. Williams, father, 3005 28th St., San Diego, Calif.

BOYD, William J., Sgt. Major, USMC, retired, died November 16, 1937, of disease at Memorial Hospital, Cumberland, Md. Next of kin: Mr. Cecil E. Wentworth, nephew, 832 Union Ave., Baltimore, Md.

COLLINS, George, Pvt., USMC, retired, died October 30, 1937, of disease at Yakima, Washington. Next of kin: Mr. John Collins, brother, Gillette, Colorado.

GELRUD, Sam, Sgt. Major, USMC, retired, died December 14, 1937, of disease at Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Carrie E. Gelrud, wife, 1620 N. Port St., Baltimore, Md.

JOHNSON, John, QM. Sgt., USMC, retired, died December 16, 1937, of disease at Yeadon, Pa. Next of kin: Mrs. Katherine M. Johnson, wife, 918 Yeadon Ave., Yeadon, Pa.

COBB, Ernest D., Cpl., Class VI, USMCR, inactive, died August 31, 1936, as the result of an accident near Bernalillo, New Mexico. Next of kin: Florence Brush, 1214 Seymour Ave., Utica, N. Y.

HENDRIX, Marion W., Pvt., 1-Cl., Class VI, USMCR, inactive, died September 22, 1937, by being crushed by a falling tree at Detroit, Oregon. Next of kin: Walter Hendrix, father, Alsea, Oregon.

PROMOTIONS

TO FIRST SERGEANT:
John J. Sedlak

TO GUNNERY SERGEANT:
Ernest P. Fritts

TO STAFF SERGEANT:
Leon Konesky

TO PLATOON SERGEANT:
William T. Myers
George S. Plantier

TO SERGEANT (REGULAR WARRANT):
John A. Lochner
Samuel Solomon
Francis L. Miller
Paul L. Harr
Edward Bourquin
Dale H. Ehresman
Joseph P. Hemm
Good Burleson
Donald H. Skinner

TO SERGEANT (SHIP AND SPECIAL WARRANT):
Harry H. Clay
Ellsworth C. Hale
Albert C. Engeretson
Azor J. Rhea
Jewel M. Wickers
Roy Carey
Roy Lindsey
William S. Vaiden
Joseph Parenti
Frederick A. Lock

TO CORPORAL (REGULAR WARRANT):
Loren F. Hedderly
Louis E. Brust
Olen R. Keith
Walter E. Mauldin
Charles O. Meck
Ben Sutts
Robert H. Ketchens
Wane Clark
Reuben E. Baker
Fred Krasco
Edward J. Powers
Herbert L. Gault
Jack N. Thomas
Thomas Connelly
Carl Whitted
Henry B. Branam
Cecil M. McGee
Chester R. Land
Andy C. McNeill
Stanley J. Bozoski
Way Holland
Frank V. Quillan
John H. Wolcott
Murray E. Jackson
Madison R. Rigdon
Edwin D. Dodd
Didley B. Leford
David P. Wilson
Earl Hall
Carl W. Nickerson
James F. Dalton
George J. Bruno
Allan M. Otis
Jess W. Oliver
Eugene F. Zacharias
George C. Lafferty
Leslie H. Suggs
Philip F. Habell
Hiram H. Hogg
Theodore R. Vandermark
Orian M. Henderson
George Smith
Joe W. Jenkins
Walter T. Bloodgood
Olie C. Dodson
Wayne Traywick
Clebourne M. Coffey
Merrill M. Wilson
Richard C. Dale
Charles B. Galkowski
Frank E. Sylvester
Martin W. Mullin
Fred K. Thornton

TO CORPORAL (SHIP AND SPECIAL WARRANT):
Sylvester J. Arbes
Harry N. McClellan
William J. Devitt
James L. Jones
Henry S. Teklinski
Lawrence V. Attebery
Wilfred C. Vienneau
Marcus H. Muncy
William J. Kane
Theodore R. Engleman
David W. Taffinder
Herbert S. White
Charles O. Meek
Elmer R. Wirta
John S. Matthews
Harold C. Howard
William A. Goodoff
Bernard H. Manning
William L. Gore
Raeford Williams
William G. Leeman
Fred McBride
Lewis F. Hughes
Clay A. Boyd
Carmen Caprio
Remock T. Buehman
William H. Haynes
John McI. McCarty
George W. Foster
Dorsey A. Pulliam
Claude L. Brent
Charles H. Lynch

TO FIELD COOK:
Lawrence J. Durso
Joseph P. Mulqueen
James A. Boyle

TENTATIVE SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Leave San Francisco 5 January; arrive San Pedro 7 January, leave 7 January; arrive San Diego 8 January, leave 8 January; arrive Honolulu 16 January, leave 17 January; arrive Guam 30 January, leave 31 January; arrive Manila 5 February, leave 7 February; arrive Shanghai 11 February.

HENDERSON—Leave San Francisco 3 January; arrive San Pedro 5 January, leave 6 January; arrive San Diego 7 January, leave 10 January; arrive Canal Zone 20 January, leave 24 January; arrive Guantanamo 27 January, leave 27 January; arrive NOB Norfolk 31 January, leave 14 February; arrive Guantanamo 18 February, leave 18 February; arrive Canal Zone 21

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February, leave 24 February; arrive San Diego 6 March, leave 8 March; arrive San Pedro 9 March, leave 11 March; arrive San Francisco 13 March. Note: To depart San Francisco about 28 March for Honolulu, Guam and Manila.

NITRO—Leave NOB Norfolk 3 January; arrive Guantanamo 7 January, leave 7 January; arrive Canal Zone 10 January, leave 5 February; arrive Guantanamo 8 February, leave 8 February; arrive Culebra Area 10 February, leave 14 February; arrive NOB Norfolk 19 February.

ANTARES—Philadelphia. "Antares" to operate with Training Detachment from about 7 January to about 16 March.

SIRIUS—Overhaul at Navy Yard, New York—7 December, 1937, to 8 February, 1938. Leave New York 15 February; arrive Boston 16 February, leave 24 February; arrive Philadelphia 26 February, leave 4 March; arrive NOB Norfolk 5 March, leave 18 March; arrive Guantanamo 23 March, leave 23 March; arrive Canal Zone 26 March, leave 31 March; arrive San Diego 12 April, leave 14 April; arrive San Pedro 15 April, leave 16 April; arrive Mare Island 18 April, leave 30 April; arrive Puget Sound 3 May.

VEGA—Leave San Diego 28 December; arrive Canal Zone 9 January, leave 12 January; arrive Guantanamo 15 January, leave 15 January; arrive NOB Norfolk 20 January, leave 7 February; arrive Guantanamo 12 February, leave 12 February; arrive Canal Zone 15 February, leave 18 February; arrive San Diego 2 March, leave 4 March; arrive San Pedro 5 March, leave 8 March; arrive Mare Island 10 March. Note: "Vega" will probably depart Mare Island for East Coast about 24 March.

SALINAS—Leave Charleston 27 December; arrive Norfolk 29 December, leave 10 January; arrive Guantanamo 15 January, leave 18 January; arrive Houston 23 January, leave 24 January; arrive Charleston 29 January, leave 31 January; arrive Norfolk 2 February, leave 16 February; arrive Houston 23 February, leave 24 February; arrive Norfolk 3 March.

RAMAPO—Leave San Pedro 3 January; arrive Guam 27 January, leave 28 January; arrive Manila 3 February.

Headquarters Bulletin

Number 147, December 15, 1937

EXAMINATIONS FOR PROMOTION

Examinations for promotion of the following-named officers will be conducted on or about 28 March, 1938:

3 Lieutenant Colonels—Lt. Col. Earl C. Long; Lt. Col. Seldon B. Kennedy; Lt. Col. Miles R. Thacher.

3 Majors—First three Majors selected by 1938 Board.

15 Captains—Captain Ralph D. Leach, Captain George W. McHenry, Captain William L. McKittrick, Captain Charles W. Pohl, Captain Stanley E. Ridderhof, Captain Morris L. Shively, Captain Max D. Smith, Captain David A. Stafford, Captain Erwin Mehlinger, Captain Donald Spicer, Captain Frank P. Snow, Captain Chesley G. Stevens, Captain Walter W. Wensinger, Captain Lawson H. M. Sanderson, Captain Jacob F. Plachta.

Second Lieutenants completing three years' commissioned service on 6 June, 1938, to 1 July, 1938.

The examinations of Second Lieutenants holding revocable commissions of the classes of 4 June, 1936, and 1 July, 1936, will also be conducted on or about 28 March, 1938.

The promotion examination of Second Lieutenants who successfully completed the regular Basic School Course, Marine Corps Schools (those who took the Short Course from 5 July to 30 September, 1935, must have also completed the Special Correspondence Course which is a part thereof), and who made passing marks in the subjects of "Military Law," "Military Topography" and "Ordnance and Gunnery" on the written examination held prior to the expiration of the two year revocable period, will cover the following subjects:

Command and Administration
International Law (Rules of Land Warfare)
Aviation.

The subject of Spanish will not be included in the examinations for promotion.

Exemption in the subject of International Law will be given on examination for promotion for officers holding certificates of satisfactory completion of the Naval War College correspondence course in International Law and certificates of graduation, or diplomas, from the senior and junior courses, and field officers and company officers courses, Marine Corps Schools, except that if at some time a candidate for promotion has been found by a naval examining board markedly deficient in his written examination, his record, or both, the board may examine him in the subject of International Law regardless of the fact that he has completed the correspondence course in that subject or holds a certificate of graduation or diploma from the schools mentioned.

NAVY RELIEF SOCIETY

From: The President, Navy Relief Society.
To: The Chief of Bureau of Navigation and The Major General Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps.
Subject: Contributions to the Navy Relief Society.

1. It is believed that the Service generally would be much interested in learning of the contributions of two retired men, residents of the U. S. Naval Home, viz: James M. Scanlon, C. W. T., and Sergeant William Weaver, USMC, who by their last will and testament left their estates to this Society.

2. This action of the above mentioned men and their contributions to this Society shows very clearly their confidence in its administration as well as their desire to aid those dependents of Naval Personnel who are in need of financial assistance.

3. The estate of Chief Water Tender Scanlon netted the Society after the taxes had been deducted the sum of $2,700.00 and that of Sergeant Weaver of $900.00.

4. It is suggested that the above action of these men be brought to the attention of the Officers and men of the Navy and Marine Corps.

WILLIAM D. LEAHY, President.

The above interesting letter is printed for the information of the service.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS' VACANCIES

A noncommissioned officer of the rank of corporal, or higher, may be recommended for a commission by any general, field officer, or officer in command of a company or detachment, if, in the opinion of that officer, the aspirant has the moral, mental, and physical qualifications required of an officer in the Marine Corps.

Any noncommissioned officer who meets the requirements regarding age and length of service, and who feels that he has the basic education to pass the mental examinations, should communicate immediately with his immediate commanding officer. A candidate should have a first class high school education and at least two years of college training, or its equivalent.

The following are the requirements for candidates from the ranks in the Marine Corps:

(a) Must be over 21 but less than 27 years of age when commissioned, about 1 July; single, citizens of the United States.

(b) Must have completed two years of enlisted service by 1 July.

(c) Must qualify in preliminary and final examinations in the following subjects: United States history, English grammar and composition, general history, geography, algebra (quadratics and beyond), geometry (plane and solid), trigonometry (plane and spherical), physics (elementary). Also TWO subjects to be chosen by the candidate from: calculus (differential and integral), electricity, and English and American literature.

HEADQUARTERS, U. S. MARINE CORPS

Washington, 17 December, 1937.
Circular Letter No. 235

From: The Major General Commandant.
To: All Officers.
Subject: Special Order Discharges.

1. It is the present policy of the Major General Commandant to approve special order discharges under the following conditions only:

(a) Three months prior to expiration of enlistment (if more than one enlistment and record is clear. A four year extension will be considered equivalent to a reenlistment).

(b) To accept Civil Service position (applicant must submit conclusive evidence of appointment).

(c) To accept position as Federal Bank Guard, or with City or State Police (applicant must submit conclusive evidence of appointment).

(d) Dependency—Cases where it is shown that destitution has arisen in the home since enlistment, through no fault of the man concerned, which can be relieved by the discharge of the man, and can not be relieved in any other way.

T. HOLCOMB.

Seniority List, Technical Sergeants

AS OF 28 DECEMBER, 1937

AVIATION

1.	Budrow, Joseph H.	July 1, 1920
2.	Berry, Bert R.	Jan. 1, 1921
3.	Smith, Ike S.	Aug. 15, 1921
4.	Mettetal, Eugene	Jan. 12, 1923
5.	Sears, Anthony J.	June 18, 1923
6.	Paszkiewicz, Andrew J.	Feb. 12, 1924
7.	Blanks, Hugh A.	July 1, 1924
8.	Markle, William R.	Jan. 1, 1925
9.	Kildow, Hopwood C.	Feb. 2, 1925
10.	Davey, Stanley G.	Sept. 16, 1925
11.	Royalty, Ollie S.	Jan. 1, 1926
12.	Godbee, Powell W.	Jan. 20, 1926
13.	May, Russell D.	April 8, 1926
14.	Wilson, James C.	April 8, 1926
15.	Smith, George H.	Feb. 3, 1927
16.	Wilson, William F.	Jan. 1, 1928
17.	Sessions, Clevie	July 23, 1928
18.	Hendershot, Albert W.	Aug. 15, 1928
19.	Scofield, Walter E.	Aug. 16, 1928
20.	Papen, Herman A.	Sept. 11, 1928
21.	Lewis, William C.	Jan. 14, 1929
22.	O'Connor, Frederick	Jan. 21, 1929
23.	Steele, Dugald L.	Jan. 21, 1929
24.	Sullivan, Frank J.	Feb. 1, 1929
25.	Mahon, Cecil	March 1, 1929
26.	Anderson, Adolph J.	Aug. 6, 1929
27.	Norris, Luther G.	Sept. 5, 1929
28.	Dunn, Edward L.	Dec. 1, 1929
29.	Bradley, James J.	Dec. 18, 1929
30.	Cox, Max	Feb. 11, 1930
31.	Fitzsimmons, Eugene J.	July 1, 1930
32.	Gerey, John	July 1, 1930
33.	Jahant, George A.	July 1, 1930
34.	Johnson, Melville T.	July 1, 1930
35.	Reynolds, Thomas W.	July 1, 1930
36.	Rodgers, Hubert M.	July 1, 1930
37.	White, Willie A.	July 1, 1930
38.	Williams, Neal G.	July 1, 1930
39.	Winchester, Nero M.	July 1, 1930
40.	Smith, Lloyd E.	July 22, 1930
41.	Burns, Robert V.	March 13, 1931
42.	Maddy, Leo S.	March 13, 1931
43.	Cole, Carlton G.	March 13, 1931
44.	Haas, Albert I.	March 14, 1931
45.	Knopf, Oscar A.	March 14, 1931
46.	Cordell, Ivy R.	May 26, 1931
47.	Cole, George	June 4, 1931
48.	Collier, Zadik	June 4, 1931
49.	Wiart, Marcel J.	June 9, 1931
50.	Adams, Leo W.	July 13, 1931
51.	Holmes, Darryl R.	Feb. 23, 1932
52.	Darner, Lawrence R.	April 1, 1932
53.	Wester, William C.	April 10, 1933
54.	Peters, Emil S.	July 20, 1934
55.	Cooper, Charles P.	July 25, 1934
56.	Schwab, John C.	July 25, 1934
57.	Eakes, John T., Jr.	July 27, 1934
58.	Beauchamp, Frank J.	Nov. 14, 1934
59.	Critz, Thomas E.	Nov. 19, 1934
60.	Word, William E.	Dec. 26, 1934
61.	Cortright, Louis A.	Feb. 11, 1935
62.	Staph, William L.	Feb. 11, 1935
63.	Woodruff, William L.	Feb. 18, 1935
64.	Roberts, Lee E.	April 27, 1935
65.	Orvis, Byron E.	May 1, 1935
66.	Hobbs, Ralph H.	May 1, 1935
67.	Hammers, Ralph E.	May 20, 1935
68.	Masters, Irvin V.	May 20, 1935
69.	Forde, David L.	May 20, 1935
70.	Griffis, Tom J.	July 2, 1935
71.	Goehring, Curtis	July 2, 1935
72.	Hill, Lloyd M.	July 15, 1935
73.	Heckman, Paul J.	July 15, 1935
74.	Jones, Elmer	Oct. 15, 1935
75.	Boyd, John T.	Nov. 18, 1935
76.	Bealer, Ernest	Jan. 19, 1936
77.	Mannan, Wilber	May 12, 1936
78.	Dickey, Robert L.	June 15, 1936
79.	Fogerty, John F.	Aug. 7, 1936
80.	Sleght, John M.	Oct. 9, 1936
81.	Taylor, Hollis W.	Oct. 13, 1936
82.	Petras, Theodore A.	Dec. 5, 1936
83.	Denburger, Andrew A.	Dec. 9, 1936
84.	Watson, William F.	Jan. 25, 1937
85.	Schaller, Lewis M.	April 7, 1937
86.	Schucraft, Joseph F.	April 7, 1937
87.	Wall, Robert E.	April 12, 1937
88.	Hoffer, Orla S.	April 12, 1937
89.	Lilly, Arthur H.	May 1, 1937
90.	Houston, Donald W.	July 28, 1937
91.	Paquin, Payl R.	Sept. 15, 1937
92.	Hollis, Clyde F.	Oct. 18, 1937

BAND DUTY

1.	Dahlgren, John G.	Oct. 2, 1926
2.	Brigham, Leland L.	Oct. 18, 1926
3.	Freda, Leon	June 9, 1927
4.	Wood, Robert C.	May 8, 1930
5.	Olf, Abraham	Aug. 25, 1931
6.	Greear, William B., Jr.	April 23, 1932

MESS BRANCH

1.	Murawski, John	June 6, 1928
2.	Bambalere, John	July 1, 1936
3.	Jimmerson, William H.	July 1, 1936
4.	Pedersen, Jens	July 1, 1936
5.	Rider, Benjamin K.	July 1, 1936
6.	Zuern, Alfred E.	July 1, 1936
7.	Ferguson, Homer L.	April 7, 1937
8.	Nissen, Charles	Oct. 1, 1937

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

1.	Coleman, Jesse W.	March 12, 1925
2.	Salguero, Manuel M.	Dec. 11, 1925
3.	Ahern, John J.	March 23, 1926
4.	Inglee, Charles W.	Oct. 21, 1927
5.	Higuera, Philip R.	Dec. 8, 1928
6.	Kapanke, William H.	Sept. 12, 1930
7.	Rentfrow, Frank H.	Aug. 17, 1932
8.	Groves, Samuel	Nov. 9, 1932
9.	Anderson, Allan C.	July 23, 1934
10.	Rausch, John J.	July 23, 1934
11.	Moeger, Robert J.	Aug. 7, 1934

MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS

1.	Kane, James A.	July 7, 1932
2.	McPike, Arnold C.	Nov. 13, 1935
3.	Buss, Lawrence H.	Jan. 1, 1937
4.	Kelsey, Fred H.	March 3, 1937
5.	Deason, Alvin J.	March 24, 1937
6.	Ford, Thomas F.	April 16, 1937
7.	McCord, Alfred B.	April 29, 1937

PAYMASTER'S DEPARTMENT

1.	Quinn, Harold E.	Feb. 1, 1936
2.	Fairbairn, Clifford A.	June 1, 1936
3.	Rice, John H.	Sept. 18, 1936
4.	Carnes, Floyd E.	Oct. 21, 1936
5.	Justus, Leslie D.	Dec. 4, 1936
6.	Shambaugh, Levi J.	May 1, 1937
7.	Raynor, Dewey D.	July 2, 1937
8.	Dunsmoor, Earl W.	Sept. 7, 1937
9.	Madey, Joseph H.	Sept. 23, 1937
10.	Lawrence, John T., Jr.	Oct. 25, 1937
11.	Walsh, James J.	Nov. 16,1937
12.	Wick, Clarence S.	Dec. 2, 1937

SIGNAL PERSONNEL

1.	Nelson, William	Jan. 7, 1925
2.	Lynch, Merle M.	Aug. 20, 1930
3.	Drummond, James P.	Jan. 16, 1932
4.	Pederson, John	May 9, 1932
5.	Cannom, George W.	July 20, 1934
6.	Bowman, Lucian J.	July 21, 1934
7.	Lewis, Joseph H.	Dec. 12, 1934
8.	Couts, Marcus J.	Nov. 9, 1935
9.	Hardisty, Richard A.	Nov. 16, 1935
10.	Dimter, Lee E.	Jan. 27, 1936
11.	Davis, Frederick D.	April 2, 1937
12.	Mooney, John D.	April 2, 1937
13.	Jungers, Norman H.	April 5, 1937
14.	Gay, James D.	Aug. 20, 1937

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT

1.	Woyshner, Paul	April 24, 1924
2.	Seufert, Henry A.	June 23, 1925
3.	Anderson, Adolph	Nov. 21, 1928
4.	Jackson, Leonard H.	March 1, 1929
5.	Nowack, George J.	Aug. 3, 1929
6.	Anderson, Walter E.	Sept. 1, 1929
7.	Waits, Raymond C.	Oct. 19, 1929
8.	Cagle, Carl J.	Nov. 12, 1929
9.	Marcott, Albert F.	May 3, 1930
10.	Draheim, Albert E.	May 6, 1930
11.	Gray, Barzillai M.	Nov. 3, 1930
12.	Stepka, Joseph F.	Feb. 1, 1931
13.	Fullerton, Chester P.	Aug. 22, 1932
14.	Ludtke, Leonard	July 19, 1934
15.	Watkins, Harry	Jan. 23, 1935
16.	Scheffler, Walter C.	April 11, 1935
17.	Cain, Marlin P.	Jan. 8, 1936
18.	Couch, Richard M.	Jan. 8, 1936
19.	Noell, Charles A.	Jan. 8, 1936
20.	Edwards, Joe F.	May 23, 1936
21.	Day, James M.	Oct. 8, 1936
22.	O'Brien, John W.	April 19, 1937
23.	Powers, Robert W.	Sept. 16, 1937

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P.F.C. LESLIE HEBERT, U.S.M.C., WON THE ANNUAL NEW YEAR'S DAY DIAMOND HEAD FIVE MILE MARATHON AT HONOLULU, T.H. FOR THREE SUCCESSIVE YEARS 1932-33-34.

CAPTAIN EDWIN C. MUSICK OF CHINA CLIPPER FAME, AND WHO RECENTLY INAUGURATED CLIPPER SERVICE TO NEW ZEALAND, IS A FORMER U.S. MARINE FLYER. CAPTAIN MUSICK RECEIVED THE HARMON TROPHY IN 1935 AS THE "WORLD'S OUTSTANDING AVIATOR". HIS IDEA, HE SAYS "IS NOT TO BE THE BEST PILOT, BUT THE OLDEST"

MAJOR C.C. CORDELL, EX-AMERICAN, BRITISH, CANADIAN AND RUSSIAN ARMIES, WHO RESIGNED FROM THE U.S. MARINES IN 1924, IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN CITED 15 TIMES FOR BRAVERY

FIRST LIEUTENANT L.P. FRENCH, U.S.M.C., WAS SECRETLY ASSIGNED TO ARREST RAPHAEL SEMMES, WHO CAPTAINED THE CONFEDERATE RAIDER "ALABAMA" DURING THE CIVIL WAR. AFTER A LONG CHASE, FRENCH ARRESTED SEMMES IN MOBILE, ALABAMA, DEC. 15, 1865.

The irony of this month's page is that as we go to press we learn of the tragic disappearance of Captain Musick and his crew of the Clipper Ship

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☐ Civil Engineer
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